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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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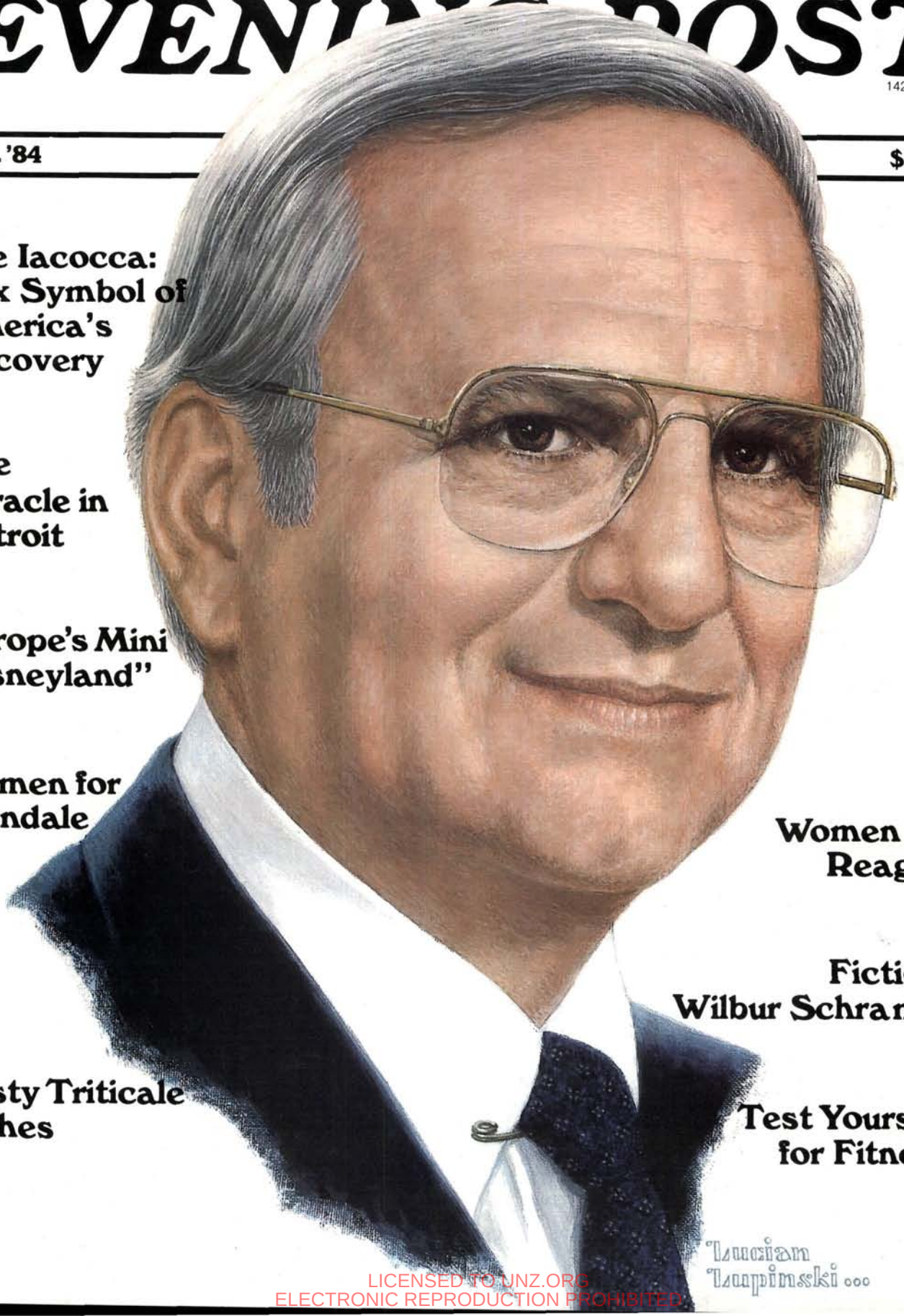

Lee Iacocca: Sex Symbol of America's Recovery

The Miracle in Detroit

Europe's Mini 'Disneyland"

Women for Mondale

Tasty Triticale Dishes

Women for Reagan

Fiction: Wilbur Schramm

Test Yourself for Fitness

Lucian Lupinski

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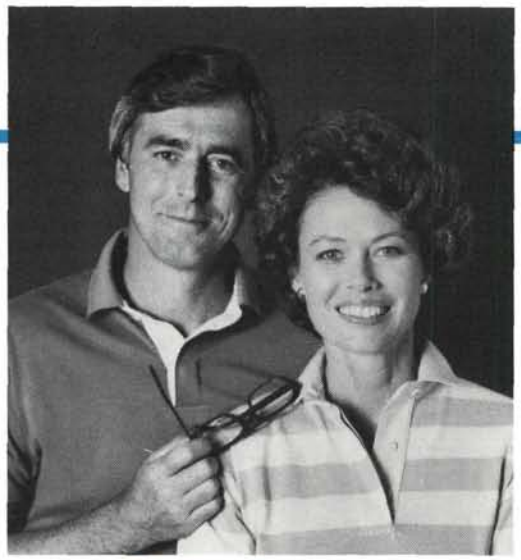
If you're over forty, you'd be wise to read this.



Early detection can save 3 out of 4 lives.

Colorectal cancer is a serious disease that strikes the colon or rectum. Next to lung cancer, it's the leading cause of cancer-related deaths in this country. 130,000 new cases will be diagnosed this year, and nearly half of them (59,000) will prove fatal. It doesn't have to be that way. If detected early, the chances of surviving colorectal cancer are greatly improved.

Why Should I Worry? I've Never Been Sick a Day in My Life.

Wonderful, but unfortunately it's no guarantee that you won't get cancer of the colon or rectum. Colorectal cancer strikes men and women with equal frequency.

Age, however, is a factor, since the risk increases dramatically if you're over 40. If you're past that age, or if there is a history of cancer (especially colorectal cancer) in your family, you should know about the Hemoccult® Home Test, an easy examination for a sign of colorectal cancer that you can give yourself, in the privacy of your own home.

Detecting Hidden Warnings.

The name Hemoccult comes from *hemo,* meaning "blood," and *occult,* meaning "hidden." The test materials have been chemically treated to detect otherwise unnoticeable traces of blood in a person's stool—hidden blood that could be an early tip-off to the presence of cancer or other colorectal diseases.

Using the test is simple. Everything has been provided to make it fast, easy and painless (read and follow package directions carefully.) Within 60 seconds the results will be evident. If they reveal the presence of blood, see your doctor promptly.

Early Detection Could Save 3 out of 4 People.

In most cases, the Hemoccult

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If there's a history of cancer in your family, you'd be foolish not to.

Home Test results will simply bring you the relief and satisfaction of learning that blood, which may be a sign of cancer, is not evident. But even if hidden blood is detected, there is still no reason to panic. The presence of blood in the stool can be an indication of other conditions far less serious than colorectal cancer. And even if cancer is diagnosed, with early detection the survival rate is approximately 75%.

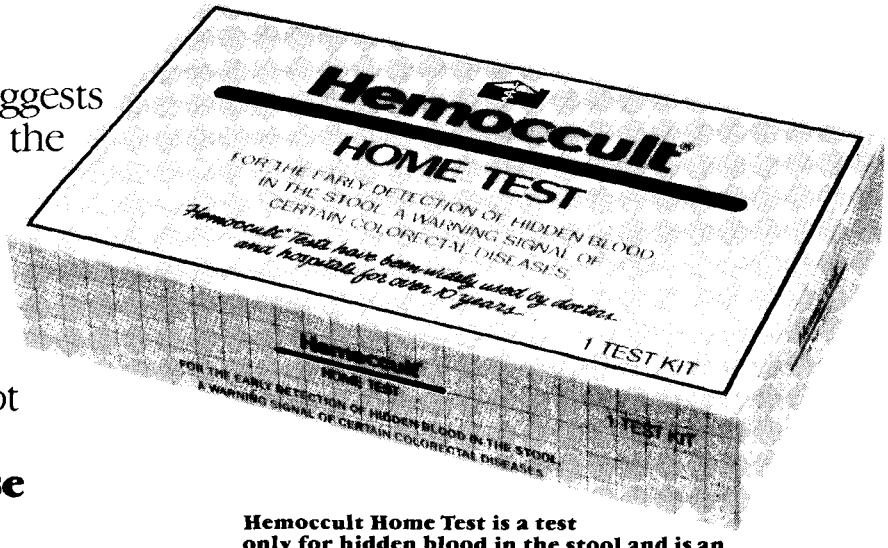
What Can Be Done to Reduce the Risk of Colorectal Cancer in the First Place?

Obviously there are no guarantees, but evidence suggests that a proper diet may offer the best defense. The basic rule of thumb is to increase the fiber in your diet and reduce fat. And of course, the need for a periodic doctor's examination cannot be overstressed.

Over a Decade of Use in Hospitals.

Hemoccult has been used by millions of patients in hospitals and doctors' offices for years. Now the Hemoccult Home Test is available wherever drugs are sold. Of course, the Hemoccult Home Test is no substitute for your doctor's regular physical examination, but between checkups it provides an added means of early detection.

Remember, the odds of your having colorectal cancer are small, but not small enough to ignore. The few minutes you take for the test will most likely help put your mind at ease. On the other hand, they might save your life.


Hemoccult
HOME TEST
FOR THE EARLY DETECTION OF HIDDEN BLOOD IN THE STOOL A WARNING SIGNAL OF CERTAIN COLORECTAL DISEASES
1 TEST KIT

Hemoccult Home Test is a test only for hidden blood in the stool and is an aid to detecting certain colorectal diseases. If blood is detected, see your physician. Read and follow directions.

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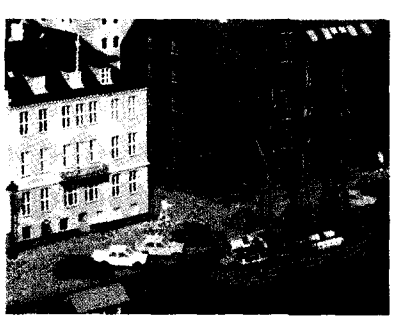

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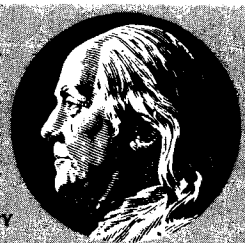

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(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)

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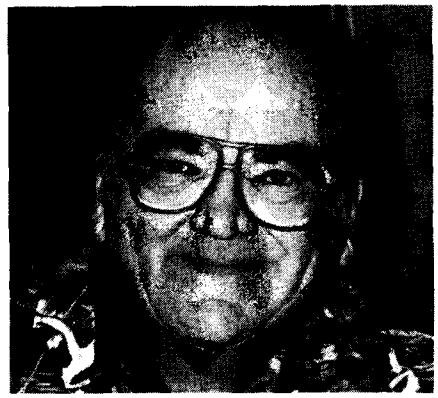
If you want relief from minor arthritis pain, do what these people did.

"Aspirin upsets my stomach. So when I heard about Aspercreme, I tried it. It works great." CARRIE RERES



"Aspercreme gets deep down to where I hurt to relieve my arthritis pain." AL CONNOLLY

"Without Aspercreme I would be in constant pain. Some nights I wouldn't get a wink of sleep without it." SHIRLEY NOBLE

"...thank you for developing a cream that relieves my arthritis pain. Aspercreme doesn't burn my skin and make my home smell like a hospital." JULIA McELLISTRIM

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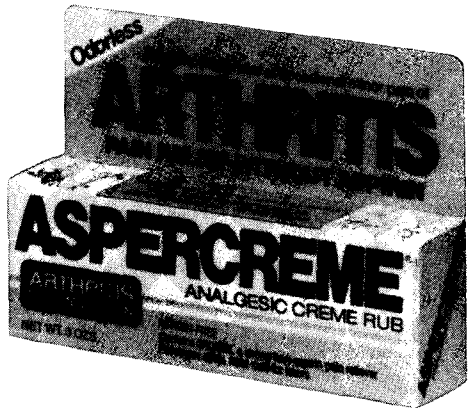

Aspercreme® concentrates fast relief at the point of arthritis pain. It penetrates through the skin to where you hurt because it's a transdermal medication, trans (through), dermal (skin). Aspercreme penetrates its strong, non-aspirin pain reliever quickly, deeply, for fast-acting relief that lasts for hours.

People prone to aspirin or salicylate allergic reactions should consult their physician before using.

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Letters

Socks: The Search Goes On

Re: "The Odd Socks Controversy." Hence socks are consumed, but only one of a pair. To consume a pair would produce indigestion and a washing machine with indigestion is something which no manufacturer wants to contend with.

I have now begun to look into another matter: the consumption of handkerchiefs by laundry devices. I'm always buying another dozen handkerchiefs. They must be going somewhere. I propose that they are going where odd socks go: part of the diet of laundry devices.

Dr. Donald W. Van Liere
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Volunteer Firefighter

I am absolutely thrilled to think we now have such a powerful friend in the age-old battle against smoking and tobacco in all forms. As you may see from the enclosed piece, I smoked for 39 years and stopped "cold turkey" some 24 years ago. I have been able to persuade a few to stop. Some years back I had the enclosed essay printed and hoped to sell enough to pay for the printing. I sold a few, but not many. Can you make any use of this effort of mine? All for free, of course.

I very much want to get into this fight with both feet and what wits I may have. I think far too much effort has gone into the "easy, fast quitting method." Stopping may be easy for a few, but for most it is hard. But it is not impossible! And the rewards are tremendous.

Please, may I come into this old fight in a meaningful way? I will give personal advice and counseling, and only ask for a self-addressed, stamped envelope. I am now nearing 83 and have been "clean" for 24 years.

Vollie Tripp
San Jacinto, California

On His Feet Again

The *Post* article appearing in the April 1984 issue, "Arthritis: Are Food Allergies an Answer?" has done more for me than any article I have ever read. It lifted me from the depths of pain and despair, making

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EDITORIAL
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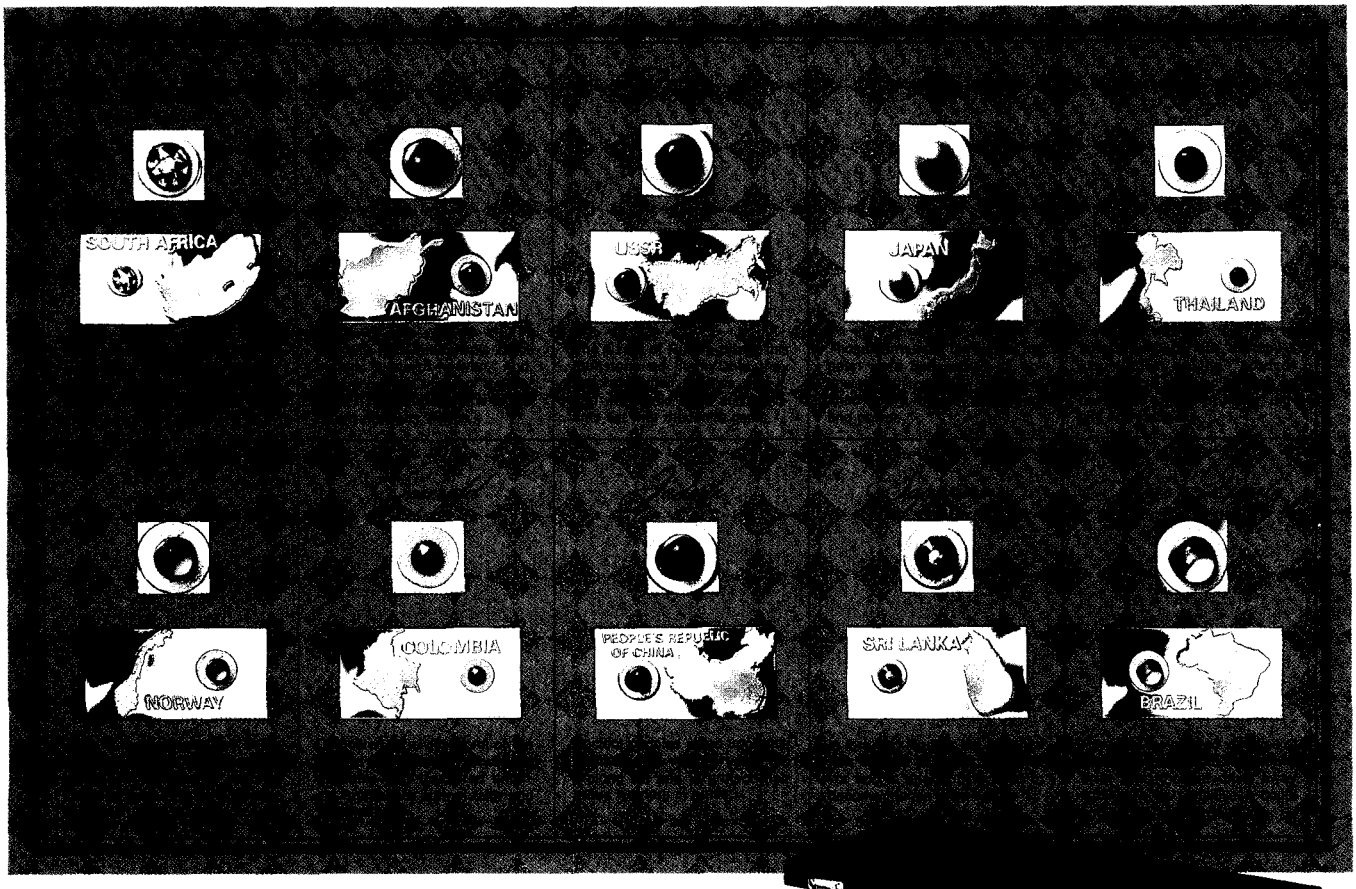

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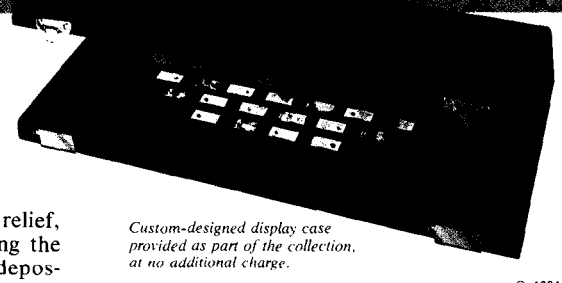
Each gemstone will be set into a solid sterling silver mounting. And displayed upon the silver, in rich frosted relief, will be an outline map identifying the country from which the principal deposits of that gemstone derive.

To enhance your pleasure still more, each issue will be accompanied by a commentary describing the featured gemstone and tracing its history from the time of its discovery onward.

Subscribe by November 30, 1984

As a subscriber, you will be able to build your collection at the convenient rate of one gemstone each month. The issue price for each gemstone in its sterling silver mounting is just $19—and this price is *guaranteed* to you for every one in the collection, regardless of any rise in the cost of precious gems during the subscription period.

You can acquire this intriguing collection—to own, display and treasure for generations to come—by mailing the accompanying application to The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, PA 19091, by November 30, 1984. No advance payment is required.



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me at 83 years of age once more a functioning individual with a forward-looking outlook on life.

Waging a losing battle against arthritis for nearly 50 years, I had reached a low point at about the time the above-named article appeared. Finding myself nearly unable to get out of the bathtub one morning because of excruciating pain in my back and lower extremities, I almost panicked. Fortunately, by a supreme effort I was able to extricate myself.

And then, soon afterward, I read about James Coburn's experience. Grasping at straws I immediately stopped eating the six suspect foods. Within three days much of my arthritic pain had left me. I had much freer use of my legs and greatly increased energy. Best of all, however, was the restoration of my optimism. I am now once more planning for the future rather than feeling sorry for myself.

Amazingly, I have found that since I avoid my food allergens three other long-term, stubborn ailments have left me, an unexpected dividend.

Harold Sherwin
Spokane, Washington

Smoking

I am now allergic to cigarette smoke after 39 years of heavy smoking, about three packs a day. And I worked in a tavern. It didn't seem to bother me except when I got a cold. Now I can't even go to a meeting or to work bingo at the VFW because of the smoke. I get tremendous headaches and my eyes and sinus swell up. It's real bad. I've been to doctors but I haven't found anything yet to help. It's worse than a hangover and I haven't had anything to drink.

Ruth Wilson
Stoughton, Wisconsin

My husband, age 38, developed severe allergies including one to cigarette smoke after he quit smoking. He smoked for over 20 years and quit about 2 years ago.

Zelma M. Dejesus
San Jose, California

I'm writing to respond to the invitation in the May/June 1984 issue of the *Post*. I especially wanted to comment on reactions to cigarette smoke.

I work with an allergist who specializes in treating people with food and chemical sensitivities. During the past several years, we've learned from the pioneer work of the Birmingham allergist C. Orian Truss, M.D., that many of our patients who are painfully allergic to cigarette smoke and a whole host of other chemicals improve when they change their diet and take a safe prescription medication, nystatin.

According to research by Dr. Truss, many of these people who are sensitive to tobacco smoke give a history of taking lots of antibiotic drugs, birth-control pills and cortisone. These drugs promote the growth of the yeast germ *Candida albicans* in the intestinal tract and on other inner membranes of the body.

Although this yeast normally causes no trouble, when it overgrows, it puts out a toxin that weakens the immune system. One result of the immune-system weakness is their heightened sensitivity to tobacco smoke and other environmental chemicals.

Sally Karlgaard
Jackson, Tennessee

Artful Compliments

I have been reading your magazine for several years now. Recently, I have been quite impressed with the covers printed by your artist, a Lucian Lupinski. I have certainly admired this great artist's beautiful painting ability and have been amazed by his extraordinary detail.

The covers stand out on the newsstand, touching all who view them with speechless wonder. Perhaps, in years to come, Mr. Lupinski will reach the zenith that past cover artist, Mr. Norman Rockwell, achieved in the annals of art history.

I look forward to each brush stroke of his future portraits. Please help this budding genius achieve the Rockwellian status that his contemporary art contributions deserve.

Bee Leavitt
Tacoma, Washington

In Heaven over MGS

The Saturday Evening Post and I go back a long way, and it has been one of the most pleasant and rewarding relationships I have ever known. I wish I could say that age has done as much for me as it has for the *Post*, but that would only lead to controversy, so we'll skip that.

I have just finished reading Maynard Good Stoddard's humorous article, "Putting My Best Foot Crosswise," and my sides are still sore from laughing. I don't know when, or if, I have ever laughed so much and with such complete abandon. He is the best medicine anyone could possibly take, and if you ever lose him to any other publication you will have my subscription cancellation in the return mail. With apologies to Thomas Marshal and his good five cent cigar, what this country really needs is more Maynarc

"I hope we haven't come at a bad time."

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Good Stoddard. He has helped to make the *SatEvePost* what it is today, and I'm sure, given ample time, will do as much for Freedom, Indiana. Don't ever let him get away!

Thanks for publishing a good, clean, informative magazine. In these days of trashy publications, it is indeed pure joy to read.

Margaret L. Smith
Pendleton, Indiana

I dearly love your Maynard G. Stoddard, who breaks me up completely. However, it irritates my husband to hear my loud guffaws when he is reading and muttering at the *Wall Street Journal* about El Salvador on policies, etc. I have learned now to snort softly.

I checked to see if Maynard has ever written a book. He hasn't, so tell him to hurry and do it. After all, being in my midnight years, I am all packed to go to that great publishing house up yonder where the cloud No. 9 *Saturday Evening Post* still sells for five cents per copy.

It must be a great satisfaction to him to be able to spread smiles all over the country. I envy his and Erma Bombeck's talent to do that very thing. If another publication steals him from you please return the enclosed check!

Mrs. Kenneth O. Hoevel
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Loves Lysine

Somewhere I have read or heard you would like to hear from people using L-lysine.

Ever since I grew up in Minnesota I was plagued by a cold sore now and then. When in my early 50s a cold sore came on an eyelid and ended up by my having my cornea "seared" by the doctor. At that time he spoke of herpes-simplex virus. I'm 70 now but the last 10 to 15 years I would come down with the "flu." Sometimes fever up to 103°. So bad—chills, like malaria—so I started using aspirin to keep the fever under control to a certain extent.

Went into Eisenhower Hospital at Rancho Mirage for check-up to come to the bottom of my fevers. They said, "Sorry, can't find anything."

I began reading and found one little paragraph that spoke of L-lysine for herpes. I got some, 500 mg., and began taking two times a day. The last fever I have had was three weeks later, not so severe.

No more "flu" attacks as I was always told by doctors. No flu or fever for three years.

I am continuing to take L-lysine, 500 mg. a day. So I am very thankful for relief. Hope more will be helped by approach with lysine.

Helen E. Williams
Cathedral City, California

Child's Play

First I must tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. I am a young mother (26) with two children (3½ and 2). I have subscribed to *The Saturday Evening Post* for the past two years and will certainly continue my subscription.

I have especially enjoyed the articles on fiber. It all makes such good sense that it's easy to accept. The recipe and the cookbook helped me to implement a few of your hints. But I have come up on a roadblock and I think you might be able to help.

The problem is simple—young children are picky eaters, and I have been stonewalled in trying to put more overall nutrition into the family's diet. If two people out of four won't eat a dish, it becomes rather a waste

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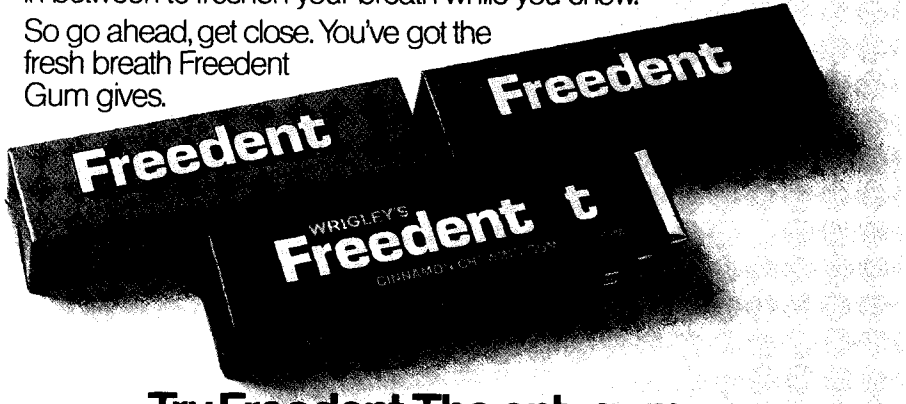

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to fix it.

So, my question is this: How do you add more fiber to a diet that children will eat? As a matter of record, how much fiber do children need? Could I possibly overdo it and cause some sort of damage?

If you could do an article on nutrition for children, I think it would be well accepted (especially by me).

My big concern at this point is to develop good eating habits for them. And at their young ages, I sometimes feel I'm already losing control!

I'm sure I'm not the only mother of young children who would appreciate your help.

Brenda Bouchie
Address Unknown

Editor's note: We'll work on the problem, but in the meantime, do any readers have suggestions?

Hard to Swallow

Thank you very much for sharing the information about lysine. We first saw you speaking on the "700 Club" and then read your articles in the *SatEvePost* on the benefits of lysine tablets as a needed supplement to the American diet. I was bothered for 15 years with indigestion. Hardly ever able to sleep all night without getting up several times to take antacid tablets, and when arising in the morning had to take antacid tablets. I had taken several prescription drugs with no help. We changed over to the high-fiber/low-(sugar, fat, salt) diet and take a 500 mg. lysine tablet each a.m. The results have been great. We have been on this diet and lysine over four months now. *Never* need antacid tablets and I have no problems sleeping all night.

Vertis Clampit
Address Unknown

Do unto Others?

I get fed up with the pious nonsense exemplified by the letter (July/Aug. 1984, page 6) from Robert D. Taylor of Connersville, Indiana. This silly ass says: "I used tobacco in my late teen years and early 20s. I gave it up when I became a Christian."

What has smoking to do with being or not being a Christian? Absolutely nothing at all. I dare say that most smokers in the United States are good Christians (at least as good as most folks in general, anyway!) and that most of the world's Christians are smokers. Smoking has nothing whatever to do with morality or with religious belief.

Robert G. Schipf
Missoula, Montana

Late But Not Dead

The picture of "Butch" by Albert Staehle that accompanied your article on fleas in the July/August issue really brought back memories of the late 1940s.

I collected those cuties when they were *Post* covers, and still have quite a few. And *The Saturday Evening Post* only cost 15¢ a copy!

You've come a long way, friends. You still publish a great magazine.

Cecelia Phillips
Sequim, Washington

Bran-new Recipes

I read with interest your article in *The Saturday Evening Post* regarding bran in the diet, but it seemed the article gave limited ways to put bran in a diet.

I nursed 40 of my 69 years and for a long time my sister and I have used lots of bran. Our family has always used home-made loaf bran. As bran cereals are expensive, we go to our local mill and buy 25 pounds of unprocessed bran at a time. Our bread is made with three cups of bran to seven cups flour.

Bran, unprocessed, is good cooked into either rolled oats or cracked wheat cereal. Each serving can take a rounded tablespoon. Bran goes in our meat loaves, some cookie recipes and we have a good applesauce cake recipe using bran in it. In all of these we use the unprocessed bran. It can also be mixed in crumb topping for casseroles.

I shall be watching for other articles about the progress of your research in this portion of diet.

Mrs. Sterling Sullivan
Portales, New Mexico

Thank you for your letter. Could you please send us your recipes and helpful hints for using bran so that we can publish them for our readers? We thank you for this and will be happy to send you a ten-year subscription to the Post *for your help. You made a good point.*

Fights Grease, Too

Enclosed is the original owner's manual for the Whirlpool Sanitary Dishwasher which we recently donated to the Society. I had intended to bring it along on my trip to Indianapolis but it was temporarily misplaced.

It occurred to me after delivering the dishwasher to you that all your contact concerning the donation has been with me. I'm afraid I may have inadvertently created an incorrect impression as to the previous ownership of the dishwasher. This was in the possession of my mother-in-law, until she passed away in February 1983. It was one of the items in her estate that my wife, Marilyn, subsequently acquired. It was our joint decision to donate the property to you, and is our wish that your records indicate that the dishwasher was received as a donation from *both* of us. We would appreciate it if you would see that this is done, especially on any placard that would accompany the dishwasher on display.

I'm sorry that time did not permit a longer visit when I was in Indianapolis. Both Mrs. Dahlberg and myself are looking forward to a return visit in the not-too-distant future. Best wishes for a successful completion of your museum project.

Jerome E. Dahlberg
New Hope, Minnesota

Hailstorm of Criticism

Re: Dr. Robert Schuller's article, "I Am The American Flag," in the July/August 1984 issue.

Apparently Dr. Schuller has never been in a Catholic church, at least not

continued on following page

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You can now conveniently acquire an original hand-painted figurine from one of the greatest porcelain houses in the world.

Lilian

A Victorian Lady By Royal Doulton

Lilian shown actual size.

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Barnyard Cogitations

by Obadiah Nash

I
Behold the duck.
It does not cluck.
A cluck it lacks.
It quacks.
It is specially fond
Of a puddle or pond.
When it dines or sups,
It bottoms ups.

II
Let's think of eggs.
They have no legs.
Chickens come from eggs.
But they have legs.
The plot thickens:
Eggs come from chickens,
But have no legs until they hatch.
What a conundrum!

III
Little gamboling lambs,
Do you know where
you am?
In a patch of mint.

IV
There is nothing more perky
Than a masculine turkey
When he struts his stuff
With no ifs or buts.
When his face is apoplectic,
And when he gobbles,
Their universe wabbles.

V
Cows are mothers of calves
And are anxious on
their behalves.
And when they unish, they'
all over?
and grass up.
butter and milk? I would
never pass up.
Now I would spend all my
money on
a cow that hated
garlic or onions.

VI
There is nothing in my
religion
Which compels us to love
the pigeon.

on Sunday morning (or Saturday evening). If he had been, he would know that one would never hear the "Hail Mary" being recited unless it was that Luke 1:28-42 was the Gospel reading for the day. The Catholic liturgy is solely and completely a worship of Almighty God as Father in remembrance of the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, His Son.

The saying of the "Hail Mary" is a private devotion. On occasion the rosary (a method of meditating on the life of Jesus Christ while saying "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys") may be recited in a group in church before or after a weekday Mass, but it is never part of the Sunday worship in a Catholic church.

I ask that your editors be concerned about publishing misconceptions and inaccuracies, especially about those things which are so important to people. Catholics for too long have wrongly been accused of worshipping Jesus' mother. We honor her. We ask her to pray for us, as we would ask friends to pray for us. We worship only God/Jesus. Dr. Schuller's statement perpetuates the gross lie.

Margaret M. Hasselberg
Woodhaven, New York

A Good Example

On June 6 of this year my father died. His death was a shock to us as he appeared to be so healthy. He was 59 years old and a slim 138 pounds at 5 '8". He started jogging 17 years ago three to six miles a day before it was a fashionable thing to do.

He was a captain for American Airlines and had also been in the military for some 25 years. As a result he was very conscientous about exercise and diet.

Two years ago he was having trouble running after a flight to Phoenix. An EKG test turned up some trouble, so under careful supervision he started on a strict Pritikin diet. The man didn't cheat! He amazed me with his self-control since his diet had been good old farm food, i.e., eggs, whole milk, butter, etc. But through his own research he completely reversed his eating habits. Apparently not soon enough.

Having watched our dad work so hard on his diet and health (he was on disability leave from the airlines) we requested an autopsy to find out if his diet was in vain. (He was also a faith-

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ful follower of all the diet suggestions and recipes in your magazine.) Briefly, the problem he'd had two years ago in Phoenix was a heart attack but no one, not even he, knew. Had he *not* gone on his diet and exercise regime he wouldn't have lasted long after that. He prolonged his life another two years by his discipline. Also, it appears he had 100 percent blockage in his artery in the heart. The doctors who performed the autopsy took pictures of his heart and ran other test that I don't know the results of yet, but will find out soon, to pass on to the doctors who were involved in my dad's private "research."

My dad felt so good and his running improved so much in the last year that he would counsel others on getting their eating habits readjusted.

Dad was going to send for your wheat bran and corn meal since he was very interested in your articles on the subject.

Also found during the autopsy was some (not much) emphysema. My dad hadn't smoked in 30 years (after coming to know the Lord) but there was still evidence of damage done from long ago! (We estimate that he had smoked for roughly 10 years.)

I hope you read this. My dad was a fantastic man. I respected and loved him and will miss him deeply. He was an incredible example to us five kids (ages 23 to 29).

We're all young enough to learn by what he was trying to do and perhaps avoid some of the trouble he encountered. (His father died at around the same age also from a heart attack so I believe there's a hereditary factor involved.)

If there is anyway we can give you additional information concerning his autospy or other questions concerning his life and death we'd be glad to help. There are so many more details that can't be covered in my already lengthy letter. But we could put you in touch with those who could answer any questions more from a medical viewpoint in more detail.

I wish my donation were more—as a tribute to my dad. Perhaps in the future. . . . I don't know if this letter contains any useful information for your research but it helped me just to write about him.

Mary (Stutzman) Burlingam
Glen Ellyn, Illinois

35mm That Comes Alive

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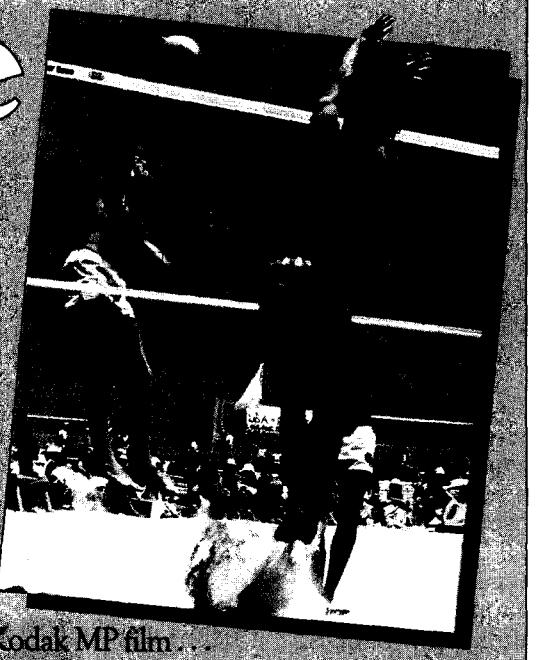

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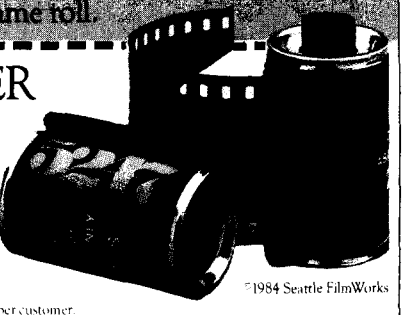

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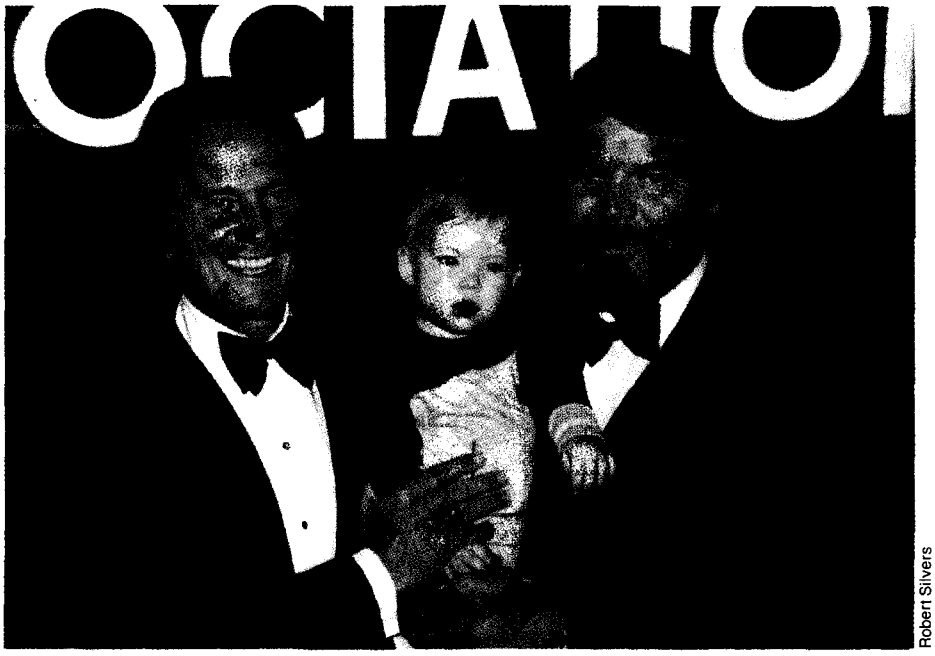
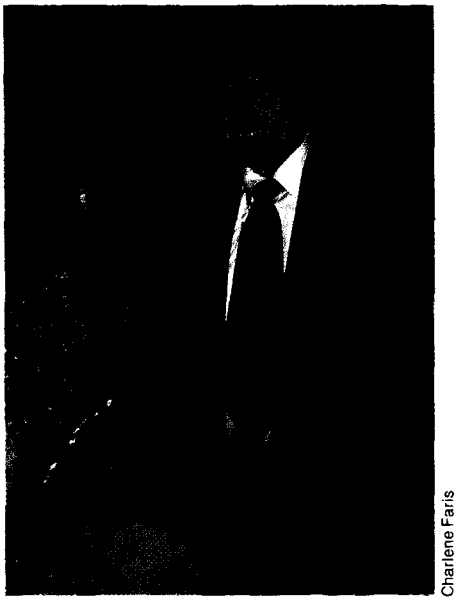
Post People



Robert Silvers

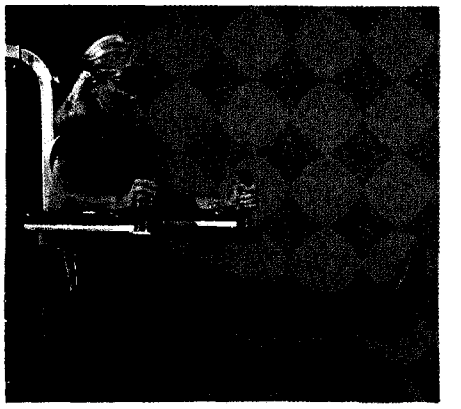
A budding star? Time will tell. But one-year-old ***Nicklaus Caledonia Campbell*** appears to be considering the possibility. The occasion was the Gospel Music Association's 15th Annual Dove Awards, held in Nashville, Tennessee. Nicklaus' father, Glen Campbell, hosted the show, televised nationally over CBN. Pat Boone was a presenter.

With her new thinner look, you may be forgiven for not recognizing the shapely actress on the left who has joined other beautiful people of Hollywood in welcoming Princess Anne to a pre-Olympics party. It is herself, the svelte, stunning, remodeled ***Elizabeth Taylor***. Gone for good, rumors have it, are the bases for Joan Rivers' gibes, such as Miss Taylor putting mayonnaise on her aspirins. What the small talk involved is left to our imagination. It is easy to imagine, however, everything from health food to horses, riding being one of Princess Anne's passions and *National Velvet* serving as the movie that launched little 15-year-old Elizabeth Taylor on her distinguished movie career.



Charlene Faris

Glenn Cunningham, the "Kansas Flyer," credited with bringing the four-minute mile from fantasy into reality (coming within 4.4 seconds), is still running. Today, however, it is from his home in Conway, Kansas, to wherever he can promote the cause of amateur athletics. In Indianapolis, home of the AAU, the 1932 and 1936 Olympic medal winner and captain of the American track-and-field team that toured Europe celebrated the 50th year of his 1933 winning of the Sullivan Award. And what a race it turned out to be! Vying for the Sullivan, presented to the nation's most popular amateur athlete, Glenn and his foremost rival, Bill Bonthron, ran neck and neck—and Glenn won out by a single vote in the final day's mail. It doesn't take a second look at the picture to see that he remembers.



"Dynasty" star ***Linda Evans*** believes that age has little to do with looking wonderful. She is not on a diet, but except for an occasional fall off the pizza wagon, she watches her diet carefully. An exercise fanatic, she has a gym in her home, where she works out with weights and machines. All of which proves that it pays off in the end.

Plain Janes? That doesn't apply to either actress ***Jane Seymour*** or her daughter Katherine Jane Flynn, age 2½. Jane's busy with movies and TV miniseries, but she spends time with her family on a four-month, at-home sabbatical after each engagement. She reads scripts, does interviews and works on her "passion," collecting antique clothing. Jane has been described as a "very adventurous lady who does not believe that anything is impossible."

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25 porcelain collector's mugs with the look and quality of highly prized mugs of the past—but at a fraction of the cost

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Colorful, distinctive and fascinating, these handsome collector's mugs will be prized today for their nostalgic appeal—and appreciated more and more as the years go by.

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To display the collection to its best advantage, you will receive—at no added charge—a custom-designed wooden rack fitted with pegs for all 25 mugs. You will also receive a specially-written folder with each mug telling the intriguing story of the trademark it bears.

You can acquire The Corner Store Mug Collection simply by mailing the order form on this page directly to Franklin Porcelain, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091, by November 30th. No advance payment is necessary.

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Please mail by November 30, 1984.

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Please enter my order for The Corner Store Mug Collection consisting of 25 fine porcelain mugs hand-decorated with 18 karat gold.

I need send no money now. My collector's mugs will be sent to me at the rate of one per month and I will be billed $12.50* for each one prior to shipment. A custom-designed wooden display rack, and informative literature on each mug, will be provided at no additional charge.

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**Plus my state sales tax.*

Signature _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

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RELIGION

SAVE THE MISKITOS

Driven from their villages by Sandinista forces, thousands of Nicaraguan Indian refugees are suffering from malnutrition and disease in the jungles of Honduras.

by Richard H. Niemeyer, M.D.

Few Americans know the plight of Miskito Indian refugees, who have been driven from their burned villages. These people are Indians who were introduced to Christianity in the 1800s by Moravian missionaries from present-day Czechoslovakia and they have, through the years, been helped by members of the Moravian Church in this country. Moravian physicians have volunteered their time to minister to their needs. But now, more help is needed.

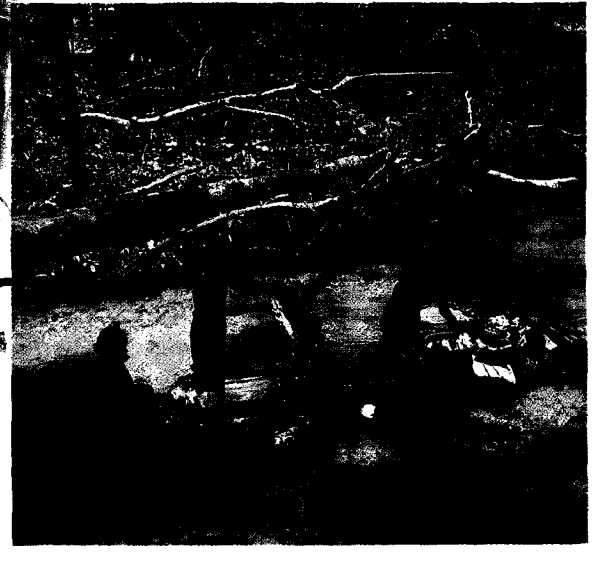
Communists have seized farmlands, forced them to sell their crops to the government and made peasants attend "re-education" training sessions. They have closed churches and imprisoned or murdered many people, but the Miskito and other Indian groups may have suffered the most. Whole Miskito Indian villages have been destroyed. Pastors and village leaders have been tortured and killed. One minister had his ears cut off and his jugular vein slit and was left to die in the jungle, but lived to tell the story.

Miskito children, with no meat, fruit or vegetables—if anything at all—to eat, fall prey to the deadly disease, kwashiorkor, caused by malnutrition.

More than 20,000 Miskito, Suma and Rama Indian refugees are now struggling to survive in hastily built camps located along the Coco River that divides Honduras from Nicaragua. Some have already endured incredible hardships. "We were paddling our dugout canoe across the river when the Sandinista soldiers took aim at us," said one Miskito mother describing her family's flight. "I let out a scream as my little girl was shot, then my husband. Two more of my children were cut down by the bullets." Their boat sank, and the mother, clutching her remaining child, swam to the bank and left the bodies of the others to float toward the sea.

Though fleeing is dangerous, staying in Nicaragua may be certain death. Miskito chief Steadman Fagoth reports that scores of his people have been buried alive by the Sandinistas. Pregnant women have been killed.

Despite all their tribulations, however, these Indians are surprisingly warm and friendly. They are wonderfully open, fearless, communicative people, unspoiled in their ability to trust. They are also industrious and cleanly. They shun laziness and keep their lean, bronze bodies



(Above) Dr. Richard Niemeyer examines the bloated-bellied, skinny-legged victims of malnutrition. (Right) The Miskitos wash their clothes and themselves in the clear river water.

continued on following page

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GIVE LIBERTY A HAND

STATUE OF LIBERTY CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION 1886-1986

useum quality fine litho print with silkscreen border.

22" x 34"

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THE STATUE OF LIBERTY
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*50% of all profits go directly toward renovation of Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island.

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"Filo," a three-pound Indian baby, was an unintentional "souvenir" the Niemeyers brought back from Central America. He was too weak to suckle and desperately needed special medical care.

clean by bathing in the clear river water.

Although those who have escaped to Honduras may be lucky to be alive, their fates are still in jeopardy. The swollen bellies, skinny legs and reddish hair of their children testify to inadequate nutrition and its result—deadly kwashiorkor disease. This malady can be readily cured with a proper diet, but Miskito children have almost no food at all—no meat, no fruit, no vegetables. Only occasionally do they receive beans. They go for days at a time with nothing to eat. Many die every month.

The adults are suffering, too. Besides malnutrition, they are plagued by tuberculosis, malaria, pneumonia and heat stress. The crowded living conditions and poor sanitation in the camps contribute greatly to the poor health of the communities. Parasites are a ubiquitous problem for both children and adults. Most of the people wear rags and perhaps one-third of the children wear no clothing at all. None have shoes, an invaluable aid in fighting hookworm infestations, because hookworms enter through the bottoms of the feet.

When *The Saturday Evening Post* editor asked me to go with her to visit Honduras and I said yes, little did I know that a week later my wife and I would be coming back with little three-pound Filo. His mother begged us to take him with us so that he could live.

The Post Society first learned of the great need of these refugees through an organization known as "Friends of the Americas," which has established contact with many of the refugee camps. When the Society then called MAP International, of Wheaton, Illinois, and explained the plight of these pitiful refugees, they responded by providing more than $100,000 worth of drugs to be flown down and carefully hand distributed by our emissaries.

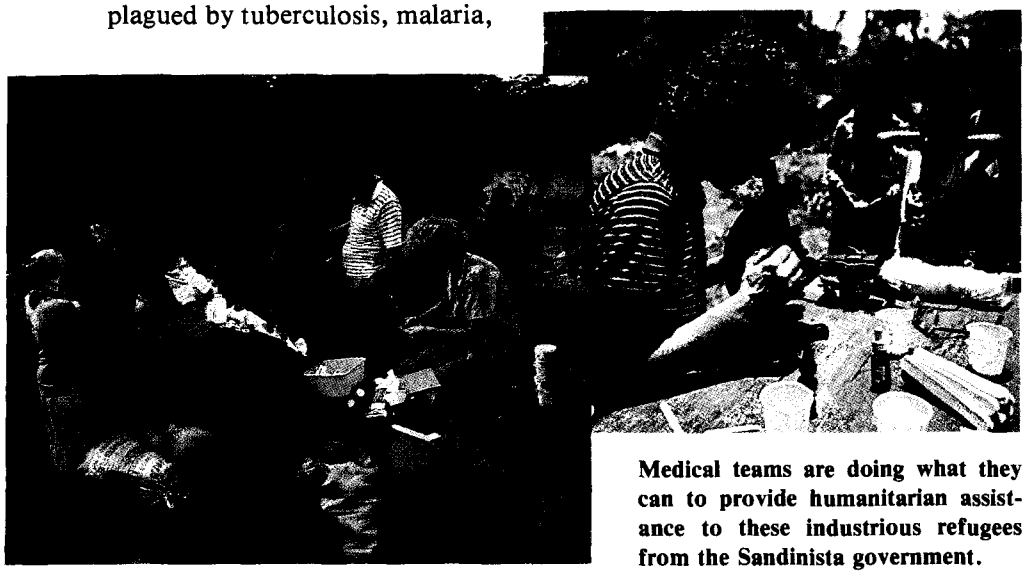
Now, with the help of Dr. Edwin Mertz, who first developed high-lysine corn at Purdue University, the Society is sending Dr. Ricardo Bressani, an expert in high-lysine corn, to Honduras to aid in getting the life-saving corn in the hands, and stomachs, of the refugee children.

Friends of the Americas workers are attempting to provide better sanitation, disease immunizations and improved nutrition. They have also distributed clothing and shoes. As a result, several villages have seen significant improvement. Fewer parasites are now found in the blood and stools of these refugees, but many more refugees still need treatment.

One of Friends of the Americas' most popular activities is the Shoebox for Liberty project, which allows church groups and civic organizations to provide direct aid to Central America. The project draws its name from the shoeboxes that participants fill with food and other necessities to be shipped to Indian and other Nicaraguan refugees. These shoebox gifts may be the only aid some refugees will receive. The checklist of articles includes such items as high-lysine corn to prevent kwashiorkor, beans, rice, soap, candles, toothpaste, a toothbrush, underwear, socks, fishing line and hooks, vegetable seeds and small toys. Larger items of cash, clothing, tools, food and seeds may also be contributed.

Refugees are grateful for these packages. When Mr. Salvador, a refugee living in the city of Danli, read the personal letter enclosed in the first shoebox he opened, tears came to his eyes. "My people and I really appreciate this, and we plan to respond to each letter that has been sent to us," he said.

If you would like to help the Miskitos and other Nicaraguan refugees, write: Friends of the Americas, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, MAP International, Wheaton, Illinois or to The Saturday Evening Post Society, Indianapolis, Indiana.



Medical teams are doing what they can to provide humanitarian assistance to these industrious refugees from the Sandinista government.

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The Christmas Ornament Collectors Club

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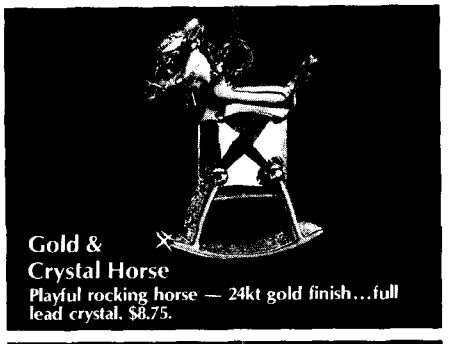

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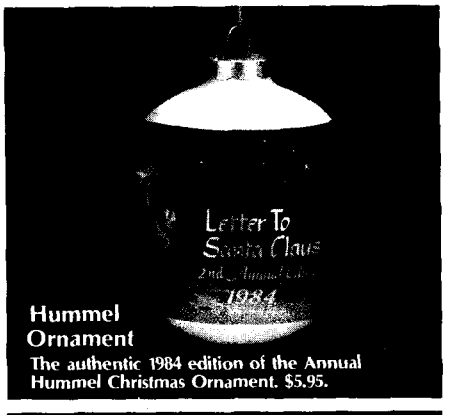
Playful rocking horse — 24kt gold finish...full lead crystal. $8.75.



Hummel Ornament
The authentic 1984 edition of the Annual Hummel Christmas Ornament. $5.95.

Porcelain Fairy
Delightful peppermint fairy — hand-tailored costume...crafted of fine imported porcelain ...hand-painted face. $9.50.

Villeroy & Boch Ornament
Fine porcelain from Villeroy & Boch featuring their popular "Naif Christmas Scene." $7.75.

Ornaments above shown smaller than actual sizes which range from 1⅝" to 8¼" in height.

It's no wonder that Christmas ornaments are a treasured part of your family's Christmas tradition. Colorful and magical, they add warmth and wonderment to your Christmas tree each year. Memories of holidays past come alive as you and your family trim the tree with the ornaments you've collected over the years.

Unfortunately, however, in this age of mass production, distinctive ornaments of high quality are becoming very hard to find.

A Beautiful Ornament Sent To You Each Month

Now, through membership in The Christmas Ornament Collectors Club, you can build a collection of heirloom quality ornaments; a collection which would be practically impossible to assemble on your own. Indeed, many of the monthly selections are created *exclusively* for Club members.

Each month, you will receive a splendid ornament. For you and your family, it will be as if Christmas arrives every month with each delivery.

Each ornament will be painstakingly crafted from the finest materials. Many will be hand-decorated. Some will be crystal, some porcelain, others pewter and still others wood. Moreover, as a member you will have the opportunity to acquire at a very attractive price a handsome collector chest to store your ornaments.

No Risk or Obligation

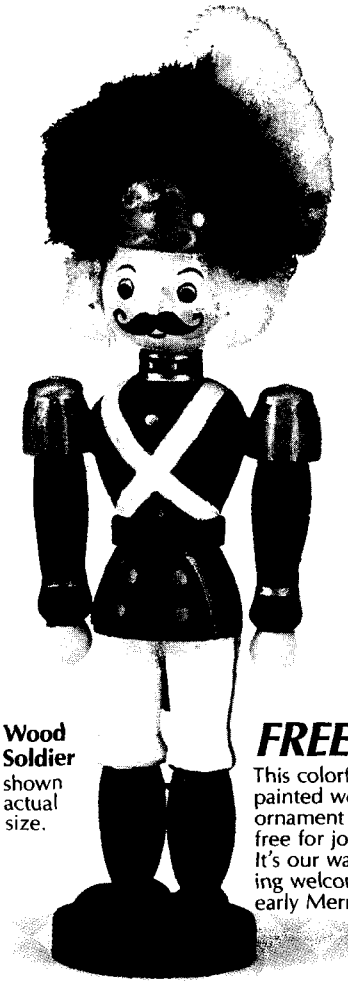
If you are not delighted with any month's ornament selection, you may simply return it within thirty days for a full refund. You may cancel your membership at any time.

Modest Cost

One of the nice things about collecting these ornaments is that besides being beautiful they don't cost a lot. The Club's regular monthly ornament selections cost from $5 to $10 each.

Now is the Best Time to Join — Receive Your Ornaments in Time for This Christmas

To join The Christmas Ornament Collectors Club, just send in your application. Enclose no money now. Though Christmas does seem a long way off, you should send in your application now in order to acquire your first ornaments in time for the holidays.



Wood Soldier shown actual size.

FREE!
This colorfully hand-painted wood soldier ornament is yours free for joining. It's our way of saying welcome and an early Merry Christmas.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION — D14

The Christmas Ornament Collectors Club

The Christmas Ornament
Collectors Club
14 Finance Drive
Danbury, Conn. 06810

Please return by December 31, 1984.

Please enroll me in The Christmas Ornament Collectors Club. Each month I will receive a different ornament, crafted from the finest materials. I need send no money now. I will pay for each new ornament as billed on a monthly basis. The ornaments will cost from $5 to $10. Any ornament I am not satisfied with may be returned within thirty days for replacement or refund and this membership can be canceled by either party at any time. Upon acceptance as a new member, I will receive a hand-painted wood soldier ornament as a free gift.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

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VETS ON PETS

CARING FOR KITTENS

How to become the purr-fect mother to an unweaned kitten or a litter of orphans.

H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

It was a cold day, and the icy Oklahoma wind kept everyone at home and away from the animal hospital that I owned and operated with Suzanne, my jane-of-all-trades. After two hours of waiting in vain for clients or telephone calls, Suzanne and I decided to start our least enjoyable chore—taking apart and scrubbing the stainless-steel cages.

Hearing the jingle of the bells tied to the hospital's front door, I gratefully left my brush and started toward the waiting room. There by the door was a large, cardboard box; no one was in evidence.

I opened the top of the box and saw four small kittens huddled together in a furry ball. I picked up a tiny, orange kitten. Its thin body felt cold, and it cried weakly as I placed it back with the others.

The kittens were about three weeks old, and I knew they would soon be dead if not provided nourishment and warmth. Suzanne and I spent the rest of the day administering to those kittens. We supplied emergency nutrition via injections of glucose solution; later, we attempted to feed them feline-milk replacer with a doll's bottle. We placed the kittens in an old human-infant incubator to keep them warm.

When it comes to raising kittens, mother cats know best; if mom's not around, humans with some special knowledge of kitten care and treatment can carry out the task.

By the end of the day, the kittens were stable; however, when I left the hospital with a small carrying cage containing the little creatures, I felt that their survival was a mixed blessing. I already had more pets than I could handle, and kittens seemed to be worth less than a penny a dozen. Now I had to find four homes.

About raising orphan kittens—hypothermia or lack of the mother's natural body heat is a prime killer of orphans. Kittens need a constant temperature of 85° to 90° F. the first week of life, 80° F. the second week, 75° F. the third week and 70° F. thereafter until they are active enough to maintain their body heat.

Kittens should be placed in a box large enough for them to move about. Heat intensity should vary in different parts of the box so each kitten can find its most comfortable level. Several methods can be used to provide needed warmth. An incubator utilizing a 250-watt infrared-heat bulb is adequate. Hot-water bottles made from empty plastic bottles filled with hot water and covered with towels give the kittens a warm surface to snuggle against.

Materials used to feed kittens should be clean and the formula warmed to body temperature. Commercial-milk replacer formulated to closely match the mother's milk (KMR® Borden) can be obtained from your veterinarian or pet supply; use according to directions on the label. However, if such replacer is unavailable, a homemade formula can be used: evaporated milk to which an egg yolk and a pinch of salt has been added. Corn syrup, added for additional calories, should be omitted if diarrhea develops. Formula: 2 cups evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon corn syrup, 1 egg yolk, pinch salt. Approximately ½ tablespoon (7.5 ml) of formula per ounce of kitten weight is fed daily in divided feedings.

Neonatal kittens can be fed with a doll's bottle or a stomach tube. The hole in the nipple of a doll's bottle should be just large enough to allow a slow drip when the bottle is turned upside down. Kittens too weak to suck may be fed via a stomach tube. A #8 French infant-feeding tube can be used for this procedure. Before feeding, lay the tube alongside the kitten with the end just in front of the kitten's last rib. Mark the tube three-fourths of the distance from the end of the tube to the mouth. Hold the kitten in one hand, open its mouth slightly, gently pass the tube over the tongue and insert it to the mark. Attach a syringe containing the desired amount of formula to the stomach tube and release the contents into the tube completely before removing the tube. Your veterinarian can instruct or demonstrate the procedure.

Actually, slight underfeeding is preferable to overfeeding. If diarrhea develops, you may be overfeeding. Newborn kittens should be fed four to six times a day. After each feeding, rub kittens' genitals and anuses with a cotton ball moistened with warm water; this action will substitute for the mother's licking to stimulate defeca-

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tion and urination.

At 3½ to 4 weeks of age, kittens can be taught to eat from a dish containing dried human baby cereal mixed with formula. Borden's makes a kitten-weaning formula that can be fed during this transition period. At six weeks, kittens can be started on good-quality, dry kitten food and the feedings reduced to three times a day.

Litter training can begin at three to four weeks of age. Place the kitten in its litter box after each meal, nap or play period; keep the litter box clean.

Extreme caution must be exercised when medicating kittens. Do not give kittens the liquid-aspirin substitute so often used for human infants. This product can cause acute toxicosis and death in cats, particularly kittens.

Vaccination of kittens against infectious diseases is usually begun at eight to nine weeks of age. However, vaccination of orphan kittens that did not receive their mother's colostrum (first milk) may be begun at an earlier age. Kittens can be checked at this time or earlier for internal and external parasites including ear mites, fleas, worms and protozoa.

Early socialization of kittens is important for the development of an amiable personality. Kittens need interaction with their litter mates. Also, human touch and play are important. When the kittens are a month old and you have taken the proper precautions to ensure that young children will not injure the kittens, allow regular play between your children and the kittens. Enjoy your kittens!

My story had a happy ending. Each kitten, including Sunkist, the ugly orange one with the cute personality, was adopted into a cat-loving family.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

I am pregnant and staying with my sister while my husband's at sea. Their neighbor below has a cat which apparently is ill cared for. Often we are subject to the horrid smell of cat fumes.

My question: Is there a disease to be caught from smelling cat odor (strong)? Can this harm my baby?

Mrs. James Bell
New York City, New York

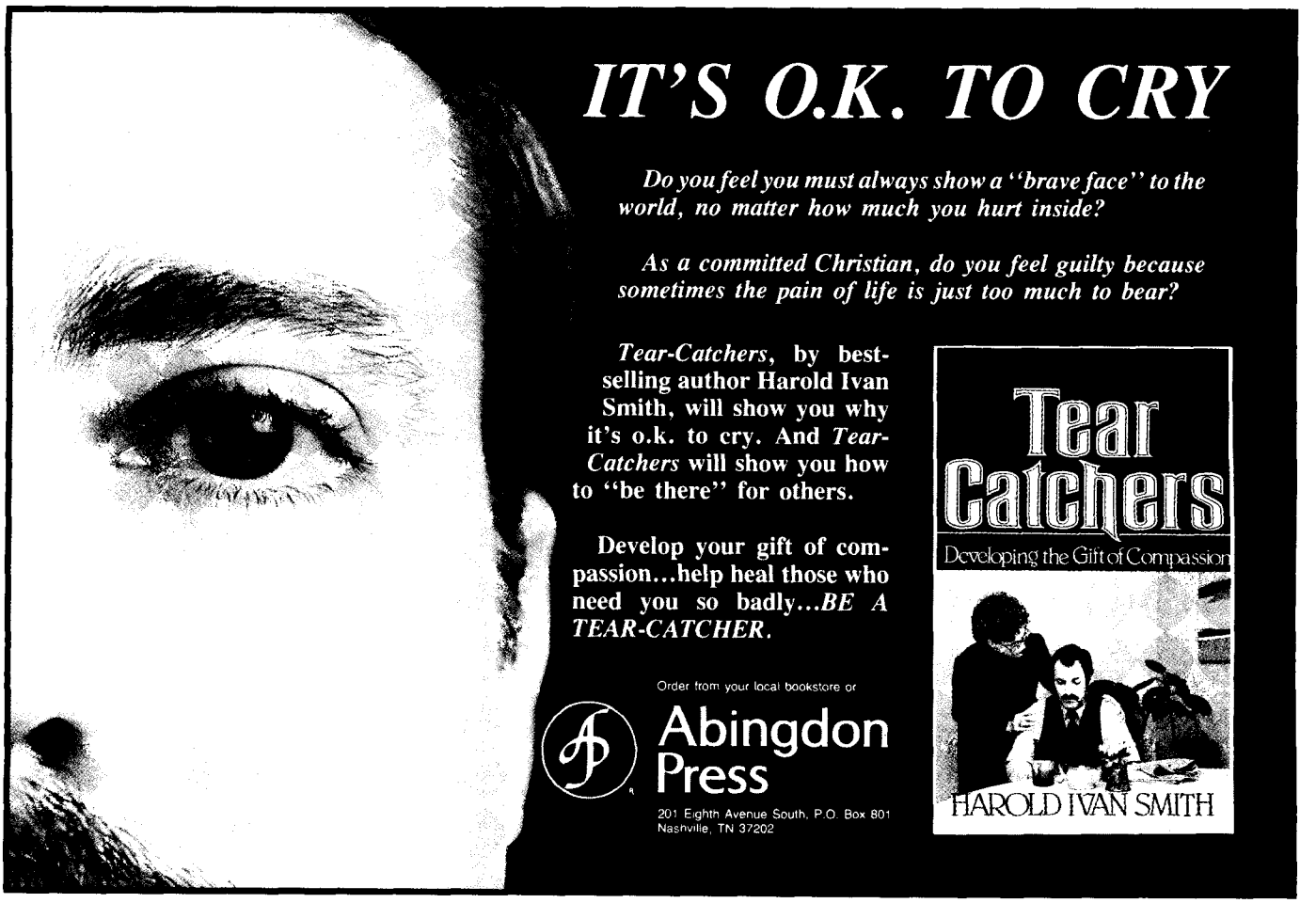
Dear Mrs. Bell:

I don't know of any physical problems you or your baby would encounter due to this situation, although if the cat is allowed in the hall, your home could become infected by external parasites.

There is also an internal parasite that can cause problems for women and their unborn children. The microscopic eggs (oocytes) of toxoplasmosis can be spread vis the feces of recently infected cats. Pregnant women may take precautions by wearing gloves when working with soil or sand frequented by cats and by having another person clean the litter box. Because it takes these eggs five days to become infectious once passed in the cat's feces, cleaning and disinfecting the litter box daily with boiling water should prevent problems. I want to emphasize that the above condition would rarely be a problem.

H.E.W.

Send your questions about pets to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post,* 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.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THE MAN WHO WOULD MAKE US FIT

Today Tom Fatjo, Jr., is called a "fitness genius," but it took the stress of a dozen careers to make him see the light.

by Craig R. Waters

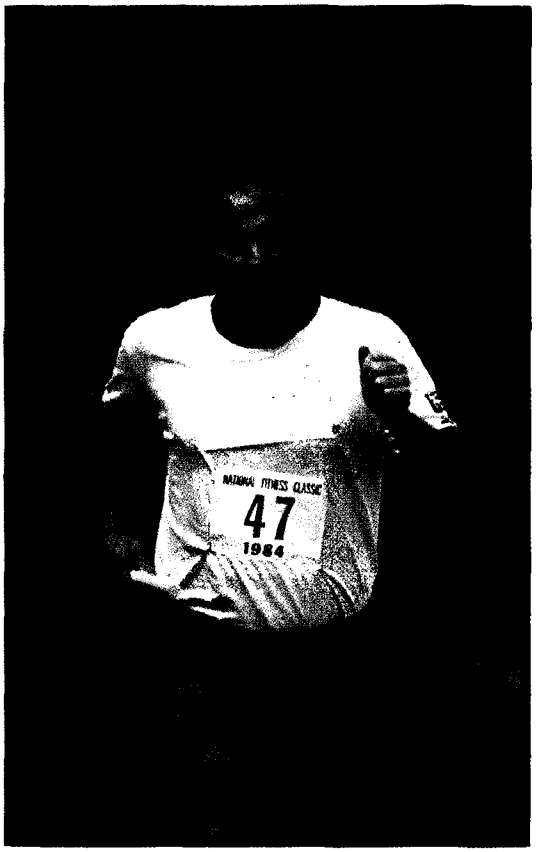
Vice President George Bush regards him as a "friendly, strong" Southwesterner with a serious commitment to physical fitness.

George Allen, former head coach of the Washington Redskins (he is now with the Arizona Wranglers), says simply, "He's the kind of guy I like."

And blond and bubbly Suzy Chaffee, of freestyle skiing (and Chapstick®) fame, calls him "a fitness genius," while conceding that he is also, in his quiet way, a bit sexy.

All three are describing Tom Fatjo, Jr., a Houston businessman who has probably already had an impact on your life. If things go as he's planned, he may soon influence the way you feel about your health and life as well. "Living Well," in fact, is the name of Fatjo's most recent game.

A tall, lean Texan with a wholesome, all-American glow—set off by expensive suits and complemented by a style subdued but firm—Fatjo, at 43, is a man who has had half a dozen successful careers. Accountant, trash collector, chief executive, hotel operator, restaurateur, spa proprietor, builder . . . Better make that half a dozen and still going. It may sound a bit Walter Mittyish, but a certain logical progression, and a vague sense of destiny at work, have led Fatjo to his current passion: the health and fitness of the rest of us.



As a beginning entrepreneur, Tom Fatjo turned a $500 investment in a garbage truck into a billion-dollar business. Now he's running into even more success in the field of physical fitness.

An avid jogger—he has competed in the Boston Marathon the last eight years and turned in quite respectable times—and swimmer who keeps a close eye on what he eats, Fatjo was not always so enlightened. Eleven years ago, he was a harried, slightly overweight and highly stressed executive who suspected, in some visceral way, that his life was not at all what it should be: that his lifestyle was in truth killing him. "I was getting a lot of satisfaction out of what I was doing," he said, "but I had the feeling that I probably wasn't going to last another eight or nine years at the rate I was going."

Born in Richmond, a dusty backwater just outside Houston where his father ran an automobile dealership, Fatjo attended Rice University, where he studied economics and accounting. After graduation, he went to work for the accounting firm of Deloitte, Haskins & Sells and moved into a modest home in Willowbrook, a housing development in Houston. When Willowbrook had problems getting its trash collected regularly, Fatjo, as president of the community's civic club, found himself confronting his destiny: at one long, hot and particularly unpleasant club meeting, an angry resident finally demanded, "Tom, why don't *you* buy a garbage truck and be our garbage man?"

An enterprising and ambitious young man of 26 at the time, Fatjo explored and then embraced the opportunity; he bought one truck, and each morning before reporting for his white-collar duties at DH&S, he donned dirty blues and picked up refuse. Trash proved to be a bonanza for Fatjo: his company expanded, grew, went public, went national. Now, 18 years later, Browning-Ferris Industries, the company he founded, is the largest solid-waste-disposal firm in the world—some 15,500 employees and annual revenues exceeding $840 million. Chances are that, if you live or work in any large or medium-sized city, you've seen BFI's massive blue trucks rumbling down alleys each morning and collecting overflowing containers of trash.

By 1973, Fatjo, though still eager, was beginning to tire: too many trips, too little sleep, too many well-watered business lunches. Desperate to bring some sanity back to his lifestyle, he took up jogging, and during a race at Dallas' Aerobic Center with other toned-up executives, made the connection between physical fitness and business efficiency. The better he felt, the better he worked, he realized.

It was as though destiny were beckoning again: in 1975, Fatjo stepped down as the head of BFI in order to fashion something new. "I wanted to create a center that would have a positive impact on the lives of busy people, that would help them to be productive for a long period of time—both personally and professionally,"

continued on following page

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Sponsor a Child for Only $10 a Month.

At last! Here is a $10 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send $16, $18, or $22 a month to help a needy child.

And yet, this is a full sponsorship program because for $10 a month you will receive:

...a photograph of the child you are helping.

...a special sponsorship folder with the case history of the child.

...a description of the country where your child lives.

...a quarterly progress report about your child's community from the field worker.

And you will receive at least two personal letters a year from your child.

All this for only $10 a month?

Yes—because the Holy Land Christian Mission International believes that many Americans would like to help a needy child. And so we searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, unlike some of the other organizations, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down administrative costs, we do not offer the so-called "trial child" that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

We do not feel that it is fair to the child for a sponsor to decide whether or not to help a child based on a child's photograph or the case history.

Every child who comes to Mission International for help is equally needy!

And to minimize overseas costs, our field workers are citizens of the countries where they serve. Many volunteer their time, working directly with families, orphanages, and schools.

You can make a difference!

$10 a month may not seem like much help to many Americans, but to a poor family living on an income of $1.50 or $2.00 a day, your sponsorship can help make all the difference in the world.

Will you sponsor a child? Your $10 a month will help provide so much:

...emergency food, clothing and medical care.

...a chance to attend school.

...help for the child's family and community, with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition, and other vital areas to help them become self-sufficient.

A child needs your love!

Here is how you can sponsor a child for only $10 a month immediately:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you want to sponsor a boy or a girl, and check the country of your choice.

2. Or mark the "emergency list" box and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs to have a sponsor.

3. Send your $10 in right now and this will eliminate the cost of a "trial child."

Then, in just a few days you will receive your child's name, photograph, and case history.

May we hear from you? We believe that our sponsorship program protects the dignity of the child and the family and at the same time provides Americans with a positive and beautiful way to help a needy youngster.

In Thailand, 7 year old Somjack comforts her little sister Kai who is suffering from severe malnutrition. These two frightened refugee children were found huddled together in a crumbling shack.

K5HV

Holy Land Christian **Mission International**
Attn: Joseph Gripkey, President
2000 East Red Bridge Road
Box 55, Kansas City, Missouri 64141

☐ Yes. I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of $10. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl

Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Thailand ☐ Costa Rica ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Dominican Republic ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Africa ☐ The Holy Land

☐ **OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of _____.

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he explains. "I wanted it to be a place where people could attend conventions, learn something about fitness, enjoy some exercise—a place that could bring balance back into their lives."

Today, The Houstonian, a lavish $39 million "healthful living complex" set on 22 beautifully wooded acres in southwest Houston, stands as a living, breathing and profusely sweating testament to his vision. It features a gracious 300-room hotel and a fitness center replete with five tennis courts, eight racquetball courts, an Olympic-sized pool, a gym, an indoor track with computerized timing lights and a one-mile outdoor track carpeted with artificial turf; there is also a women's spa, The Phoenix, which has played host to the likes of Shirley MacLaine and Brooke Shields, and the Preventive Medicine Center, which has tested more than 10,000 individuals during the past four years. "It's what God would have done if he'd been rich," goes the local joke, but the results are anything but funny. James L. Ketelsen, chairman of Tenneco, the Houston-based conglomerate, discovered that he needed coronary-bypass surgery during a Houstonian physical; he has since recovered, now exercises regularly and—lesson learned—has set up a fitness center for Tenneco's headquarters employees.

Also on the grounds are The Houstonian Estates, a luxurious 28-story condominium that numbers Vice President Bush among its contented owners.

Fatjo's reputation for excellence in the field of fitness catapulted him into a number of new worlds; he was appointed to the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports in 1980 and was soon pulling together projects for chairman George Allen. "He's a worker, gets things done," observes Allen with forthright admiration, "the sort of person I've always wanted on my coaching staff or team."

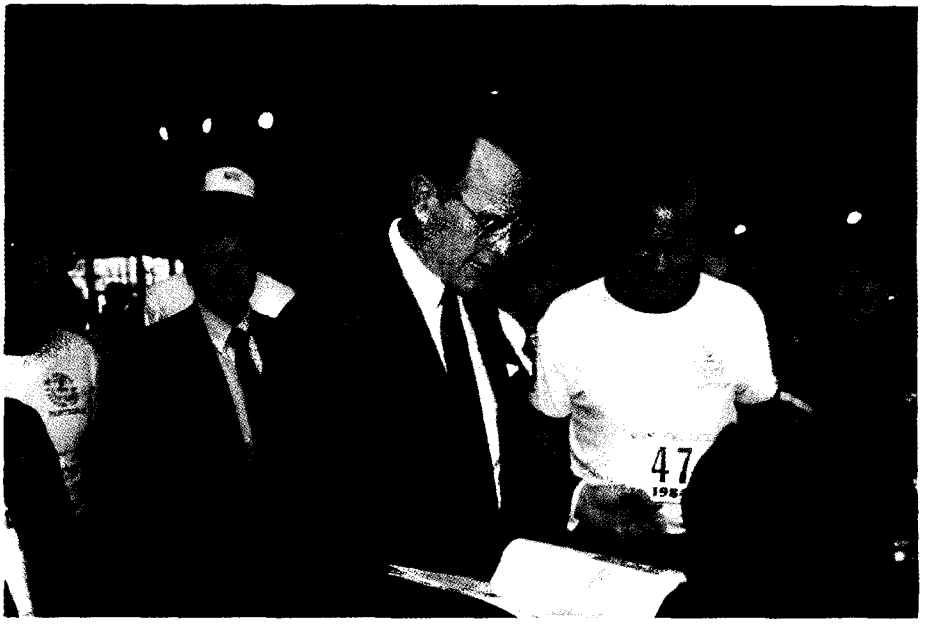
Asked to organize the Fitness Classic—a colorful, competitive event that, by virtue of its celebrity, business and media entrants, would draw attention to the importance of exercise—Fatjo quickly donated The Houstonian and the services of many of its employees. This year—the third for the classic—some 200 participants (Suzy Chaffee, Roger Staubach, formerly of the Dallas Cowboys, Gregg Marx of "Days of Our Lives") and nearly 2,000 spectators (including Bush) gathered for two days of fun-and-fitness events: the four-mile relay, football throw, obstacle course, basketball shoot-out, tennis serve for speed . . . ad exhaustion. Fatjo competed in several and turned in a creditable time of 5:44 in the mile run, behind a publisher who zipped up the track in 4:30. "But it was a ton of fun," recalls Fatjo with a beatific smile.

When Allen decided that a national fitness test was another top priority of the President's council, he once more turned to Fatjo. It was, Allen concedes, a "difficult project"—one that would ideally give all Americans a chance to see how fit they were—but, he notes, he only gives Fatjo "the tough ones." The first National Fitness Testing Week, held last May in some 800 locations, put more than 100,000 citizens through a simple but telling ordeal of exercise—the three-minute step test, sit and reach, arm hang, curl-ups and push-ups—designed to gauge their flexibility, strength, muscular development, endurance and cardiorespiratory health. Participants were accorded bronze, silver or gold status in each category, and more than one came away surprised.

Chaffee, a member of the 1968 Olympic ski team, a world-class freestyle skier and herself the author of a book on fitness, found the top award elusive. "I'm skiing better than I ever have in my life," she explains, "and so I thought my cardiovascular health was excellent . . . but I didn't get a gold." As a result of the discovery, she's now added more running and stationary bicycling to her exercise routine.

And George Allen, the man responsible for it all, wound up with a silver in flexibility. Next year, Allen hopes to test more than half a million Americans.

Though straying a bit from his business origins—dabbling with government and celebrity socials—Fatjo hasn't lost sight of his pin-striped-suit roots: He is, in his soul, an entrepreneur, a businessman, someone who thrills to the growth of a company the way others might exult in the growth of a child or grandchild. And more and more, he has managed to integrate his personal interests with that professional passion. The Houstonian has not only established a reputation as "perhaps the world's most unique [sic] hotel and club"; it has also come to be a model for those, like Ketelsen, who have enjoyed the life-or-death benefits of the place. "We saw a number of executives going back to their companies and trying to set up fitness programs," explains Fatjo, "but without much success." When they approached him



Vice President George Bush signs his autograph for a young spectator at the National Fitness Classic held early this year in Houston. Other celebrities at the fitness gala were Suzy Chaffee, Roger Staubach and Gregg Marx.

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for advice, Fatjo was, as usual, a man prepared to heed, once more, destiny's siren call.

Last year, Fatjo created Living Well, a company that will market comprehensive "wellness" programs to corporations and, eventually, to the public. The Living Well course—"Taking a Stand on the Health of a Nation," avers its brochure—is a bit of high tech, a healthy dose of lectures and plenty of good, old-fashioned exertion.

Living Well enrollees are evaluated at the outset, and their fitness figures—weight, blood pressure, etc.—entered into a computer, so that their progress can be accurately tracked; they attend two classes a week, 15 minutes of which are devoted to discussions of such subjects as nutrition, smoking, stress and self-esteem. The remaining 45 minutes are spent in vigorous exercise (designed to promote flexibility, muscle strength and endurance and cardiovascular health). Some 4,900 employees, working for 45 corporations, have already taken part, and the benefits are accruing rapidly.

"We're very pleased with Living Well," says Lorraine Daigle, corporate manager of occupational nursing and special medical programs for the Allied Corporation, based in Morristown, New Jersey. Daigle, who had never before been involved in a regular exercise regimen, took the course. She glows with pride at the results. "I'm sorry to say that I used to be a three-packer (of cigarettes) a day . . . and I've just completed six months of abstinence," she notes.

Concerned that graduates might not persist in their new health habits and that so many other Americans might never even acquire them, Fatjo is now setting up Living Well facilities in 50 cities. In order to expedite the process, he merged his new company with a much larger one, Health Resources Corporation of America, in July. Eventually, Fatjo hopes, the energetic Living Well logo—a lively scrawl that races across the page or the sweatshirts of participants—will be as familiar to this country's citizens as those lumbering BFI trucks.

When that day comes, you too—like Bush, and Allen, and Chaffee—may have something kind to say about Tom Fatjo.

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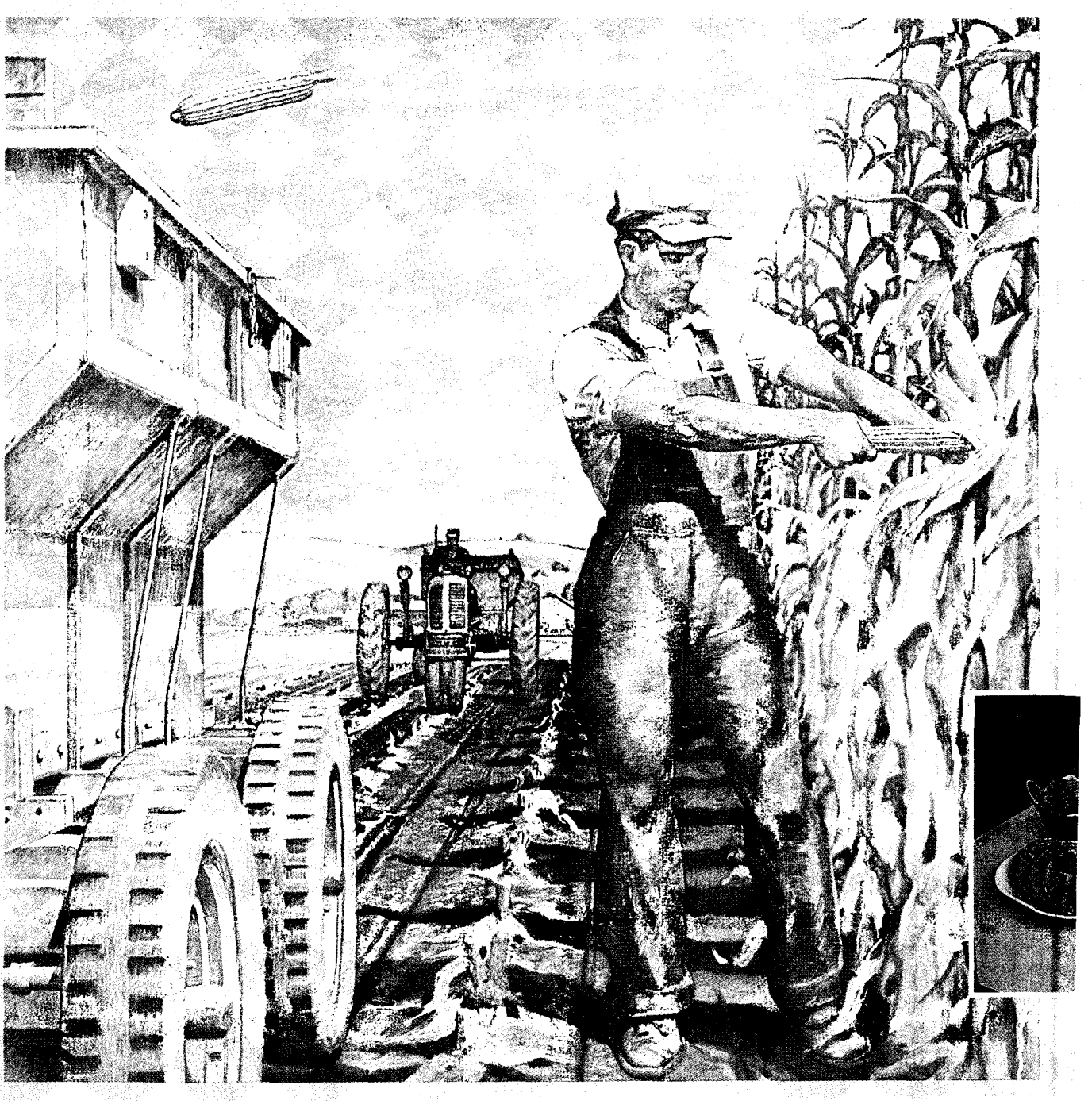

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When farmers use high-lysine corn to feed their animals, they don't have to buy as much expensive lysine supplement to keep their stock healthy. The farmers who feed high-lysine corn say they have fewer vet bills.

We don't think it should all be fed to the animals. If it is so important in their nutrition, we believe it is important in human nutrition, too.

We want farmers to grow more high-lysine corn for human consumption. . .for corn meal and corn cereals. We hope large cereal manufacturers will soon package it. In the meantime, we're grinding the high-lysine corn in the Society's coffee grinder so that the whole-grain corn meal will arrive fresh in your mailbox. The whole-grain ground corn doesn't have a long shelf life.

If you already have a *Post* subscription, we urge you to support our research and receive a bag of fresh corn meal or triticale every other week. (See p. 89 for details.)

We'd like to get a large population, our readers' population, on high-lysine rations.

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High-Lysine Corn Meal with each paid subscription.

Lysine, a basic amino acid, is essential to the nutrition of man and animals. High-lysine corn offers the best of two worlds—fiber as well as lysine. It also offers one of the tastiest ways to get this amino acid into your system.

Purdue University's Dr. Edwin Mertz (left) deserves a Nobel Prize for his work in developing the high-lysine corn. Its higher lysine content has the potential of saving millions of children from starvation in Third World countries. (Right) Post *research kitchens are busy turning out high-lysine corn recipes and readers contributions are welcomed.*

An Iowa farmer who grows lysine corn for his pigs likes to chew it himself. "It's softer and more like eating peanuts," he says. And if you don't find that this corn meal makes tastier cornbread, corn pudding, soufflés, pancakes, corn pies and waffles, send it back to us. We'll use it ourselves and give you a full refund for your cancelled subscription.

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TRITICALE COMES TO THE KITCHEN

This nutritious supergrain, a cross of wheat and rye, adds a delicious new flavor twist to breads, muffins, toast and biscuits.

by Charlotte Turgeon

If advertising writers instead of scientists had named triticale, they would probably have called it "Wheat'n Rye," a name the average American would not only understand but would also be able to pronounce correctly on the first try. But scientists got there first with their unwieldy Latin nomenclature, and that strange name may be one reason why triticale, a buckwheat-rye cross grain, has not yet caught on, although it's been grown for some years.

Another reason triticale is not yet a household word is that its promoters only talk about its nutritional virtues and its potential for expanded cultivation worldwide. Triticale has on the average 10 to 15 percent more protein than wheat. It can be grown in high-plains areas as well as in semitropical, irrigated desert regions, and it is so prolific it can be made to yield twice as many pounds per acre as wheat. What most people want to know, however, is: How does it taste?

The answer to that question is—good! But the only way to find that out is to bake triticale recipes yourself. You won't find triticale muffins or bread at your local bakery or at your favorite family restaurant.

Triticale can be mixed with other flours to make some very interesting hybrid combinations. One great bedfellow of triticale is high-lysine corn. Both contribute high fiber to our daily diet as well as add the increased amounts of the amino acid lysine that both the medical and nutritional worlds have now recognized as important. Breads and muffins made with high-lysine corn and triticale have a nutty flavor and a chewy texture that make their white-flour counterparts seem bland.

Another good combination is triticale and wild rice, as in our Wild Rice-Triticale Bread pictured on this page.

We are sure you will like the following recipes and will want to add triticale permanently to your diet.

For a bread that's really different and delicious, try this beautiful braided loaf made from wild rice, triticale, rolled oats and wheat flour and sprinkled with sunflower seeds.

Wild-Rice Triticale Bread

(Makes 2 loaves)

1 package active dry yeast
⅓ cup water, 105° F. to 115° F.
2 cups milk, scalded, cooled to 105° F. to 115° F.
2 tablespoons corn-oil margarine, melted
2 teaspoons salt (optional)
½ cup honey
½ cup uncooked rolled oats
2½ cups high-lysine triticale flour
4-4½ cups unbleached all-purpose or bread flour
1 cup cooked wild rice
1 egg, beaten with tablespoon water
½ cup hulled sunflower seeds

In large bowl, dissolve yeast in water. Add milk, margarine, salt and honey. Stir in oats, triticale flour and 2 cups of the bread flour to make a soft dough. Add wild rice. Cover and let rest 15 minutes. Stir in enough additional bread flour to make a stiff dough. Turn out onto a breadboard and knead 10 minutes. Add more flour as necessary to keep dough from sticking. Turn dough into lightly oiled bowl, turn over, cover and let rise until doubled, about 2 hours. Punch down. Knead briefly on lightly oiled board. Shape. Divide entire batch into 3 parts; shape each into strands, braid and place onto oiled baking sheet to make a wreath. Or, divide dough into 2 parts; place each into 9½"x5½" oiled bread pan. Let rise until doubled, about 45 minutes. Brush tops of loaves with egg mixed with water. Slash loaves, if desired. Sprinkle with sunflower seeds. Bake at 375° F. for 45 minutes or until loaves sound hollow when tapped.

Corn Meal & Triticale Muffins

(Makes 12 3-inch muffins)

1 cup high-lysine corn meal, pulverized
1 cup high-lysine triticale flour

continued on following page

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½ cup unbleached all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt (optional)
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons corn-oil margarine, melted
6 teaspoons baking powder
3 teaspoons onion, minced
2 teaspoons green pepper, minced
2 teaspoons pimento, minced
½ teaspoon powdered sage
2 eggs, beaten until light
1 cup low-fat milk

Mix all the dry ingredients in a bowl. Prepare the vegetables. Add them and the sage to the beaten eggs, milk and margarine and stir until blended. Pour into the dry ingredients and mix them briefly but thoroughly. Preheat the oven to 400° F. Prepare tins with margarine or vegetable spray. Fill the tins half-full and bake 20 minutes. Serve with cottage cheese.

Triticale Cheddar Bread
(Makes 1 loaf)

1 tablespoon fast-rising dry yeast
1¼ cup warm water
2 cups all-purpose unbleached flour
1 teaspoon sea salt
2½ tablespoons dry skimmed milk
1½ cups triticale flour
1 cup cheddar cheese, diced

Place the yeast and ½ cup of the warm water in a large warmed mixing bowl. Cover and let stand 15 minutes. Stir in ½ cup of the unbleached flour. Cover and let stand 30 minutes. Dissolve the salt and skim milk in the remaining warm water and stir into the yeast mixture. Beating constantly, gradually add triticale flour and then the remaining unbleached flour until you have a firm but not stiff dough. Knead 8 minutes with a dough hook or 10 minutes by hand. Cover and let rise 30-40 minutes (longer if using regular yeast). Punch down and incorporate the diced cheese. Knead and form into a loaf. Place in a 9-inch loaf tin that has been oiled or vegetable sprayed. Bake 10 minutes in a preheated 425° F. oven. Reduce the heat to 350° and bake 25 minutes longer. Turn out immediately onto a rack to cool.

Asparagus on Triticale Cheese Toast
(Makes 4 servings)

20 spears medium-size asparagus
4 slices Triticale Cheddar Bread (recipe above)
4 tablespoons corn-oil margarine
4 tablespoons Parmesan cheese, freshly grated
Black pepper, freshly grated

Wash the asparagus and cut off the tough ends. The stems can be peeled with a potato peeler, if desired. Bring 2 inches of water to a boil in a shallow, heavy pan. Add the asparagus and cover tightly. Cook 10 minutes or just until tender. Do not overcook. Drain well. Toast the bread very lightly and place on individual salad plates. Top each slice with 5 spears of asparagus. Pour a tablespoon of melted margarine over each serving and sprinkle with Parmesan and black pepper.

Like most breads, triticale loaves taste best when served warm; however, triticale bread will retain its fresh flavor for several days if stored in the refrigerator.

Triticale Biscuits
(Makes 1 dozen)

1 cup unbleached white flour
¾ cup brown-rice flour
½ cup high-lysine triticale flour
¼ cup soy flour
5 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt (optional)
2 tablespoons corn-oil margarine, melted
¾ cup low-fat buttermilk
½ cup water

Preheat oven to 400° F. In a large bowl, mix dry ingredients well. Add margarine, buttermilk and water and stir until mixture forms a ball. Turn out onto a lightly floured breadboard. Flatten a little with hands, and use rolling pin to roll to thickness of ½ inch. Cut out with biscuit cutter. Bake 15-20 minutes.

Carrot Nut Bread
(Makes 1 loaf)

¾ cup corn oil
1 cup honey
1 cup high-lysine triticale flour or whole-wheat pastry flour
½ cup sifted unbleached flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup raw carrots, grated
1 cup walnuts, chopped
2 large eggs

Stir the oil and honey together. Combine the triticale and unbleached flour with the baking powder, soda, cloves, cinnamon and salt. Stir into the oil mixture. Blend in the vanilla, carrots and walnuts. Add the eggs one by one beating hard after each addition. Preheat the oven to 350° F. Oil or vegetable spray an 8-inch loaf tin. Pour mixture into the prepared pan and bake 50 minutes. Turn onto a rack to cool.

Quick Triticale Corn Bread
(Makes 1 loaf)

1 cup high-lysine corn meal
1 cup high-lysine triticale flour

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1 cup sifted unbleached all-purpose flour
4 tablespoons brown sugar
5 teaspoons baking powder
3 large eggs
1½ cups low-fat skim milk
5 tablespoons corn-oil margarine, melted

Combine the dry ingredients in one bowl. In another bowl beat the eggs and milk together for 1 minute. Add the melted margarine. Then combine the mixtures while stirring as briefly as possible. Preheat the oven to 400° F. Oil or vegetable spray a 9¼ "x5¼ " bread pan. Pour the mixture into the prepared pan and bake for 25 minutes.

Three-Grain Bread
(Makes 2 loaves)

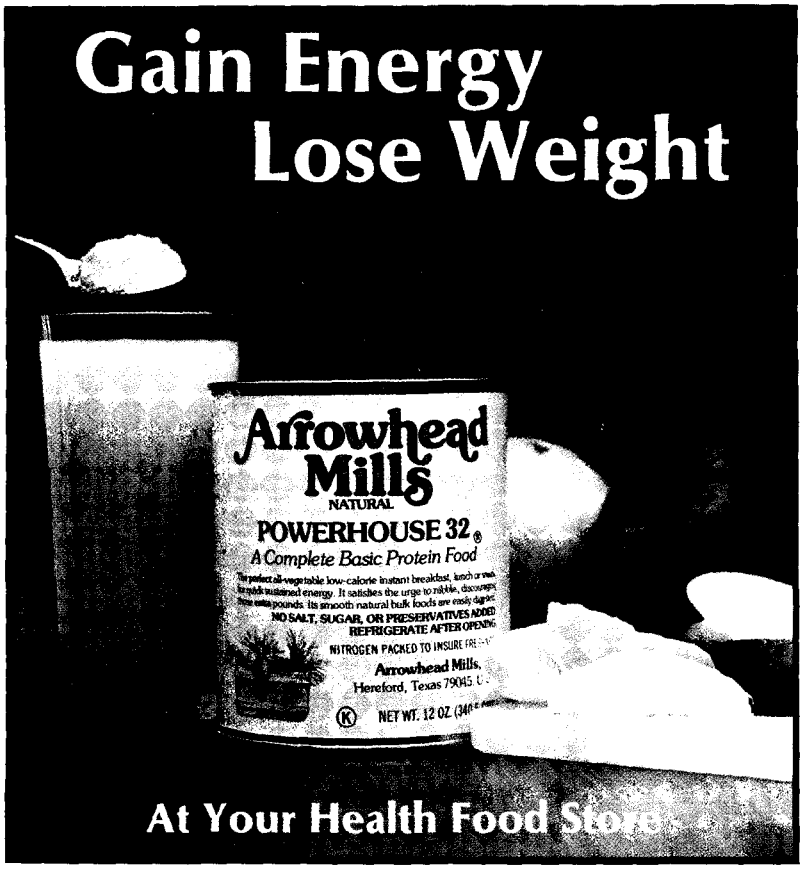
2 packages dry yeast
½ cup lukewarm water
2 cups low-fat skim milk
1 cup high-lysine cornmeal
4 tablespoons corn-oil margarine
4 tablespoons honey
2 teaspoons sea salt (optional)
2 cups high-lysine triticale flour
2 cups whole-wheat pastry flour
2 cups unbleached flour

Combine the yeast and water, stirring until smooth. Cover and let stand 5 minutes. Scald the milk. Gradually add the corn meal, stirring with a wooden spoon constantly. When the mixture is well blended, stir in the margarine, honey and salt, if desired. Set aside until lukewarm. Combine the corn-meal mixture and yeast in an electric mixing bowl. Add the flours and knead with an electric dough hook for 8 minutes, or knead by hand for 10 minutes. Oil a bowl lightly with margarine and put in the dough, turning it around so that it is lightly coated on all sides. Cover and let rise for 1½ hours or until doubled. Preheat the oven to 425° F. Oil or vegetable spray two 9¼ "x5¼ " bread pans. Punch down the bread and divide it in half. Shape into loaves and place in the pans. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake 25 minutes. Turn out immediately onto racks to cool.

Hi-Fiber Sally Lunn
(Makes 2 loaves)

2 cups high-lysine triticale flour, sifted
2 cups all-purpose unbleached flour
5 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 packages dry yeast
1 stick corn-oil margarine
1 cup low-fat skim milk
3 large eggs

Combine ½ cup of the triticale flour and ½ cup of the unbleached flour with the sugar, salt and yeast in a mixing bowl. Heat margarine and milk until very warm to the touch (120° F.). Beat in the very warm liquid, beating constantly and continue to beat for 2 minutes. Gradually add ½ cup more of the triticale flour. Add eggs and beat hard for 2 minutes longer. Gradually add the remaining flour until you have a dough that is thick but not stiff. Cover and let rise for 1½ hours or until doubled. Punch down the dough and divide in half. Preheat the oven to 250° F. and oil or vegetable spray 2 loaf pans. Shape the dough into 2 loaves and place in the prepared pans. Cover with a dish towel and let rise until it has increased by one half. Bake 45 minutes.



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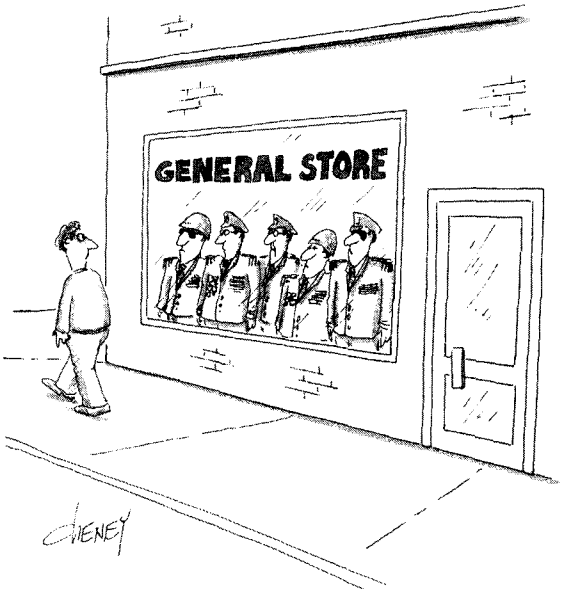

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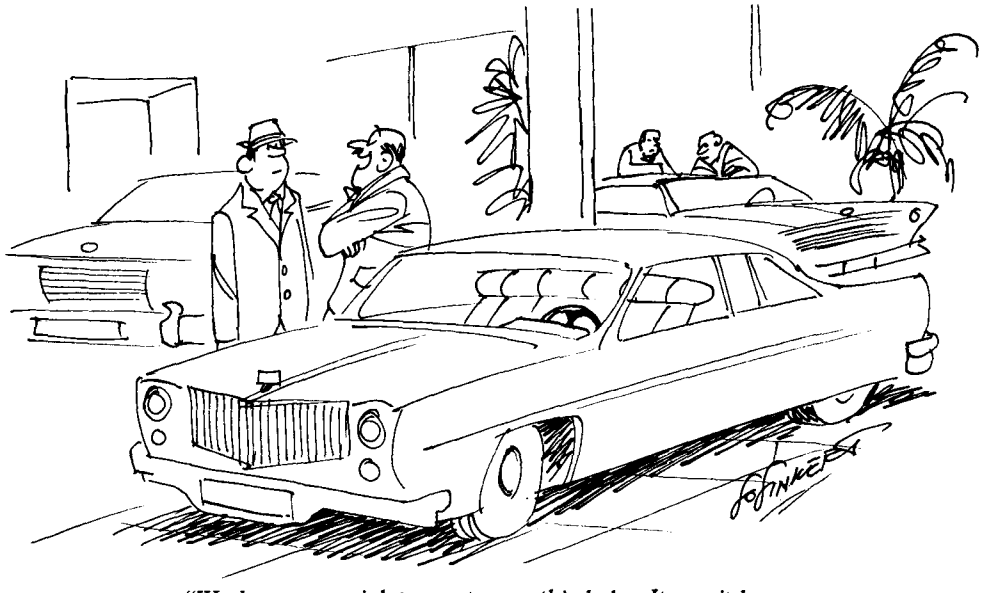

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SUMMER PEOPLE

The guests at the hotel were the very people who owned the things everyone else wonders who owns.

by Don J. Snyder

I have begun to take a hard look at the summer that has just passed. I spent it in a house at Hancock Point, Maine, a secluded promontory of land that drowses under bright sunshine and watches the light burst and stray out over Frenchman's Bay. The house was one of those great, weathered cottages that seem to go on and on, and scarcely a day went by without one of us asking, "Now where does *that* door go?"

The days there were restful, long and warm. I had plenty of time for reading. I picked the season's wild berries, I took thoughtful walks along the shore, and with an inexhaustible curiosity I watched the residents of this seaside colony—the summer people.

I have always watched the summer people. As a boy working my way through college I was employed at a grand hotel on the island of Martha's Vineyard, where the summer people spent the nine-week season paying nearly $100 a day for their room and meals. My first summer there I was quarantined in the windowless kitchen and scrubbed pots and pans as part of my rite of passage into the dining room, where I was finally promoted to the position of busboy and had my first brush with the hotel guests. Late one evening, while on my hands and knees buffing the dining-room floor, I discovered a man's tie clasp under a corner table. I handed it over to the night clerk and thought nothing more of it until the following afternoon, when the hotel manager summoned me to his office to meet a dignified old man who instantly dispatched my boss, saying he much preferred to speak with me *alone*.

He was dressed impeccably in a white shirt, brick-red trousers and a navy-blue blazer with some sort of emblem sewn in gold threads on the breast pocket. With a shaky but baronial voice he identified himself and thanked me for recovering his clasp. I stood across from him and nervously shifted my weight from foot to foot as he looked me over. Then suddenly he drew his shoulders back ceremoniously and gave me his right hand, which was knotted in a tight fist. As if passing a secret message behind enemy lines, he pressed two folded bills into my hand and quickly closed my fingers around them.

After I had been dismissed I opened my hand and found that the reward for my vigilance was two $100 bills. I rushed to find the old gentleman, certain he had made some mistake. No mistake, I was told. The tie clasp had once belonged to a classmate at Princeton in 1921. Its sentimental value was inestimable.

This sort of experience caused me to pay great attention to the dining room floor and to the ways of the summer people. I learned that many of them were descendants of families whose wealth was immense and indestructible. They were the very people who owned the things everyone else wonders who owns—diamond mines and railroads and professional baseball teams. I learned that there was very often a precocious self-assurance about the children of these people. And often a recklessness. One afternoon I observed two teen-age boys racing their father's giant sloops out in the crowded harbor and seeing who could come closest to the pier without bashing into it.

At this hotel I first discovered that a grown man would spend an entire day reading newspapers out on a porch and moving with a courtly negligence from chair to chair as the sun moved across the sky, while someone brought him coffee all morning and tea all afternoon.

The ways of the summer people were of amazing interest to me then because I was a young boy trying very hard on my own to figure out how the world worked.

The world seemed to work against me from time to time in those days. One other summer I was employed as the caretaker for Mrs. Alexander Chadbourn, a dowager in her late 80s who resided in one of the largest cottages on the island. I did everything for her that summer, and she appeared to be very fond of me. Sometimes she would call out to me to come inside for lemonade and holler out across her shaded lawn as she must have done once for her own sons. She liked to call me Scotty (I never found out why), and when she pronounced that word she hit very hard on both Ts. Her husky voice was accented with violent gasps that gave dramatic weight to even the most mundane declarations.

One morning she called to me: "Scotty. I must get a weather report for tomorrow. The Blanchards have invited me sailing, and I'm much too old to go blowing off in a hellish gale. Go and find me a newspaper with a reliable forecast."

Off I went later that day and rode

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my bicycle to the market and back with a newspaper folded under one arm. As I was heading toward Mrs. Chadbourn's place, I spotted her out on a neighbor's lawn with several dozen gaily dressed people who had gathered for cocktails. I parked my bicycle and walked across the lawn as inconspicuously as I could. Mrs. Chadbourn had her back to me, and someone who watched me approach motioned to her with a hand that held a highball glass. She turned slowly.

"I've got the paper," I said triumphantly. Mrs. Chadbourn said nothing at first, and I will never forget the look of disappointment that swept over her rouged face. Her narrow eyes closed for an instant, her mouth opened and she said: "No no, no no, no no no! This is not the right place for that." She hammered all three Ts.

I wanted to sink into the fabulous lawn. I wanted to evaporate into the clouds. That afternoon I learned my place among the summer people, and for a while is suited me just fine that I was vastly different from them, for these were the late 1960s and I was a restive, ornery college student with a political disaffiliation contemptuous of the older generations.

My politics had changed by the time I met Miss Winslow, a widow close to 100 years old, whose room in the third-floor annex of the grand hotel had been reserved for her for 27 years in a row. Every morning, just after six o'clock, without fail, I marched up the spiral stairway with her breakfast: one four-minute boiled egg, one piece of unbuttered whole-wheat toast cut diagonally and a glass of apricot juice served on a silver tray with the circumference of a catcher's mitt.

Miss Winslow was exceedingly rich and, it was said, wished to give away as much of her fortune as possible before she passed on. Every Saturday she walked to the bank in Edgartown escorted by her private nurse. Once there, she withdrew, in new $20 bills, enough to give one to each of the hotel's 80 employees. Sunday morning after church she began her rounds and personally delivered the weekly gratuity to every worker from the manager to the lowliest pot washer. She carried the cash in a large pocketbook made of alligator skin, and we all referred to her as "The Alligator

continued on page 82

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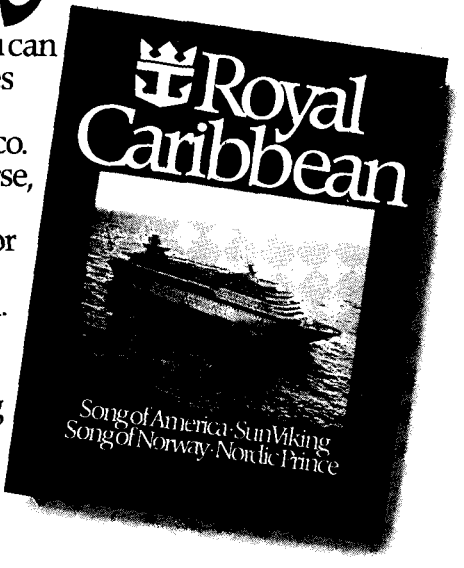

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Heinrich Schnibble and the Tractor Repairman

"Hi-yah. Can I do something for you?"

"Ja. Meinself ben Heinrich Schnibble und mein tractor ben needen der fixen."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Das motor in mein tractor ben runnen smoothisch, excepten ein clink ben sounden."

"Is it a very loud clink?"

"Ein middlischer. Mit uppen der speeden der clinken ben vamoosen."

"You mean you can't hear it when you uppen der—when you race the motor?"

"Mit racen ben sounden ein tweetle."

"Oh, the clinken turns into a tweetle? Might be the fan belt, but of course I——"

"Ach, ja! Upwrappen ein belt!"

"But it could be something else. I only said it might be——"

"Nein. Ich ben wanten das belt."

"O.K., O.K. What model tractor is it?"

"Mein tractor ben reddisch mit ein smallisch rootentootenpoofer."

"Mit ein smallisch rootenwhatter?"

"Ein puffen tootler mit warnen mein tractor ben gecomen."

"You mean you got a whistle on your tractor?"

"Ja. Und mit pullen der string mein——"

"Mr. Schnibble, none of our tractors have whistles. You must have a Field King. They have whistles. We sell Plowmasters. No whistles."

"Ach! Meinself ben——"

"Don't have a fan belt for it either. We can't keep parts for machines we don't sell."

"Himmel! Ich ben walken insiden das door und boughten mein tractor mit also der uphooken attachers und——"

"I tell you none of our tractors come with whistles. They sell Field Kings across the street."

"Ach! Ist der Plowmaster ben gecomen mit ein upsticken pipe?"

"Yes. The exhaust pipe ben upstick——"

"Mit smoken outen-gepoofen?"

"Yes, mit——"

"Ich ben hooken das whistler meinself ontoppen der upsticken pipe. Das smoke ben poofen——"

"Well, why didn't you say so? I guess you might have one of our TX405 Plowmasters. Suppose I stop by and take a look."

"Ach! Ein look! Ich ben wanten ein breezenwhiffer belt! Mitout waiten!"

"But maybe it isn't der breezenwhif—I mean, the fan belt."

"Ist! Ist! Ist! Himmel! Mitout quickisch das belt ben upwrappen, Ich ben complainen——"

"Gee whiz, Mr. Schnibble, don't get so upset. I'm just ben trying to help——"

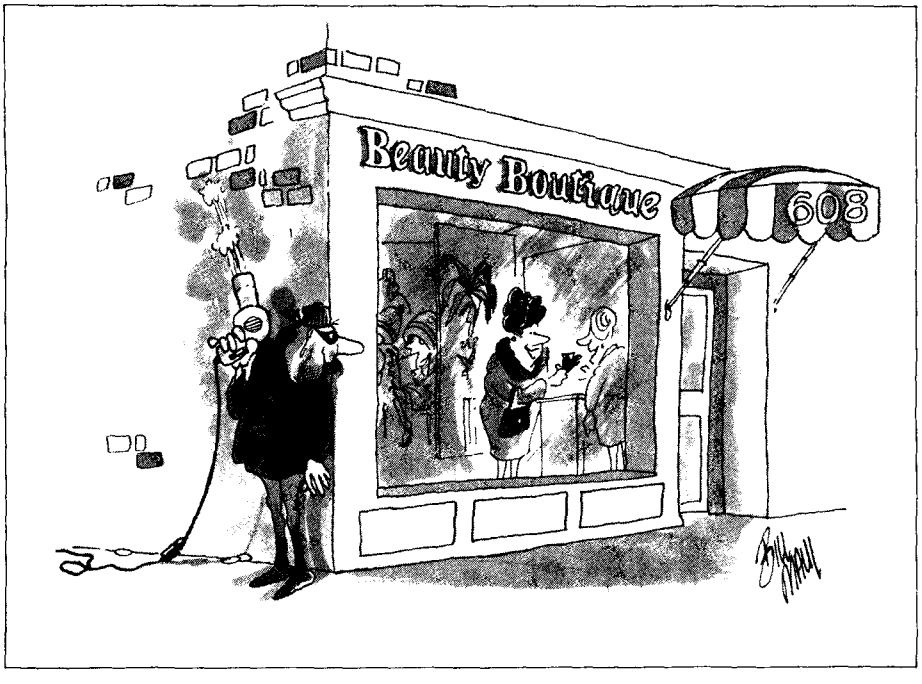
"Und also meinself ist crossen der street und traden mein tractor!"

"But I tell you I'll get das belt for you and I'll personally fix your—— Wait a minute. You say yourself ist crossen der street und traden your tractor?"

"Ja; Ich ben getten ein Field Kinger mitout der clinken and tweetlen."

"Ach! Fine, fine, Mr. Schnibble. I'll go with you und meinself ben helpen mit der outpicken!"

—Dave Morrah



Lame Reason

"You poor man," said the dowager to the beggar. "It must be terrible to be lame, but I suppose it would be worse yet if you were blind."

"You're right, ma'am," said the beggar. "When I was blind, I was always getting bus tokens and paper clips."

—Lloyd Byers

Walking Small

Answer to a young mother who joyfully informs her husband that their baby son can now walk: "That's wonderful, dear. Now he can walk

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the floor at night by himself."

—Eliza Louisa Dawson

Nice to See You Again, But . . .

Every time I come back from vacation
It becomes increasingly more clear
That Santa has the right idea:
Visit people *once* a year!

—Ruth M. Walsh

Ask Your Mother

"Daddy," said a six-year-old boy, "I'd like to get married."

"Sure, son," said his father. "Anyone special in mind?"

"Yes," answered the boy. "Grandma."

"Now, wait a minute," said his father. "You don't think I'd let you marry my mother, do you!"

"Why not?" the boy asked. "You married mine."

—F.C. Shueh

Downright Disgusting

Soap operas are a sick disgrace—
An insult to the human race;
Loose women doing evil things,
And when they do my darn phone rings.

—Mary Honsel

Chattering Cavity

She talked while the dentist examined her teeth,
He wouldn't keep still a minute.
He said, "I see one large cavity, ma'am,
And all your teeth are in it."

—Hans G. Mueller

Something Blue

I feel for the fathers of daughters,
Who, for years, have been paying the bills
For dresses and braces and schooling,
Plus various fancies and frills.
All told, they've made quite an investment,
Then, all of a sudden, one day
They're faced with the no-win dilemma
Of just having to give them away.

—Frank Walsh

Steppin' Out

A man was celebrating his 80th birthday and his 50th wedding anniversary. A reporter asked, "Sir, how do you account for looking so fit?"

"Well," the old-timer told him, "when we got married, my wife and I had an agreement that any time we saw an argument coming on, I would grab my hat and walk three times around the block. You'd be surprised what 50 years of outdoor exercise will do for your health!"

—Kenneth E. Hall

For Whom the Bell Didn't Toll

For months the judges had been reviewing the submissions for the local essay contest. The prize was a lead-crystal bell with the winner's name etched into the base. However, on the night of the award's banquet, the coveted bell was dropped and shattered, leaving only the base and fragments remaining. Thereafter, it was known as the No Bell Piece Prize.

—Starr Nachman

Battle Lines

You can't fight City Hall—
How often we've heard that chatter.
But fight it, indeed, we can—
Winning's another matter!

—Bert Murray

Stud Farm

Goal
Foal
Sired
Tired

—Stuart Citrin

Wedded Bliss

Two friends were discussing recent events. "Well," said one, "to please my wife, I've given up smoking, drinking and playing cards."

"That must make her real happy," the other replied.

"No, it hasn't," the friend said. "Now every time she begins to talk to me, she finds she hasn't anything to say."

—Henry E. Leabo

Which Bag Will It Be?

Two golfers sliced their drives and walked on. One said, "My wife says if I don't stop playing golf, she'll leave me."

"Hard luck, old man," sympathized his partner.

"Yes," he said. "I shall miss her."

—James Curnane

No Commission, Either

A shabbily dressed man stood shaking in the cold outside an abandoned building and a woman watched from her warm office while people gave the man money. During lunch she gave the man a note containing her last two dollars. The note said simply, "Keep your chin up."

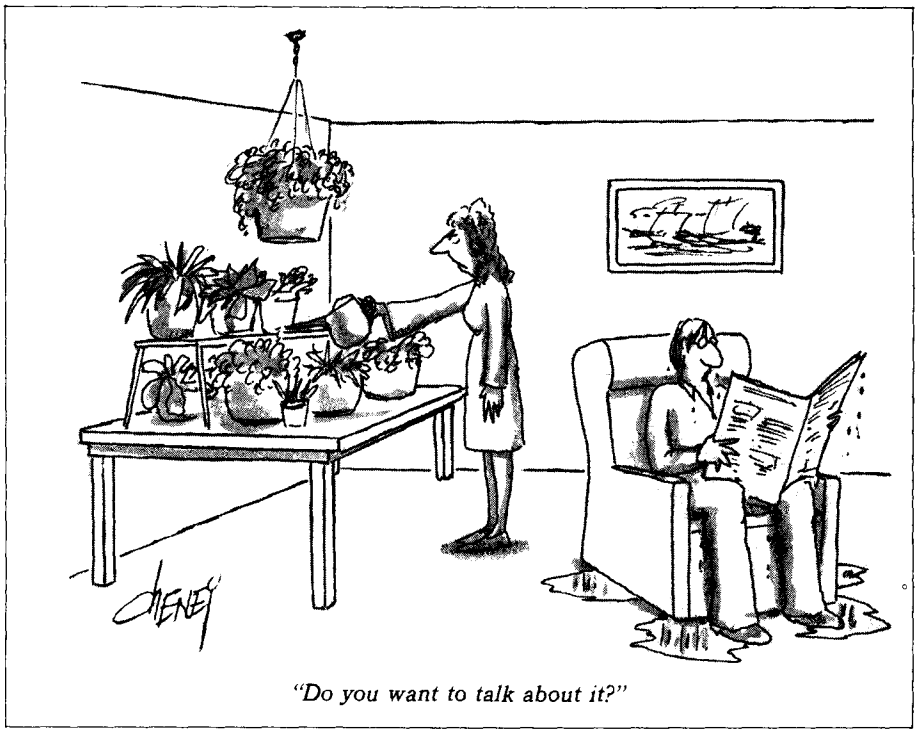
A few days later the same man approached her and said, "Here ya go, lady. Fifty-two bucks. 'Keep Your Chin Up' came in at 26 to 1."

—James Curnane

From the Broad Point of You!

It's hard to keep up with the teens,
Most women reluctantly find,
For when they get into their jeans—
They're more than a little behind!

—Bill Schaffstall



"Do you want to talk about it?"

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THE SIX MINUTE LOUVRE

Peter Stone brings the Blue Riband back to America by setting a new world tourist record for "doing" the museum in 5 minutes, 56 seconds.

by Art Buchwald

Any sportsman will tell you that the only three things to see in the Louvre are the "Winged Victory of Samothrace," the "Venus de Milo" and the "Mona Lisa." The rest of the sculpture and paintings are just so much window dressing for the Big Three, and one hates to waste time in the Louvre when there is so much else to see in Paris.

Ever since the Louvre acquired these works of art, amateurs from all over the world have been trying to cut down the time it takes to see them. Before the war the world record was held by three Scandinavians, who had managed to make the course in seven minutes thirty-three seconds. This record stood until 1935, when a Britisher, Mergenthaller Waisleywillow, paced by his Welsh wife, did it in seven minutes flat. Waisleywillow in his first attempt made it in six minutes and forty-nine seconds, but was disqualified when he forgot to make a complete circle of the "Venus de Milo."

The record stood until 1938, when a Stockholm man, known as the Swedish Cannonball, introduced sneakers and made it in six minutes and twenty-five seconds.

That record stood during the war years, and it wasn't until 1947 that an attempt was made to beat the Cannonball. This time, because of the travel restrictions in Europe, the Americans had the course to themselves. The first one to take the Blue Riband to America was Tex Houston, from Oklahoma, who shaved two seconds off the record. In 1949 a track star from Miami University (Ohio) made it in six minutes and fourteen seconds. In 1951, the Australians took the title away from the Americans with a six-minute-twelve-second Louvre.

By this time everyone was talking about a six-minute Louvre. Scientists said that under perfect conditions, with a smooth floor, excellent lighting and no wind, it could be done. But for four years no one was able to beat the Australian.

Then one Sunday I was tipped off that an American tourist was going to try for the record. His name was Peter Stone, and he had made several previous attempts that had failed. Mr. Stone has been cited in many magazines and newspapers for a famous remark. After studying the "Winged Victory" for an hour, he said, "It will never fly."

He also was once asked to leave the Louvre when he said in a loud voice in front of a group of tourists who were looking at the "Mona Lisa": "I know the fellow who has the original."

Stone had brought his trainer along with him. He was wearing special indoor track shoes, and he had emptied his pockets of anything that would weigh him down. In choosing Sunday morning for the test he had banked on several things. One was that no tickets are required to get in and he would not lose precious seconds at the ticket booth.

Another was that the Louvre is pretty empty on Sunday mornings and most of the halls would be clear. In order to comply with all the rules, Stone had to get out of a taxi and tell the driver to wait. Then he had to rush into the museum, make the course and get back in the taxi. The taxi had to be four feet away from the curb before he was officially clocked. Timekeepers from the American Express, Thomas Cook & Son and the French Bureau de Tourisme were on hand.

Stone received last-minute instructions from his trainer.

"Whatever you do, keep away from the 'Rape of the Sabines' or you're a goner."

Stone wiped his track shoes in the box of resin that the Louvre keeps at

As a boy, Art Buchwald sold *Saturday Evening Posts* at the train station in Hollis, New York. Bad experiences with a bully in his territory helped him decide to get out of sales and into editorial.

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the door for tourists and then got into the taxi. A gun went off and he jumped out of the taxi and rushed into the museum. The rule of the course is you must walk, you cannot run. Keeping his eyes straight ahead, he whizzed past the Salle Denon. At the foot of the Daru staircase, with just a glance at "Winged Victory," he turned left and rushed down two small flights of stairs past the rotunda straight to the "Venus de Milo." He circled the statue completely and headed back toward the "Winged Victory," shortcutting through the Roman and Greek antiquity rooms. His time was a fantastic one minute and fifty-eight seconds to the "Venus."

Stone took the stairs two at a time and stopped for two seconds in front of the "Winged Victory." He had a choice of two routes: the Salle Daru, where Napoleon I was being crowned, or the Salle Sept Metres, where the Italian school was hung. He chose the Salle Daru, paused only for a second at the Napoleon painting and then rushed into the Grande Galerie, where "Mona Lisa" was waiting. In thirty seconds he was at the painting. The rules state that a contestant must make some innocuous tourist remark at the painting.

Stone said, "I don't see what's so great about it," and then wheeled, this time taking the Salle Sept Metres. He rushed down the stairs, not even bothering this time to look at the "Winged Victory," hightailed it through the Salle Denon and was out in the street and in a taxi before you could say Leonardo da Vinci. As the taxi pulled away a gun was set off and Stone's time was recorded at five minutes fifty-six seconds, a new world tourist record. The Blue Riband was brought back to America.

Turning down offers from magazines and travel agencies that wanted to use him for testimonial advertisements, Stone modestly gave much of the credit to his trainer.

"The next record I'm going after is St. Peter's in Rome," he said in an exclusive interview. "And then, who knows—perhaps I'll try the Tower of London. They say you can't do it in less than four minutes. Well, let's just see."

The champ threw his arms around his mother and the photographers started taking pictures. ★

NORMAN COUSINS

The Healing Heart

If you have heart trouble, and 38 million Americans do, you've probably been told to change what you eat, get more exercise and endure less stress. To change the way you live. But what about the way you feel? Norman Cousins is an expert on the biochemistry of emotions, and here, his message really strikes home. In his first-hand account of recovery from a massive coronary, he explores all the options in-depth: bypass surgery, diet, exercise. More importantly, Cousins explains how to take charge of your own recovery and nourish your spirit and will to live. His account was a hardcover Book-of-the-Month Club Main Selection.

An AVON Paperback $3.95

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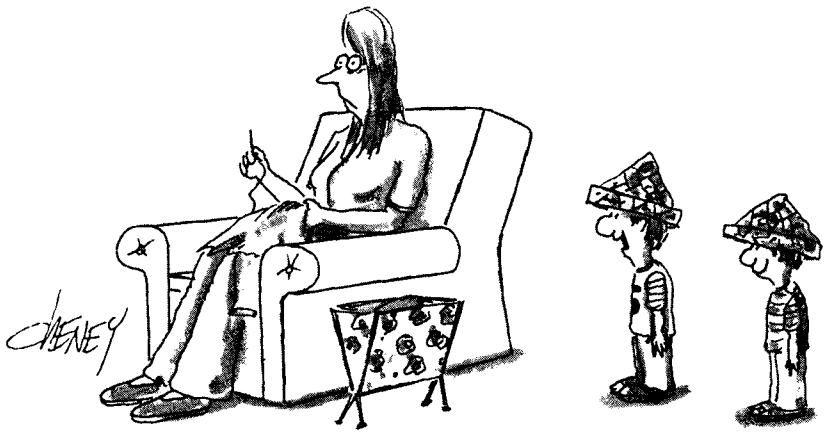
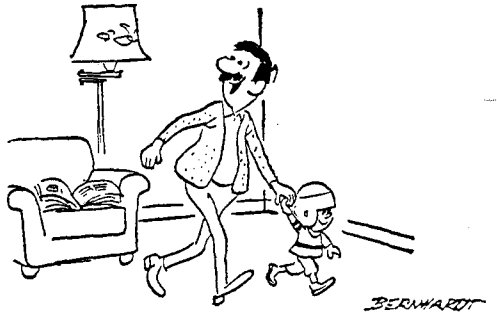
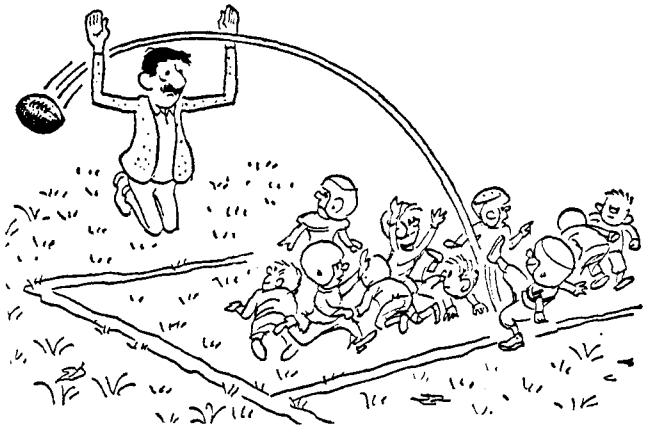
JUST KIDDING

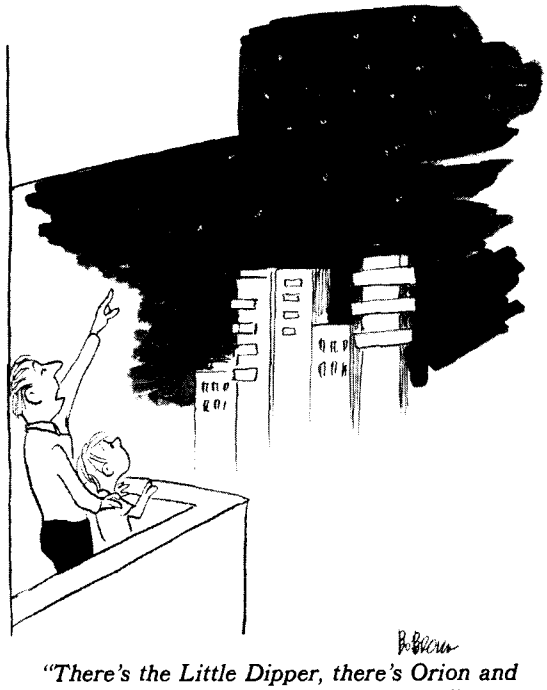


"Wanna see the hats we made out of can labels?"



"The team needs me!"





"There's the Little Dipper, there's Orion and there's the 9:30 707 to Cleveland."

"I want to impress a special boy. Got any perfume that smells like the slime monster from outer space?"

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There are only two methods for acquiring real wealth

METHOD #1

Anyone who has made a fortune has probably done it in one of two ways. The first way—and until now practically the only way—has been to learn successful investing techniques in the "school of hard knocks". Many of the self-made millionaires you've read about actually spent years and a great deal of money learning the hard way how to make money work for them. Their success was the result of trial and error, of learning all the ins and outs of the financial world, of many failures before the big success, and years of struggle preceding the "overnight success".

Requires a lot of nerve

Making a fortune this way requires a lot of nerve, determination and the willingness to take chances—to start out with nothing more than guess-work and to try again if your financial guesswork turns sour.

But most people can't afford to take the chances necessary to gain that kind of practical, nuts and bolts financial knowledge. Very few are in a position to risk everything to acquire the skill that is essential to consistent financial success.

METHOD #2

But now there is another way to acquire the skills and knowledge necessary to be successful in making your investment decisions. Now you don't have to risk everything you have in order to learn how to acquire wealth nor take a trial and error approach to investing. Now you can build your fortune surely, secure that each step you take will produce results.

Because now you can enroll in *Successful Investing & Money Management (SIMM)*, a unique, self-study program, developed by some of North America's most successful and respected financial experts.

The program contains the input of such men as Dr. Morton Shulman, multimillionaire investor and author of best-selling books on how to acquire wealth—and Andrew Sarlos, who built a multimillion dollar investment group.

And you will be able to take advantage of all this valuable knowledge because in Lesson 1 you will discover that you probably do have money you can afford to invest—without changing your standard of living.

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All right. So you've seen it is possible for you to amass a million dollars by the time you retire. But just as important is the fact that *SIMM* will enable you to act *now* to increase your wealth, and show you how to get the best possible standard of living out of the money you have today. By applying the techniques you learn from *SIMM*, you can reasonably expect to be on the road to financial security in 5 years. Ten years from now, you may no longer have to work for a living.

Positive proof that you can be a millionaire

Finding an extra $2,500—the first step

If you think you're too beleaguered by prevailing economic conditions to even think of investing, *SIMM* will show you how to find as much as an extra $2,500 a year to invest, depending on your income.

Turning $1,428 into $1,000,000

Once you've found your $2,500 to invest, think of this: If you invest just $119 a month ($1,428 a year) at 13%, starting at age 30, you'll have over a million dollars by the time you're ready to call it a career. And with *SIMM* you can learn how to use leverage that could get you returns of up to 25%.

The safe way to learn to build a fortune

When you fill out and mail the enclosed no-risk enrollment form you can receive a total of 29 marvelously readable lessons that make up a complete, step-by-step education in the techniques necessary to acquire real wealth. You have to supply approximately 2 hours a week and the perseverance to build your fortune safely over a reasonable period of time.

The hidden barrier that stands between you and real wealth

Most people are used to the idea that they'll never be wealthy. They simply don't believe it's possible—and before *SIMM* was developed, they were probably right. But now, you can receive, in your own home, lessons that contain clear and practical explanations of techniques and principles of investing and money management that really do work.

Real financial independence is a plausible, attainable goal for you. But, if you find it impossible to believe that you could ever be wealthy—if you think that millionaires are "special," then the hidden barrier between you and a fortune is yourself. And that's why we're offering you a can't-lose, no-risk opportunity to prove to yourself that you really do have the potential to become wealthy.

Accept Lessons 1 and 2 FREE

To help you get started on the road to wealth and financial independence, we'll send you Lessons 1 and 2 of the *SIMM* program free and without risk, or obligation to continue the program. They are yours to keep—no questions asked. When you enroll in the program you will be assigned a counselor who will always be available at no extra cost to answer any course-related questions you may have.

Statement of Principles

We are an independent educational service offering a unique, practical, successful method for learning the art of acquiring wealth. We are not a brokerage or insurance company nor do we make any financial offerings.

Tax Deductible

All payments are tax-deductible if the program is used to make investment or business decisions.

No-Risk Trial Enrollment Form

To: Hume Financial Education Services,
835 Franklin Court, Box 105627, Atlanta, Georgia 30348

YES! I accept your invitation and enclose my Registration Fee of $5. Please send me Lessons 1 & 2 *FREE* of charge. Later, you will send Lessons 3 & 4. I'll have 15 days to look these over and *then* decide. If I do not wish to continue, I'll simply return Lessons 3 & 4, and pay nothing, owe nothing. And you will promptly refund my $5 Registration Fee.

If I wish to continue with the program, I will pay for Lessons 3 & 4, and you will send me the remaining 25 lessons at the rate of two lessons approx. every 3 weeks. You will bill me only $10 (plus a small charge for shipping & handling) for each of the lessons accepted. Of course, I need pay for the lessons only after I have had the opportunity to examine them for a full 15 days, and I may cancel my enrollment at any time. In any case, the first two lessons will be mine to keep free of charge.

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Or, I prefer to use my VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐

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HOW'S YOUR HEARING?

If you can't hear punchlines, or find yourself missing dialogue at the movies, you may be one of thousands who are hard of hearing and don't know it.

by Robert Brody

Our children dance to the beat of ear-splitting disco music, attend loud rock concerts and turn up the volume of radio-cassette players until the sound blares into the ears of innocent bystanders. Yet few young people ever give much thought to their hearing, even though many suffer some hearing loss early in life. For the 13 million Americans with some degree of hearing impairment—whose ranks include President Reagan—and the 2 million who are profoundly deaf (they hear little or nothing at all), it can mean daily frustration. Hearing loss is the most widespread and least understood chronic health problem in the country today.

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Loss of hearing, caused by aging, ear infection, damage or drugs, is a daily frustration that may be improved, in some cases, by treatment, and in others by use of a hearing aid.

The human ear is an engineering miracle. Sound waves strike a membrane called the eardrum, causing vibrations that the cochlea, a snail-like structure in the inner ear, converts into hydraulic pressure. Delicate hair cells transform the pressure into electrical impulses that shoot along the auditory nerve to the brain. The brain, in turn, informs us that we are hearing a wheat field rustle or a baby cry.

One of the most common—and most severe—types of hearing loss results from damage to the sensitive hair cells of the inner ear that receive sound waves, or from the malfunction of the sound-induced nerve impulses to the brain that are transmitted by the auditory nerve. Such sensorineural loss often grows progressively worse and is irreversible. There is no medical or surgical treatment for it. Some people are born with sensorineural hearing problems as a result of certain genetic diseases, exposure to German measles while in the womb, inadequate oxygen at birth or even a birth injury. The problem is also caused by aging, ear infections or even drugs that are toxic to the ear. However, the No. 1 cause of nerve deafness is prolonged exposure to loud noise, which can tear the eardrum or blast away the hair cells inside. Because men are exposed to more industrial noise, they are slightly more prone to hearing disorders than are women. Airports, textile plants and construction demolition areas are the most common sites where job-induced hearing loss occurs. In our personal lives, much of the problem is due to excessively loud music or even to setting our televisions at too high a volume for too long a time. To make things worse, as our hearing ability decreases, we frequently turn the volume even higher.

Another type of hearing loss—conductive—may be congenital, brought on by malformations of the middle or outer ear. Conductive loss disrupts the transfer of sound waves from the external ear to the inner ear. Most conductive loss occurs in childhood, and can sometimes be treated by antibiotics or ear surgery. Causes range from excessive ear wax (which is treatable), middle-ear infection such as otitis media (a painful build-up of fluid in the middle ear) and premature birth to food allergy and otosclerosis (in adults), in which a bony growth blocks the small bone in the middle ear. Unlike sensorineural loss, conductive loss can be corrected through surgery, medical treatment or with a hearing aid.

Much congenital deafness is inherited from parents, but because of continuing improvements in antibiotics, corrective surgery and care for premature infants, fewer babies are likely to be deaf. "Advances in medical science have reduced significantly the incidence of some types of hearing impairment in childhood," says Hiroshi Shimizu, M.D., director of the Hearing and Speech Clinic at Johns Hopkins University Medical School. On the other hand, Jerome Schein, Ph.D., director of the Deafness Research and training Center at New York University, says, "The deaf population is growing because the longer you live, the more probability there is of deafness from degenerative disease."

Medical advances are promising to make life radically better for the deaf in the years ahead. A new technique called auditory brainstem response (ABR) now enables audiologists (certified hearing specialists) to detect hearing difficulties in babies only ten months old. Most other hearing tests require subjects to signal when they hear a sound—a method obviously unsuitable for infants, who cannot

continued on page 98

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a word about hearing and Miracle-Ear®...

from General Chuck Yeager.
"Sometimes, people like myself, who are becoming older have hearing problems. There's no one who really understands how tough it is to be unable to hear high frequencies. I'm impressed with what's been done in electronics and with the hardware which is available today to help people. It's a pleasure to be associated with Miracle-Ear products and Miracle-Ear Centers."

from Captain Wally Schirra.
"As an astronaut and businessman, good hearing has always been important in my life, as I'm sure it has been in yours. People ask me, "What did the space program do for us?" Miniaturization and learning quality control. These are the kind of products that Miracle-Ear is bringing to you through new techniques which I think are quite remarkable. Miracle-Ear products have "the right stuff!"

Inner Ear™ canal hearing aid.

- **Fits comfortably in the ear**
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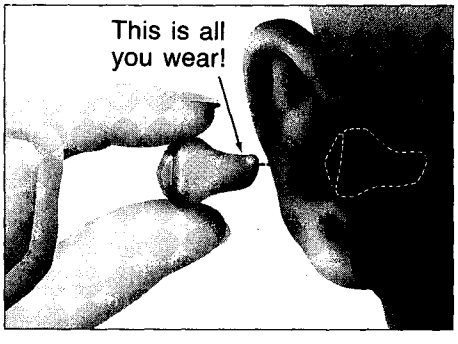
- **Available in Inner Ear canal aid (shown), Modular, and Contour® Miracle-Ear Models.**



Miracle-Ear® products can help many people overcome problems like hearing only parts of words. . . straining to hear. . .asking others to repeat. . .or becoming confused when spoken to.

Inner Ear™ canal aid is the most recent addition to the Miracle-Ear line. Notice how small it is compared to other instruments you may have seen. But, just because it is so small, almost unnoticeable, Inner Ear will not fit everyone. And, of course, not everyone can be helped by a hearing aid, but many can. Find out if Inner Ear is right for you.

If you hear, but don't always understand the words, Miracle-Ear® may be your answer.

Let us put you in touch with Miracle-Ear professionals who will help you identify your specific hearing needs.

Mail the postage-paid card Today!

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THE MIRACLE IN DETROIT

Lee Iacocca is the man behind the miracle and today's role model for macho men everywhere. He speaks about health, heroes, Italian cooking, Catholicism, family solidarity, the Presidency and his new AUTO biography.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

To a man (and woman), *Post* editors opposed my using "sexy" to describe Lee Iacocca as the Motor City's symbol of economic recovery. Just say "symbol," they advised. When I suggested the cover line to Iacocca during our interview, he just laughed.

But I was still undecided. Should I use such a term on the cover of the *Post*, and with a distinguished gentleman? So I went across the street to my husband's office.

"Do you think 'sexy' is too, well, uh, inappropriate to use with 'symbol,' like 'sex symbol of the economic recovery'?"

"I don't know any man over 60 who would mind your using that word in connection with his person," said my husband. "In its modern sense it means charismatic, avant-garde, exciting."

That did it. I overruled my associate editors, who are all under 50. Someday, they'll understand.

When a prevention-minded physician looks at a miracle man like Lee Iacocca, thoughts whirl of his clout to change the health habits of his thousands of employees. What an opportunity this dynamic man has to become a benevolent dictator to his loyal troops about how they should stay well!

He was thoroughly good-natured throughout the interview, even when I tried to slip in a few suggestions of my own. His enlightened behavior regarding exercise and diet undoubtedly contributes mightily to his spectacular performance.

SerVaas: We want to begin by asking you about what at Chrysler you might be planning to do about the thing all business people seem to be worried about, increased cost of health care in your organization—unless you don't have increased costs of health care.

Iacocca: Ours are as high as anybody's in the country. Well, yes, this has gotten a lot of attention from everyone. Probably we got there first because we had to address a problem approaching the $600,000,000 mark per year. That's about $550 per car.

SerVaas: That was *$550*?

Iacocca: Yes, approximately $550 per car. It's a staggering number, I realize. What we did about two years ago was set up an official health-care committee of our board, making us probably the only company in the world that has an official health-care committee.

And the reason I did it was because I've been involved in this whole problem for about 25 years. On our board we had Doug Fraser, the head of our union, and we have Joe Califano, who is former head of HEW, and William Milliken, former governor of Michigan. So we put together this committee because we felt that we knew more about this subject than anybody in the world, because the very programs that we had negotiated as management and government and labor had caused some of the problems. And we were determined to attack them. So what we had emanating from that committee, of course, is a lot of subcommittees, but aside from that a lot of action.

I'm sorry to say that we've just nipped away at that $600,000,000 in the last 12 months, and we've picked up a savings of probably $25 million against that bill. It comes slowly and it's a complicated subject, but in a nutshell—we're not trying to take good health care away from our employees, we're trying to make sure we deliver those services efficiently. The biggest single improvement that has started to move the needle, in a positive fashion, has been solicit-

Proud father Iacocca and daughter Kathi, a public-relations executive, pose beside another Iacocca beauty on four wheels. (Right) President Reagan extols Iacocca for helping put Chrysler and America on the road to economic recovery.

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ing our employees to consider joining HMOs (Health Maintenance Organizations).

The biggest rage now all over Detroit—I guess we started it—is to develop the same type of HMO for dental plans, which have gotten out of hand. We started a program of making sure employees understood the value to them and to us of getting second opinions before surgery. It cuts down probably about half of surgery when properly administered. And the biggest one—where most of the costs are—that we're wrestling with now is in hospital care. That's Chrysler's biggest single bill. By the way, for every additional day of hospital stay, the cost is about a million dollars. We would save that much for every day that we can cut it down. So we're trying to develop preferred providers, competition among the hospitals, working on incentive plans even, that kind of thing. Naturally beyond all this they sound minor, but we've taken some abuses out of the system. We have more detailed audits now of the services rendered and the type of billings that we get. It's a frontal attack on just about everything. It's starting to pay some dividends, I think. At first there were many adversaries, obviously, whether it's doctors or pharmacists or dentists or hospitals, who figured we were trying to do something that would make it more difficult for them to deliver services. But the truth is that after a couple of years of really plodding away at it we have a lot of people understanding the root of the problem now and cooperating. I think that given another couple of years we'll start to show a big improvement.

SerVaas: You didn't mention as much about diet, exercise and no smoking as disease prevention.

Iacocca: Well, we have a total program in the company in preventive medicine, of course. We send out the usual communications to people's homes to suggest that they exercise, use good diet, etc., because in the end, the people—especially young people—must maintain their own health. When they're 20- and 30-year employees, later, it pays dividends—that's the long road but that's the proper way of doing it. We're doing a little bit of everything but I wouldn't want to kid you. It comes *hard*.

SerVaas: It comes hard, but now industry, the unions seem to be cooperating more on the health thing. We are very excited about what industry can do in curtailing smoking, and some statisticians say that it costs an employer $4,700 extra per year for every smoker. Employees really enjoy the clean air when you say no smoking in the building.

Iacocca: We have programs on smoking and since we're a big corporation—105,000 people work here—we have programs on drug abuse, alcohol, the whole gamut, and all important, if you really want to attack the root of mounting health costs.

SerVaas: What about your own robust good health? Do you exercise

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Will Chrysler's best salesman please hold up his hand? The company's new minivans, designed for "all purpose" transport, are being sold out at dealerships across the country.

yourself and how do you stay so energetic and full of steam?

Iacocca: Oh, I don't know. I guess I've got the right genes. I guess I was born with it. Every day that I'm not traveling, I take about 20 minutes on Nautilus machines, then I run a fast treadmill at four or five miles an hour for 10 or 12 minutes and then I take a sauna and relax. I try to do that during my lunch hour. By doing that I skip lunch so I get a two-for-one effect. And then during the summer, I try to swim. I haven't done too well this year. I have a pool at home that I used to use a lot but I haven't used it much lately. That kind of thing.

SerVaas: Dance? Do you dance for exercise?

Iacocca: No, no. I used to, but I'm getting too old for that.

SerVaas: Oh, no, you're not. Do you play tennis?

Iacocca: I have a tennis court and a paddle-tennis court and I play occasional tennis, not a lot. I never play golf because I don't have time. But I'd say other than an occasional game of bowling or paddle tennis in the winter or tennis in the summer and as much regular regimen I can get out of the gym here, that's about it.

SerVaas: Do you really enjoy taking vacations? I know that you've been called a workaholic. Would you really rather work?

Iacocca: Oh, no. I've tried all my life with my family to make sure that I took my vacations. Probably, during the crisis at Chrysler I missed a few, but those were really at adverse times. I'd say that looking back over a career of almost 40 years in the auto business, I have been very demanding on myself and my top people to make sure that they take their vacations, because they're so important to good physical health and their mental well-being. They've got to be with their families. So I seldom have missed my four or five or six weeks. They sometimes get interrupted and sometimes the phone rings too much, but I do my best to make sure I take some time off.

SerVaas: You're really an old-fashioned family man at heart.

Iacocca: I sure am.

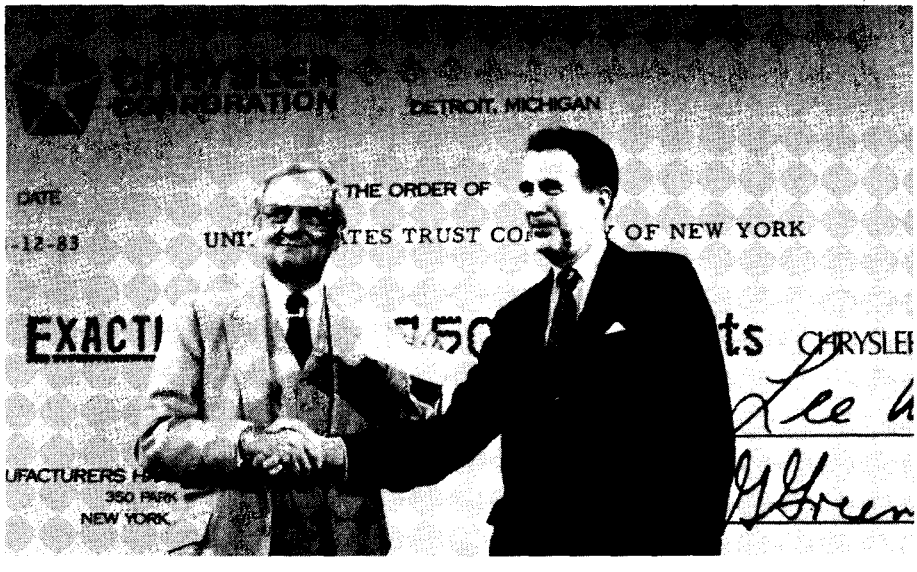
SerVaas: Your parents came through Ellis Island, I believe.

Iacocca: Yes, they did—both of them.

SerVaas: Is it true that you're a good Italian cook? You can cook food like that?

Iacocca: You get rid of your stress in many ways, and one of the things I use is cooking. I love to cook. My mother, who is still living, is a great cook and my wife, before she died, became a very good cook. And so my daughter and I even went to school in Italy for a week and we signed up for a course in an Italian cooking school, so it's fun.

I don't have a lot of time for it, but on weekends I do my own cooking. I have certain favorite things that I like to make. I'm getting pretty good.



Paying off Chrysler's federally backed loan seven years ahead of time (above) led Iacocca to remark, "We borrow money the old-fashioned way, we pay it back." On visits to Chrysler factories (right), he is cheered wildly by workers whose wages he froze.

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SerVaas: Did you just come from Europe and your Italian cooking school or was that something you did earlier?

Iacocca: No, that was 2½ years ago.

SerVaas: All this talk about fiber, I don't know if you know—Vince DeVita, the head of the National Cancer Institute, has been eating fiber for 15 years, and a lot of people are now understanding that it prevents cancer of the colon. Have you gotten into fiber? Do you eat fiber in the morning?

Iacocca: I have the finest colon doctor in the world and he started me 25 years ago. I recommend it to *everybody* and I recommend it to you. I have taken one pack of Metamucil® every night for the last 25 years. That fiber has saved me, because when I was about 40, I got a touch of diverticulitis in the colon and everybody said you couldn't eat strawberries, and you couldn't eat nuts and so forth. I've ignored the diet completely. I keep so full of fiber with Metamucil® that I've never felt better in my life.

SerVaas: You had a really pioneering state-of-the-art doctor way before his time.

Iacocca: He studied the African nations and watched what they ate. It was 100 percent fiber and he wondered why they never had any colon disease of any type and therefore he was way ahead of his time.

SerVaas: He truly was.

Iacocca: I probably have saved 500 lives by spreading the gospel.

SerVaas: And don't let a surgeon touch them with a knife.

Iacocca: Exactly. I'm high fiber by supplementing it with the Metamucil® , which is a psyllium-type fiber and seems to do well by me.

SerVaas: And this doctor isn't going to let you have bypass surgery either because he's going to give you enough of the right diet, low fat, right?

Iacocca: I hope so. I should be better at it but I watch my diet. I'm a moderate. I found that I can now, instead of eating butter, eat those sticks that have 60 percent margarine and have about 40 butter. Instead of 12 eggs a week, I probably do 4 now. Just by watching it, I don't miss anything. Not flavor, only calories. I don't feel restricted in any way. I've just been eating cautiously and I think it's helpful. I hope so.

SerVaas: Well, I think that's great news. When we print every word you've said, I hope that all your Chrysler employees will eat that high-fiber diet too so you won't have medical bills for diverticulitis.

Iacocca: Right.

SerVaas: Or cancer of the colon.

Iacocca: Or even worse.

SerVaas: Yes, right. Well, you probably don't ever plan to retire, do you?

Iacocca: Well, no, I have strong feelings about work. I'm writing a book this fall. I have a few paragraphs in there about all the people that I ever saw who began to beat the drum for retiring at 55 or 60. They were highly active but they usually got into deep trouble and even died, and I don't

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Speaking Out

LEE IACOCCA AND AN AMERICA THAT'S BACK ON ITS FEET

In leading Chrysler to a dazzling comeback, Lee Iacocca became a national folk hero as well as a symbol of an America that's finally regained its confidence.

by Jay Stuller

The slightly harried man in the 1979 TV commercial appeared edgy, the muscles in his wide, square face on the verge of twitching. An urgency permeated his manner as the words tumbled forth, directly and clearly, asking American automobile shoppers to at least look at a Chrysler Corporation vehicle before buying another. A few years later this same man would have the courage to make the dare: "If you can find a better car, buy it." But at this particular moment he was asking only that the country give Chrysler, and Lee Iacocca, a chance.

He was also asking consumers to take a risk, for Chrysler was an auto maker on the skids. Between 1978 and 1981 the company lost nearly $3.5 billion, the bloodiest financial hemorrhage in American corporate history. Rapidly losing sales to cheaper Japanese cars, Chrysler—the third-largest U.S. car maker, after General Motors and Ford—came virtually bumper-to-bumper with bankruptcy.

The mood in all of Detroit was morbid at best, as foreign-made automobiles captured a good quarter of the U.S. market. Moreover, by the close of the 1970s, the morale of the entire American nation had begun a rapid descent. The country's heavy industries—the very heart of the economy—were losing out to foreign competition. The cheaper labor and modern plants of Japan, Korea and the like were clobbering America's aging factories. A deep recession put some 12 million U.S. workers on unemployment.

Interest rates and inflation kept increasing. And as if business weren't bad enough, the nation was forced by oil-exporting nations to pay higher energy prices; as crude-oil supply had fallen behind the demand for it, and the price of gasoline and heating oil had soared to new heights, no peak apparently in sight. These developments created serious personal hardship for millions. But the country reached its collective nadir over an incident that had nothing to do with energy, autos or economics.

Cover artist Lucian Lupinski, son of Polish immigrants, presents his cover portrait to Lee Iacocca, the son of Italian immigrants. These two second-generation Americans are at the top of their careers.

On November 4, 1979, legions of shrieking Iranian "students" overran the American embassy in Teheran. For more than 14 months this country had to endure the spectacle of 52 U.S. citizens held hostage. We watched, helpless and humiliated, while masses of Iranians snarled at TV cameras and chanted, "Death to America." We mourned, and felt impotent, when in April 1980 a hostage-rescue effort ended in flames and death before it even reached Teheran. Worse, Iranians played no part in the debacle; on an empty, desert staging area, two American aircraft simply crashed into each other and killed eight servicemen.

The United States was a country that had started to believe in its own ineptitude—politically, militarily and economically. We skipped the Summer Olympics in Moscow, and it shamed not one Soviet soldier out of Afghanistan. Diplomats of many small nations rudely taunted America as a hapless giant. Although U.S. consumers had once scorned any product labeled "Made in Japan," imported stereos, automobiles and cameras came to denote quality far superior to what was produced here. American executives expressed envy at the way their Japanese counterparts managed a business.

At the start of 1980s we were, simply, a nation in despair. But then there was this pugnacious Iacocca fellow, briskly striding through Chrysler commercials as if, as the columnist Russell Baker suggested, he were on his way to the radiator department to show the workers how to bolt 'em in so they wouldn't rattle. He looked like a man just this side of desperation, as if he could barely spare the 30 seconds to deliver a sales pitch. And Lee Iacocca

Iacocca shows the President how Chrysler is narrowing the difference between U.S. and Japanese cost-per-car by more and more automation.

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probably couldn't.

In 32 years at Ford Motor Company, where he rose from management trainee to president and CEO by age 46, Lido Anthony Iacocca had never faced anything quite like the mess he inherited at Chrysler. Fired by Henry Ford II, he left that company on October 30, 1978, and joined Chrysler on November 2. That same day Chrysler announced that it had lost a record $158.5 million in the third quarter. Welcome aboard, Captain Iacocca.

It took federal loan guarantees—a government bailout—to keep Chrysler from bankruptcy. And even then the $1.5 billion in loans barely held the auto maker afloat. Pushing almost 24 hours a day, Iacocca at one point began to seriously question his sanity, if not the impact of the strain on his physical health. Even for a dedicated workaholic, the crumbling Chrysler seemed too much. "I wish to h—— I'd stayed retired," he grumbled.

But this willful, often arrogant and decisive executive began redesigning Chrysler from the tires up. He begged, badgered and threatened the United Auto Workers union and eventually won about $1 billion in wage and fringe-benefit concessions. He forced bankers and suppliers to give Chrysler better terms. And by August 1981 he had reduced the company's work force by roughly half, closed many inefficient manufacturing plants and slashed the white-collar payroll.

Iacocca also showed a talent for the bold, personal gestures that can make or break crisis leadership. He took a well-publicized salary reduction: from $360,000 a year to $1, of which he sardonically said, "I intend to spend it very carefully."

The symbolism of the pay cut (Iacocca was already a millionaire from his Ford days) and the respect it engendered clearly meant much more than its corporate fiduciary influence. And although Chrysler's new front-wheel-drive "K" car fizzled when it was first introduced, the car eventually won over enough consumers to get the auto maker rolling. In the second quarter of 1981, Chrysler made a modest profit—$11.6 million on sales of $3.1 billion.

It wasn't *that* much; not after all the red ink. And yet it came during a period of double-digit inflation and one of the most depressed car sales markets in 50 years. Iacocca called it "a little miracle."

Other "miracles," big and small, followed. In one of the largest, Chrysler paid off all the federally backed loans it had received—seven years ahead of schedule. "We borrow money the old-fashioned way," Iacocca said with delight. "We pay it back." And in the first quarter of 1984, the company's net earnings totaled $705.8 million, more than Chrysler had ever earned in a single year in its history. Moreover, the record was topped in the second quarter of 1984, when Chrysler announced profits of $803 million. It soon will be out of its $3.5 billion hole.

Iacocca and his car company roared back, as indeed had the entire U.S. auto industry. And so, it is evident, has the United States. Unemployment has dropped to some 7 million, still significant, but lower than in many years. Inflation, which throughout the 1970s ravaged savings accounts and made pay raises almost meaningless, has cooled to its lowest rate in decades. Banks may be having some problems, but on the whole the average American family again has financial hope.

The health of the auto industry and the American economy are, of course, inseparable. But there is much more to today's national resurgence than car sales and fatter checking accounts. We are in the midst of a spiritual revival not seen since the 1950s. No longer is expressing patriotism a mark of "social unsophistication" or "warmongering."

Warmonger? For waving a flag? Well, there are millions of young Americans who probably don't realize there was a time—not all that long ago—when being patriotic put a person squarely on one side of a very divisive issue. In the mixed-up moralities that grew out of Vietnam, it seemed that loving America was the same as unequivocal support for that unpopular Southeast Asian war.

Vietnam: it is a long tunnel of darkness that even now casts shadows on many of the survivors who crawled through. But as a country, the United States has finally emerged from that gloomy passageway and has come into the sun. Instead of being ashamed at taking an active role in geopolitics, American citizens seem almost delighted at projections of military power, however small in scale. Compared to Omaha Beach, the invasion of Grenada, while deadly serious, was almost a training exercise. But its symbolism, inside and

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THE CASE FOR AN INDOOR GARDEN

It's easier than you might think to be at home with fragrant and colorful flowers from the tropics.

by Sylvia Loomer

You need not own a garden plot to grow bouquets of flowers. Whether you live in a studio apartment or a luxury townhouse, you can create a window garden of flowering plants from Africa, India, China and Brazil, a world of blossoms whose glorious fragrance no bottled perfume can match.

Fragrant exotics. They conjure up visions of teeming jungles and mist-shrouded crags, of rain-forest grottos where jeweled butterflies, drawn by the incense of flowers, drift through the green, sun-dappled twilight. These coveted trophies of plant collectors grow among rocks in the blazing sun, cling to the brinks of vaporous waterfalls and scent the air with their garlands of bloom.

In the centuries following their discovery, plants that survived long sea-voyages from the tropics often died in their new environment. Even today the belief persists that flowering exotics are hard to grow. Bowls of water on the radiators and pebble-filled saucers under every pot; plastic bags pulled over plants to conserve humidity at night; windows festooned with sun-reflecting foil and purple fluorescents suspended by chains six inches above the leaves make a catalog of eyesores familiar to anyone who's read a few books about indoor gardening.

Happily, you needn't turn your home into a potting shed to grow plants with personality. A neurotic exotic surrounded by props has, to be sure, little or no visual appeal, especially if it repays your devotion by dropping its buds. But try looking at your plants with an artist's eye; fragrant exotics can transform the simplest room in your home if you'll arrange them into a vibrant still life, framed and dramatically lighted. Grow your plants in their own microclimate, and you can forget about pampering them; five or ten minutes of care a day will reward you with flowers year-round.

Exotics that bloom fairly well in a window will bloom lavishly when you house them in a modified Wardian case, a terrarium named after Nathaniel Ward, a 19th-century botanist-physician who discovered that plants could thrive in a sealed glass container. A cynosure of Victorian drawing rooms, the Wardian case was admired both for its elegance of craftsmanship and for what it contained: orchids newly arrived to Europe from jungle and mountain habitats.

Although a cellophane tent will stimulate bloom as well as a rosewood and beveled glass box, beauty and economy are easy to combine. Most garden-supply stores stock window-sized greenhouses, reasonably priced, in various styles to suit your tastes.

At still greater savings, a do-it-yourselfer can design a wood case with sliding doors for easy access and good ventilation, fluorescent lights, legs with castors and—in place of glass—clear plastic sheeting tacked to the frame with a staple gun. A 5'x4'x2' case—larger or smaller according to need—holds an impressive collection of plants and costs less than $85 to build.

Fragrant exotics need bright light, humidity, cool nights and protection from insects. It's easy to give them all four.

A southern exposure with sheer nylon curtains to filter the sun is ideal for these plants, though several fluorescents during the day and fresh air at night can work wonders when sunlight is at a premium. If your window receives less than half a day of sun, your plants will benefit from fluorescents. You need not obstruct your view by hanging the lights six inches above them. Assuming your case is as high as your window, your plants will respond well to one or two double-tube fixtures bolted inside the top of the case, out of sight where they belong. Plants that require brighter light can be hung from a wire beneath the tubes. Watch your newspaper for sales on fluorescents and fixtures.

Exotics that quickly succumb to dry heat will survive a warm window or Wardian case if there is moisture in the air. To give your plants humidity, put a few plastic seedling flats inside your case, fill the flats with water and set a wire mesh on top to support the pots. If you'd rather grow plants on your window sill, provide them the same arrangement of trays and place a cold-water vaporizer nearby to increase humidity.

Cool nights will encourage your plants to set buds for long-lasting bloom. Depending upon the climate in your area, you should be able to lower the temperature in your home to 55°-65° F. at night by turning down your thermostat, turning on your air conditioner or simply by opening a window (a security grille for an open window may be a wise precaution).

A Wardian case with an opening in back that fits flush with the window will cool off more readily than one enclosed on all sides. Because it is generally ten degrees warmer right inside a window than it is outdoors, place your hardier plants nearest the window during a mild winter and warmer exotics, such as gardenia, a foot or two back from the edge. When the outdoor temperature drops below 45° F., shut the window all or part way or wheel back the case from the wall. Houseplant books may warn you against the evils of setting your plants in a "draft," but "draft" is only a bogeyman word for fresh air, a natural part of a plant's environment.

Few houseplants are immune to insects. The healthier they are, the better they taste to bugs with a craving for salad greens. Because plants with fragile leaves need special care when under siege, you will be able to save yourself extra work by choosing woody-stemmed plants with hard, glossy leaves. Some of the choicest exotics have both.

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At the first sign of aphids, spidermites, mealybugs or scale, avoid poison sprays and systemics—and don't waste your time dabbing at leaves with cotton swabs dipped in alcohol. To battle the bugs, give your plants a brisk hosing down with warm water. Sel-fix, a brand sold in hardware stores, makes inexpensive spray attachments that fit indoor faucets. You can also wage war with a Water Pik, a lightning-quick weapon that rids plants of bugs in a twinkling. Once or twice a month tuck a strip of tinfoil in the pot to hold in the soil and tip the pot on its side in a dry sink or tub. Switch your dental Water Pik to "low" for new growth and softer-leaved plants and to "high" for sturdier foliage. A well-aimed spritz under the leaves and along the stems will peel off the bugs and barnacles in seconds.

The plants you can grow in your Wardian case vary so widely in form and fragrance, you may feel tempted to buy one of each. You could, if your case were gigantic and plants didn't grow by leaps and bounds! Although most exotics are easy on the budget, their flowers are often expensive. A home-grown gardenia, loaded with buds, costs less than a simple corsage from a florist. In two or three years a stephanotis yields flowers worth hundreds of dollars.

For all their diversity, some exotics resemble each other in fragrance, a bonus for gardeners who value a plant for its special perfume but have no luck in growing it. Do you like the sugary scent of citrus? For maximum bloom, potted orange and lemon trees need hours of sunlight every day. *Murraya exotica* (mock orange) grows well with less sun and has flowers that smell like orange blossoms. Heliotrope, much esteemed for its scent of vanilla, is quickly scorched in a sunny window. *Trachelospermum mandianum* (Confederate jasmine), a popular houseplant that tolerates warmth, has yellow, vinca-like flowers that smell as delightful as heliotrope. Given a bit of extra care, *Oncidium lanceanum,* an orchid from Guiana, grows well in a Wardian case; its flamboyant pink and brown-speckled flowers have the rich scent of carnations.

The airy perfume of Persian violet is yours to enjoy months before the plants come in bloom; one or two cyclamen out of a dozen are sure to possess an identical fragrance. Does the fruity, sable aroma of roses appeal to you? Then don't forget the scented geraniums! These gifted mimics have leaves that, when crushed, smell like roses, lemons, nutmeg and pine.

These plants, of course, are only for starters; hundreds of others will flourish in your garden.

- Regal kin to hoya and to milkweed, *Madagascar stephanotis* is an undemanding plant that grows as well in a partly sunny window as it does in a Wardian case.
- *Hoya bella,* a perfect plant for a limited area—in or out of a Wardian case—is a dainty-leaved dwarf from India with umbels of pink and white, waxy stars that smell delectably of talcum powder.
- *Michelia figo,* a native of China, has a powerful fragrance used by East Indians to perfume soap. But beware! These small flowers release an odor strong enough to make your temples throb.
- *Osmanthus fragrans,* related to jasmine, is a wonderful choice for the connoisseur who wants a plant with a rare perfume. By day *Osmanthus* ex-

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The Wardian case in Sylvia Loomer's living room was built from odds and ends of lumber by her father, an amateur carpenter. One of its fragrant occupants (above) is *Catasetum pileatum* of the orchid family, the national flower of Venezuela.

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DAN PETERS AND CASEY JONES

After 20 years on the same run, engineer Dan Peters decided to find out what the rest of America looked like, and he took his engine with him.

by Wilbur Schramm

Dan Peters often said that he would rather meet President Dan Willard, of the B. & O., than Napoleon. He said when President Dan pounded his big desk in Baltimore, the windows in his office would puff out like the cheeks of balloons, and the B. & O. tracks would shake 15 miles away. What Dan Willard said of Dan Peters doesn't appear in the official history of the railroad, but it is common knowledge among railroad men that the first time Dan Peters' name was discussed in Baltimore, President Dan shook the National Limited off the tracks near Washington, and as far west as Cumberland, Maryland, section hands dozing beside the tracks jumped up respectfully and tipped their caps.

That was the day when Dan Willard and his officers, sitting open-mouthed like a glee club around the big desk, heard that the B. & O. had somehow mislaid a train.

Dan Willard's eloquence, when the situation demanded it, was like Boulder Dam breaking, but his silence was sometimes more ominous than the rain before a typhoon. Dan Willard was silent. And when he finally spoke, it was only to gasp, "Who in Tophet——What engineer has managed to do that?" It took a long-distance call to answer this question. When the answer came, it was in one of those moments like Daniel Boone looking through Cumberland Gap into Kentucky: it was the first time that the most famous name in railroad history since Stephenson, save only Dan Willard's name, had been mentioned in the big office in Baltimore.

The traffic manager looked up from the telephone and said, "The engineer is Dan Peters."

They combed the record as though it was a Shetland pony, trying to find what they could about Dan Peters. His history was neat and favorable. Twenty years an engineer on the Muskingum Valley spur line in Ohio. Twenty years a well-kept timetable.

"If you saw a roomful of quiet little men," the personnel manager said, "Dan Peters would be the quietest and littlest." A mild little man, the records agreed, meek and gentle, completely dependable, but no imagination.

Then they kept the wires warm to the west, and the more they asked, the more items people remembered about Dan Peters. For one thing, he talked to his locomotive. When he came down in the morning to his little train that had lain all night like a sleeping cocker spaniel in the yards at Parkersburg, West Virginia, where the long greyhounds of the main line could sniff at it before they dashed on to St. Louis or Washington—when he came down he would put his hand gently on the rods and say something to the locomotive; and it would pant out cones of white smoke and tremble as though it were a streamliner eager to be off for San Francisco, rather than a milk train bound for Marietta, Ohio. So people said.

He called the engine "Casey Jones"—"Casey" for short. "Come on, Casey," brakemen would sometimes hear him say in the morning, "don't let 'em get you down. We aren't very big, but we're good. Good old Casey!" he would say, sadly.

Then, at 5:40, he would clang carefully out of the station. By 6:15, when the sun climbed the hills, spangled the river and danced on the milk cans beside the tracks, he was in Marietta, 13 miles on his way. At 6:20 he tipped his cap forward off his short gray hair to Mrs. Blennerhassett, who lived beside the railroad, and pointed Casey north under the Harmer bluffs. At 10:00, or a little later if there had been many milk cans, he was calming his puffy little train to a stop where the shadow of the Zanesville courthouse pointed the finger of its tower across the tracks. Then, at 1:00, back over the 85 miles to Parkersburg. By 5:30 he would be sliding across the bridge, out of the coolness of the Ohio hills into the late-afternoon sunshine, ease into the Parkersburg station and tenderly, tenderly apply the air, so that the last forward impetus would die just before the brakes had to kill it. This, faithfully, for 20 years.

A calm man who said little and kept his timetables, everyone agreed. Not until Dan Peters had committed the engineer's unpardonable sin and broken out of the timetable did people realize how many of his little sayings had stuck like cockleburs in their memories.

"Would you rather own a zebra or a giraffe?" he had asked a brakeman one day. Another time he said, "You know, I was looking at a map last night and found a town named What Cheer, Iowa. Now what do you suppose What Cheer, Iowa, is like?" And one day just before starting time, the station agent overheard this conversation.

"Bill," Dan Peters asked Big Bill, his fireman, "do you suppose a locomotive ever gets jealous of automobiles?"

"Uh," remarked the fireman.

"As far as we know," said Dan, "there isn't a hill in the valley with more than one side."

"Want to bet on it?" asked the fireman.

"And no offense to your home town," said Dan, "but sometimes I get so damned tired riding into Marietta, Ohio."

"Marietta, Ohio, is one of the most interesting small towns in the United States of America," said Big Bill. "It has the biggest elm tree in the country."

"That's what I mean," said Dan. "If Marietta only had the smallest elm tree once."

The fireman rolled his eyes.

"Every day for 20 years," said Dan, "I've picked up three milk cans at Ben Eppel's farm. Never two or four. For 20 years."

"How much time we got?"

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asked the fireman.

"I mean," said Dan Peters, "wouldn't it be fun to pull a string of sleepers over the Painted Desert? Or listen to station names like Lackawanna and Tonawanda, instead of Marietta, Ohio, some morning?"

"Mr. Dan," said the fireman, "for a solid man you've got the unsolidest ideas. You'd drive the train off the tracks, like an automobile, if you could. If you could steer it. Wouldn't you?"

"Well, I don't know," said Dan Peters thoughtfully. "Casey and me have a sort of understanding."

The station agent swore that is what he heard Dan Peters say on the morning of the day they had to telegraph President Dan Willard that No. 41 hadn't come into Zanesville, and apparently wasn't going to come.

"What do you make of it?" Dan Willard asked his officers.

"The train isn't on the tracks or beside the tracks," said the traffic manager. "They rode the whole line."

"I read a book once," said the executive vice president, "about a town that waited all day for a milk train. Then they found that the tracks ended at the edge of town. All other civilization had disappeared. The train never did come in."

"What happened?" asked the consulting professor from Cornell.

"The milk spoiled," said the vice president. "There was a beautiful red-haired widow in the book. It was a good story."

"The analogy doesn't seem to be perfect," objected the professor.

"Gentlemen," said Dan Willard, "let us come down to cases."

"It must be a very rare situation," mused the professor.

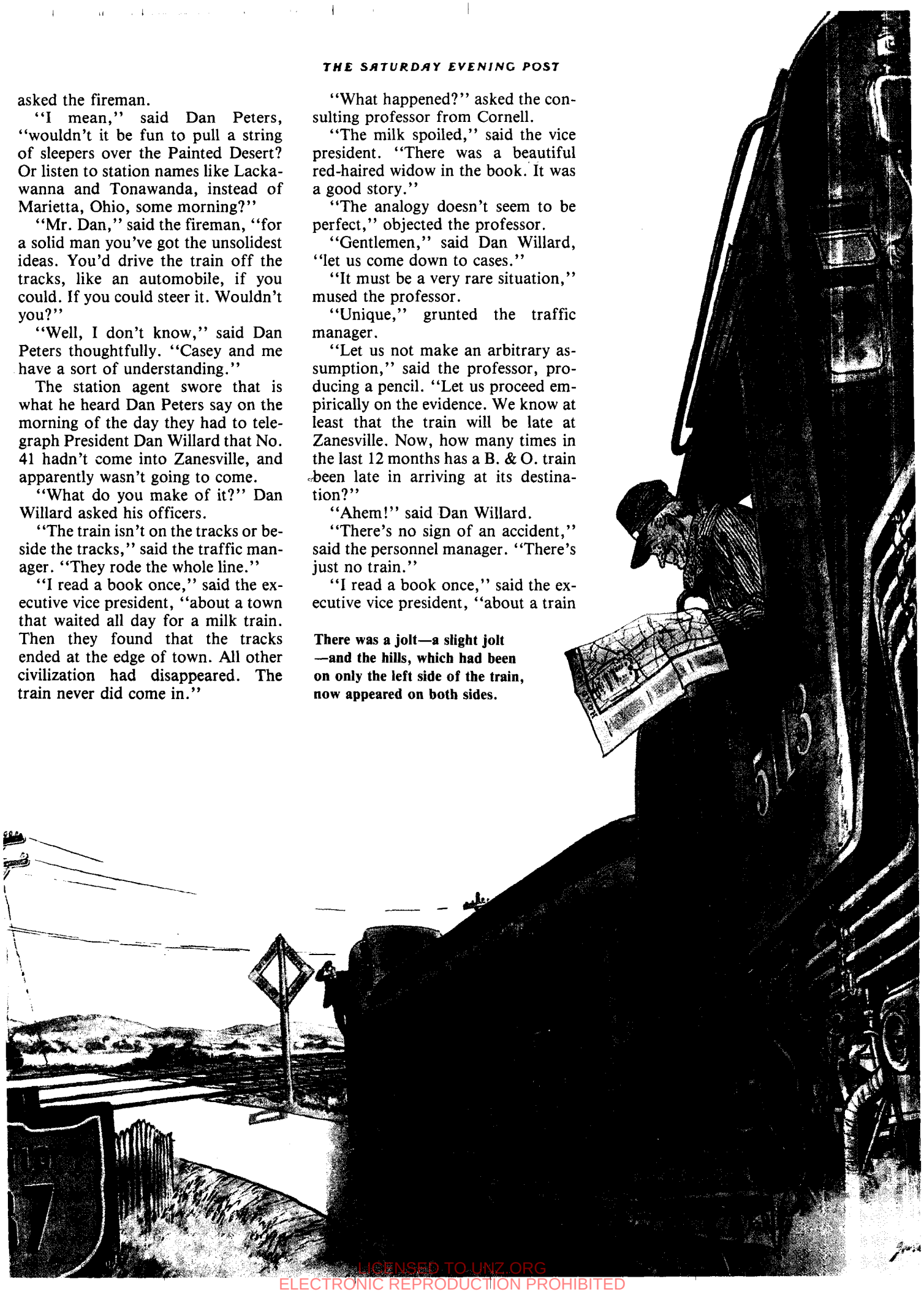
"Unique," grunted the traffic manager.

"Let us not make an arbitrary assumption," said the professor, producing a pencil. "Let us proceed empirically on the evidence. We know at least that the train will be late at Zanesville. Now, how many times in the last 12 months has a B. & O. train been late in arriving at its destination?"

"Ahem!" said Dan Willard.

"There's no sign of an accident," said the personnel manager. "There's just no train."

"I read a book once," said the executive vice president, "about a train



There was a jolt—a slight jolt —and the hills, which had been on only the left side of the train, now appeared on both sides.

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The engineer returned the ticket and challenged him to produce a law saying a locomotive must carry more than one headlight.

that was running along and nobody could find the engineer, and nobody knew where it was going. They finally found they were going to heaven, and this was the westbound train of souls, or something like that. I believe it was a ship, not a train."

Then President Dan Willard rose and delivered one of those pithy remarks for which he is famous wherever railroad men come to warm their feet around an iron stove. "Gentlemen," he said, "you can lose a crowbar. You can lose a brakeman. You can even lose an elephant. Gentlemen"—his fist fell—"gentlemen, you can't lose a train!" But his voice lacked conviction.

Alone in the big office, Dan Willard set about quilting together the story of what had happened that day in the Muskingum Valley. It was a long time before he could make the pieces fit.

No. 41 was puffing into a curve. The brakeman later said they might have been going a little fast. Certainly they were going faster than cautious Dan Peters usually went. There was a jolt—a slight jolt, more than a loose rail, less than a cow—and the hills, which had been on only the left side of the train, now appeared on both sides. A picket fence was sliding past the windows like a fine-toothed comb.

The brakeman, in his sworn testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission, said that he had rubbed his eyes and leaned out the door, and—he hoped the gentlemen of the commission would believe him when he said that he was not drunk—he observed that they were running along the concrete highway.

He went back to talk to the conductor. There were no passengers. The conductor was sitting in the coach, rubbing his hand over his eyes and forehead.

"Was that an automobile we just went around?" he asked sleepily.

"It was," said the brakeman.

"Hold on!" shouted the conductor and braced himself for the pile-up. But the train leaned around a curve and rumbled comfortably on beside the picket fence.

"This is a funny kind of dream," said the conductor at last. "I have a sensation that we're running on a concrete road."

"Maybe we're chasing a rabbit," grunted the brakeman.

"If this isn't a dream," said the conductor, "in 25 years on the railroad I've never seen anything like it."

"It isn't a dream," said the brakeman.

"But it simply isn't possible," the conductor argued, "for a train to run on a concrete road."

"Tell that to Dan Peters," said the brakeman.

Then the train pulled up beside the road, and Dan Peters came back to the coach.

When President Dan Willard finally had a chance to talk to the conductor, he asked how Dan Peters looked that morning. The conductor said that Dan came back in his sooty overalls. He looked a little hurt and pitiful, if one didn't look at him carefully. His bushy gray eyebrows curved over the fierce wind-burned red of his cheeks, and when he wasn't talking his eyes were a cool gray and his face had the downward curves that seem to say, "Here is a public servant." But when he talked his eyes flamed into the gray of an August storm that sweeps up out of Kentucky and breaks on the Ohio hills. He didn't say much, but what he said was sure and confident, like Pullman wheels clicking over the rail joints at night.

"When will we get into Zanesville?" the conductor said. He thought later that the question sounded rather stupid.

"We won't," said Dan Peters.

"Where are we going?" asked the brakeman.

"I don't rightly know," said Dan. "Except nowhere we've ever gone before. We're even going to run at night, because we've always had to run in the daytime. I'm sorry for the inconvenience. You can get off here."

That is the story Dan Willard heard when the conductor telephoned the morning after the train disappeared. He was calling from jail. He wanted to explain what had happened. When he and the brakeman had told their story, a constable had locked them up as drunk and disorderly. A justice of the peace had fined them a dollar and costs each, which added up to 39 dollars and 20¢, and there they were with $3 between them, and would the railroad please do something. President Dan asked a great many questions, then called the constable to the phone and explained sadly that the conductor and the brakeman were bad ones who should be kept in jail and on no condition allowed to talk to anyone.

Then he showed the executive vice president a report from Zanesville which said that a sideshow had moved

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into the station to wait for the next train to Marietta. Siamese twins and missing links were sleeping on the benches, and monkeys were playing in the signal tower. The manager of the sideshow threatened to sue the railroad.

"I read a book once——" began the vice president.

"You," Dan Willard said—"you seem to have some ideas on this matter. Suppose you go out and find that train. After as many years as you've worked with trains that knew where they were going, you ought to find it refreshing to deal with one that doesn't know where it's going. Which puts it in exactly the same situation as most of the world at the present moment," he added.

"The worst of it is," he reminded his officers after the vice president had left, "we don't dare get out the police and really look for that train, because if we ever admit we've lost a train, they'll never quit laughing at us."

President Dan drummed lightly on his desk until the switch engines danced in the Baltimore yards.

President Dan Willard began to see a pattern in the fantastic news that filled the papers during the next days.

From a hospital in Indiana came the strange story of a farm woman under treatment for hysteria. She told doctors that a small gray-haired man with red cheeks had appeared at her door and asked permission to park in her yard that day, inasmuch as he traveled only at night. She charged him 25¢. An hour later she looked out the window and thought she saw a train next to the front porch. The hallucination was remarkably vivid. She could even swear that she saw three men, two in overalls, one in a business suit, cooking beans on the engine's boiler. Then she fainted.

The men in overalls, said President Dan to himself, *are Dan Peters and the fireman. Who is the man in a business suit?*

A coal dealer in Watseka, Illinois, reported ruefully that thieves with a nasty sense of humor had taken 20 tons of coal from his yard in the dead of night and left a check to which they had forged the name of a vice president of the B. & O. Railroad.

President Dan looked a long time at that item, then called in the visiting professor from Cornell, who was on his way to address the Baltimore Kiwanis Club.

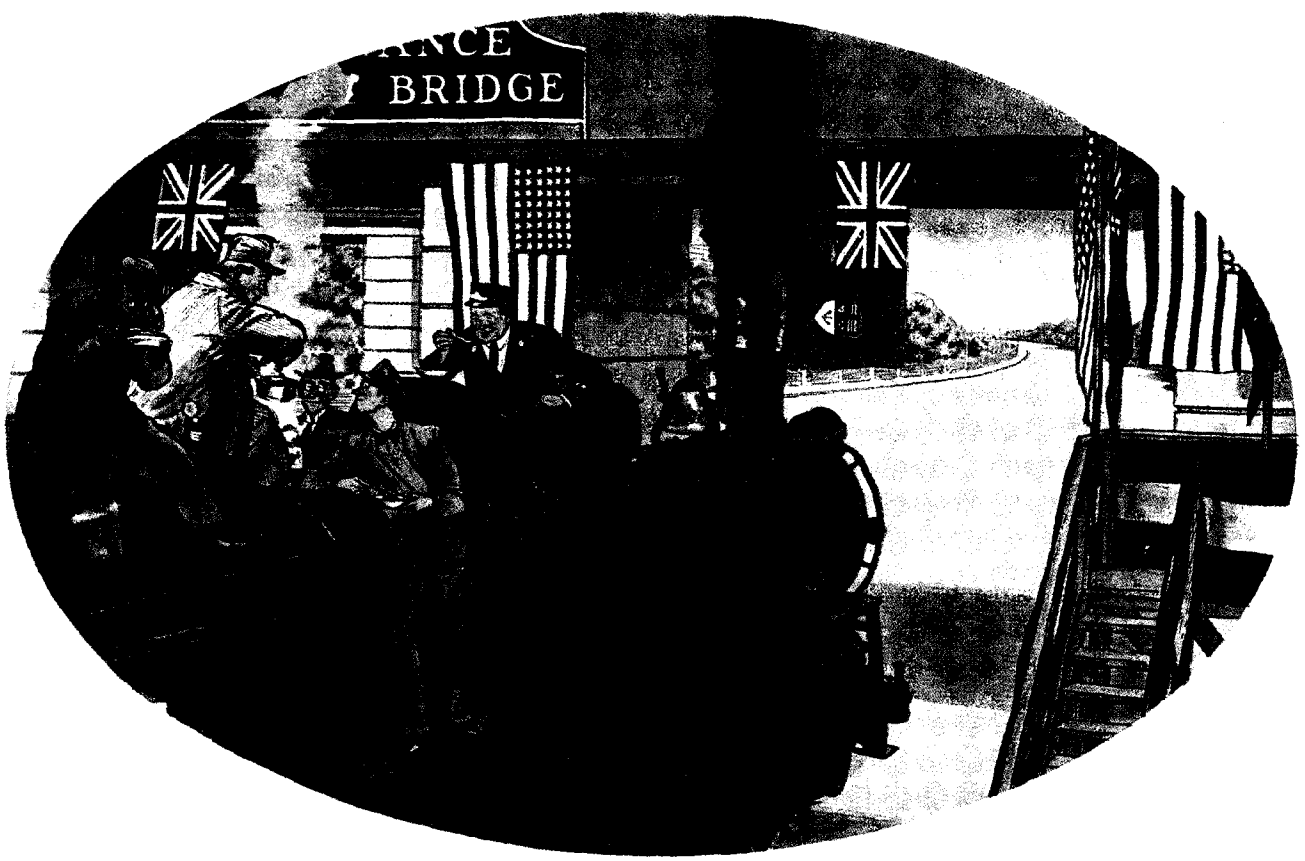
"I'm going to make you a detective," the president said. "If you can't find the train, find the vice president."

On the outskirts of What Cheer, Iowa, a dazed filling-station attendant said that—his hand upon a Bible—he had just serviced a train.

President Dan observed that the papers were concerning themselves with a psychological phenomenon. All over the Middle West, psychiatrists reported a sort of mass hallucination—the sensation of seeing or hearing a train passing in the night, although there were no tracks near by.

A tribe of Navaho Indians told tourists that a god had passed their hogans one night, panted hard, ground his teeth and turned the

continued on page 99



He warmed cans of beans on the boiler, and he and Big Bill and the guards and the passengers sat down to breakfast.

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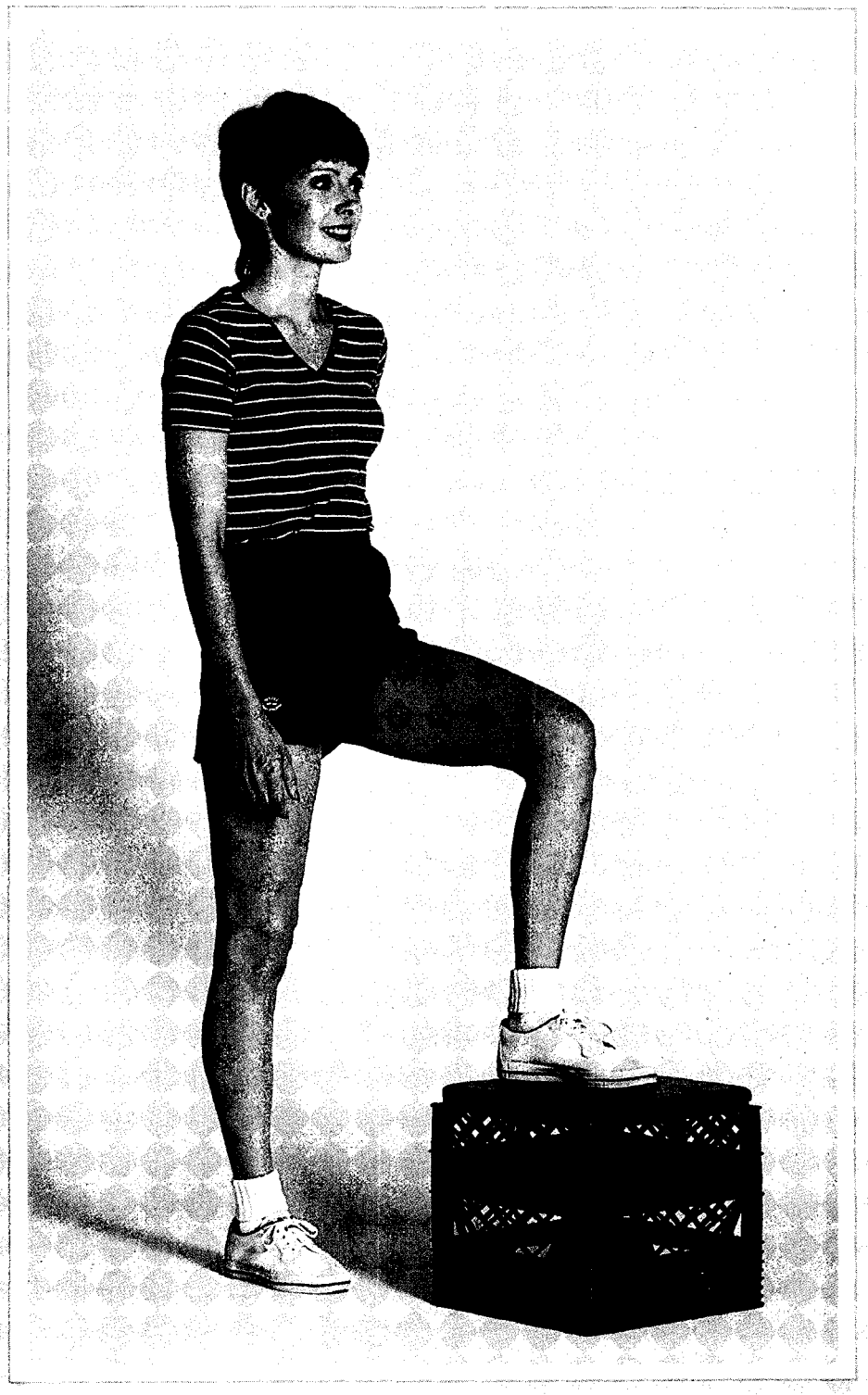
HOW DO YOU SHAPE UP?

Whether you are 18 or 80, the National Fitness Test will serve as a standard for judging your physical condition.



Do you dare match muscles with your neighbors? Last spring more than 100,000 Americans did in the first nationwide physical-fitness test ever conducted. The test was sponsored by the National Fitness Foundation and promoted by such ardent fitness fans as George Allen, head coach of the Arizona Wranglers and chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. Allen tore his trousers in the Oval Office while showing President Reagan the correct way to do push-ups. Numerous other Americans, including U.S. senators, governors and even famous athletes, showed red faces, too, as they attempted the not-so-simple task of earning gold medals in the National Fitness Test. The test was designed to give adults aged 18 to 60 and above guidelines by which to judge their physical abilities.

Those who took the test already know how they scored—bronze, silver or gold, but the collected results due this month will give participants a better idea whether they are weaklings, average or supermen. Few were expected to pan out gold in all categories, which leaves plenty of room for improvement.

You can still take this test yourself. All you need is a stopwatch, a bar to hang from and a friend or relative to monitor the testing. Tear out the score sheet opposite and use it to determine whether you are bronze, silver or gold. The guidelines for performing the test follow. If you score lower than you'd like, continue to practice the exercise daily and add one more push-up, curl-up or sit-up each and two more seconds to the arm hang each week. There's only one prize in the offing. That's improved physical fitness and better health, something that's worth much more than bronze, silver or gold.

Push-Ups
(Men & Women)

Equipment: Stopwatch. ***Procedure:*** (Men) Participant assumes front-leaning rest position, hands directly under the shoulders. The shoulders, back, buttocks and legs must be straight from head to heel. Participant begins by bending his elbows and lowering the entire body until the chest touches examiner's fist. Examiner's fist is in an upright

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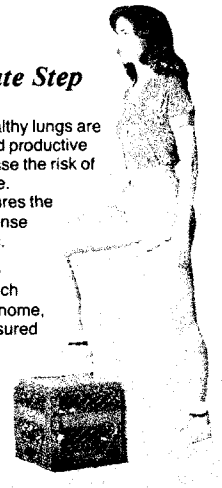
1 Three-Minute Step



A strong heart and healthy lungs are essential for a long and productive life, and help to decrease the risk of cardiovascular disease.

The step test measures the heart and lungs' response to endurance activities.

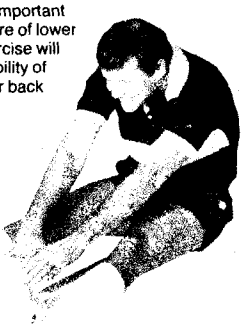
GOAL: By stepping up and down on a 12" bench in rhythm with a metronome, your heart rate is measured and compared against nationally recognized fitness standards.

3-MINUTE STEP FITNESS STANDARDS (Heart Rate)

AGE	18-29		30-39		40-49		50-59		60 & Over	
SEX	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M
GOLD	<80	<75	<84	<78	<88	<80	<92	<85	<95	<90
SILVER	80-110	75-100	84-115	78-109	88-118	80-112	92-123	85-115	95-127	90-118
BRONZE	>110	>100	>115	>109	>118	>112	>123	>115	>127	>118

< = less than > = more than

2 Sit & Reach



The sit and reach test is important for the prevention and care of lower back problems. This exercise will help to evaluate the flexibility of your muscles in the lower back and the back of the legs.

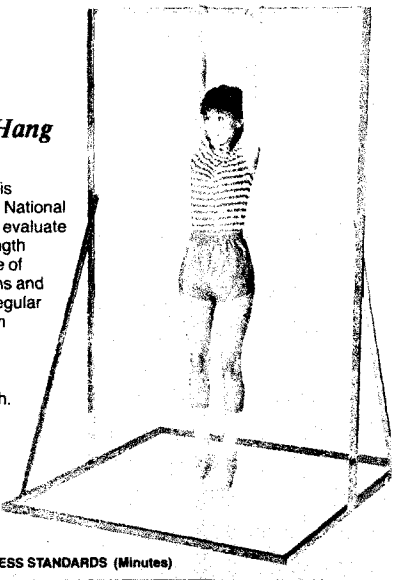
GOAL: To reach forward as far as possible while in a sitting position.

SIT & REACH FITNESS STANDARDS (Inches)

AGE	18-29		30-39		40-49		50-59		60 & Over	
SEX	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M
GOLD	>22	>21	>22	>21	>21	>20	>20	>19	>20	>19
SILVER	17-22	13-21	17-22	13-21	15-21	13-20	14-20	12-19	14-20	12-19
BRONZE	<17	<13	<17	<13	<15	<13	<14	<12	<14	<12

< = less than > = more than

3 Arm Hang



The arm hang is included in the National Fitness Test to evaluate muscular strength and endurance of the hands, arms and shoulders. A regular program of arm hangs helps to develop these areas as well as grip strength.

GOAL: To hang from the horizontal bar as long as possible.

ARM HANG FITNESS STANDARDS (Minutes)

AGE	18-29		30-39		40-49		50-59		60 & Over	
SEX	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M
GOLD	>1:30	>2:00	>1:20	>1:50	>1:10	>1:35	>1:00	>1:20	>:50	>1:10
SILVER	1:30-:46	2:00-1:00	1:20-:40	1:50-:50	1:10-:30	1:35-:45	1:00-:30	1:20-:35	:50-:21	1:10-:30
BRONZE	<:46	<1:00	<:40	<:50	<:30	<:45	<:30	<:35	<:21	<:30

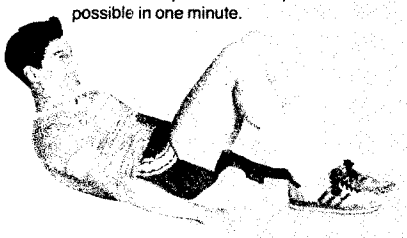
< = less than > = more than

4 Curl-Ups

Curl-ups provide support for your lower back and help to improve posture while trimming and toning stomach muscles.

This test is effective in determining the muscular strength and endurance of your abdominal area.

GOAL: To do as many correct curl-ups as possible in one minute.



CURL-UPS FITNESS STANDARDS (Number Completed)

AGE	18-29		30-39		40-49		50-59		60 & Over	
SEX	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M
GOLD	>45	>50	>40	>45	>35	>40	>30	>35	>25	>30
SILVER	25-45	30-50	20-40	22-45	16-35	21-40	12-30	18-35	11-25	15-30
BRONZE	<25	<30	<20	<22	<16	<21	<12	<18	<11	<15

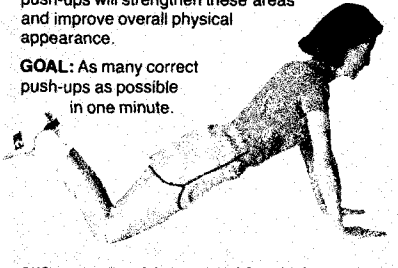
< = less than > = more than

5 Push-Ups (For Women)

This portion of the National Fitness Test will help us to evaluate muscular strength and endurance in your arms, shoulders and chest.

These muscle groups are used every day to lift, carry, push and press. A continued program of push-ups will strengthen these areas and improve overall physical appearance.

GOAL: As many correct push-ups as possible in one minute.



PUSH-UPS FITNESS STANDARDS FOR WOMEN (Number Completed)

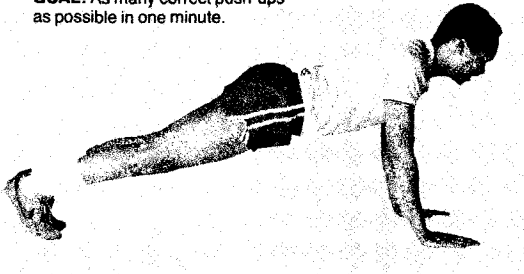
AGE	18-29	30-39	40-49	50-59	60 & Over
GOLD	>45	>40	>35	>30	>25
SILVER	17-45	12-40	8-35	6-30	5-25
BRONZE	<17	<12	<8	<6	<5

< = less than > = more than

Push-Ups (For Men)

These muscle groups are used every day to lift, carry, push and press. A continued program of push-ups will strengthen these areas and improve overall physical appearance.

GOAL: As many correct push-ups as possible in one minute.



PUSH-UPS FITNESS STANDARDS FOR MEN (Number Completed)

AGE	18-29	30-39	40-49	50-59	60 & Over
GOLD	>50	>45	>40	>35	>30
SILVER	25-50	22-45	19-40	15-35	10-30
BRONZE	<25	<22	<19	<15	<10

< = less than > = more than

Optional Challenge Series

These tests are recommended to anyone who has maintained a regular fitness program for at least six weeks.

1-1/2 MILE RUN

GOAL: To run a 1-1/2 mile course as quickly as possible.

The Optional Challenge Series is a three-part test which will be administered by the honor system, since these tests are to be taken before the National Fitness Test.

Further information and score sheets are available at all test centers.

THREE-MILE WALK

GOAL: To walk three miles at as brisk a pace as possible.

600-YARD SWIM

GOAL: To swim 600 yards as quickly as possible.

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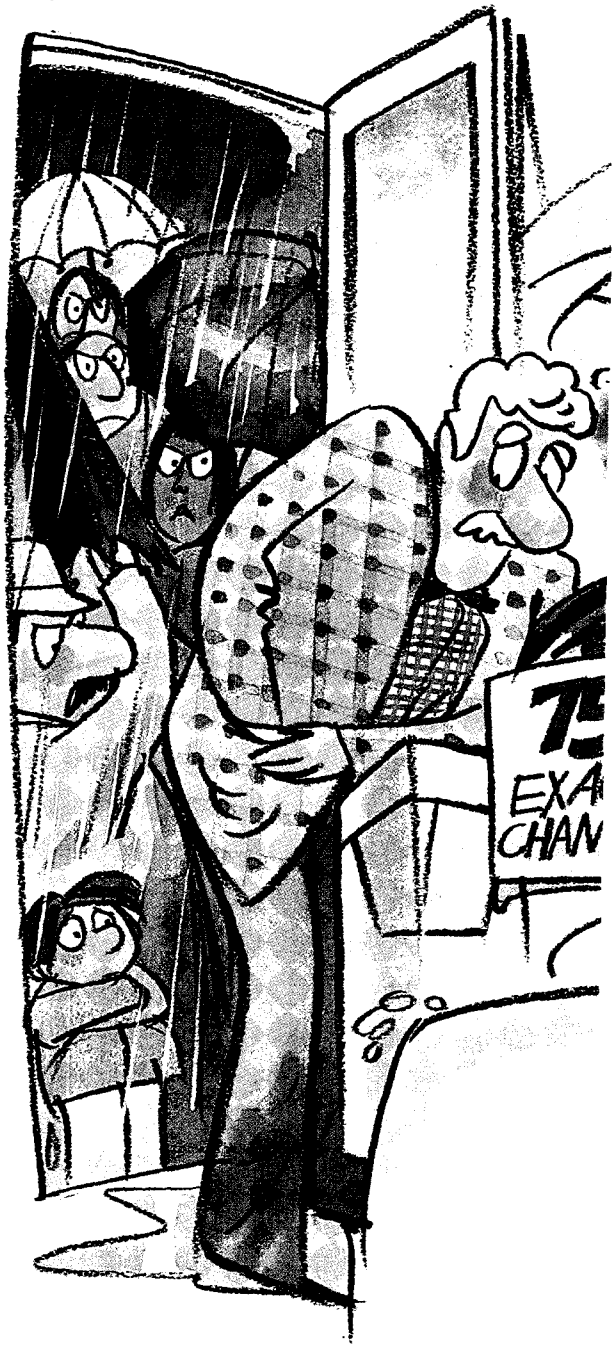
FARE PLAY OR FOUL

The fat cat in the Cadillac who said getting there is half the fun never tried getting to the office on a city bus.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin



The reason I've never had much rapport with city buses lies, in no small part, with the bus people. Beginning with their schedule.

Admittedly, it's not their fault that, after missing the 7:20 four mornings straight and wanting to recheck their schedule, I finally locate it either shimming the short leg of the kitchen table or spread beneath the kitty-litter box. What *is* their fault, after I get it unshimmed or unlittered, is finding the thing printed in six-point type, and the type in abbreviations only a veteran real-estate ad writer could decode.

By peering through the bottom of a Coke bottle, I manage to make out that the bus lv. Arl. at 6:55 and arr. at 38th & Sher. at 7:08. But not word one about when to expect it to arr. at Arl. & 46th, the corner where I spend much of my mornings.

I have often observed, from a distance, that some people catch buses by standing at a bus stop and waiting until one comes along. My technique is to run after them, wave my arms and call the driver names. When convenient, I've even thrown rocks. Much of the reason for my approach can be blamed on the people of no means in our city discovering it was easier to rob a bus driver than to go to work or to write home for money. The bus people counteracted by requiring the exact fare to be dropped into the money container. And if you have ever tried raising exactly 75¢ at 6:45 on any given morning, you know it's no small assignment.

I usually begin with a feverish search of those places in our house where money most often collects, starting with my wife's purse. Then on to a quick frisk of the sofa and lounge chair, where I have learned to scrape the hide off my two favorite knuckles. For a while my ace in the hole was the kids' piggy banks. But even the dumbest one soon smartened up and turned it into a game of hide-and-seek I didn't have time for. Conning a coin or two from the paperboy turned out to be a one-shot solution. He dunned me for it that same night at the crowded Kroger store in a high-key voice that brought down a towering display of unsweetened canned figs.

I can have the money and still not be home free. Like that morning of the big rain.

Rain always drives the bus crowd to shelter under the canopy of Hook's drug store. On this particular morning, being the last one to seek refuge, I was the first one out when the bus came splish-splashing along.

To enable me to hold my umbrella and at the same time leave one hand free for the good-natured shoving and clawing that accompanies a wet-morning scramble, I had sequestered my two quarters, two dimes and a nickel in the little "theater ticket" inside the side pocket of my jacket (got that?). After leading the mad dash for the bus, however, and carefully collapsing my umbrella so that it drained into the driver's shoe, I discovered that my coins had slipped through a hole in the little pocket and were now free to roam the labyrinth of the lining.

The driver, to his credit, managed to maintain his equanimity until he had helped me work one of the quarters around and we could see it through the hole. Twice. When it slipped out of sight for the second time, he gave in to the rather coarse remarks originating from the queue still out in the rain and asked me to stand aside. So I stood aside. And stood aside. Before I had worked all five coins back into daylight the bus was four blocks past my stop. And I had a hole in my lining a cat could crawl through.

Or take the morning of the blinding snowstorm. Thinking the weather had delayed the 7:20, which I traditionally miss by 30 seconds, I saw this vehicle with lights along the top

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emerging through the snow, joyously waved it to a stop and stepped aboard. The driver took my dollar (this being before the correct-change rule) and handed me a quart of milk and 32¢ change. I had flagged a Robert's Dairy truck.

Catching a bus, of course, is only for starters. The next thing is to get a seat on the bus. And once you get a seat on the bus, the thing after that is to keep it. Especially when those of the female persuasion, clutching babies, bundles and assorted bagatelle, are caroming across the aisle.

How I envy the man who can just sit there, coolly rearranging the lunch in his brief case, studiously trying to dislodge a tenacious piece of lint on his lapel or pretending to be asleep behind his newspaper.

I tried going the newspaper route. Once.

My first trick, while turning the page, was to knock the hat off the gentleman sitting ahead of me. While I tried to retrieve it for him, the center section got away and slid under a seat across the aisle. In an effort to retain my seat and at the same time grope between legs for the wayward pages, the crystal of my wrist watch found a spike heel that turned out to be a perfect fit.

Of equal concern, I now had but the outside sheets to serve as a buffer between me and the woman in the next seat who was holding an oversize kid brandishing some 23 hours and 12 minutes of a bright red all-day sucker. My suit that morning bordered more on the off-white. Not what you would call a complementary combination. And I certainly didn't want to be responsible for the kid leaving the bus with an off-white sucker.

The kid actually didn't look that bright. But once he saw that I had only the outside pages for protection, he promptly rose to the challenge. Ramming his sucker through the sheets, he peeked through the hole and yelled, "Hi, man, I see you!"

Well, I didn't mind playing a little peek-a-boo with the lousy kid. Maybe it would prove to his mother that I wasn't the old troll her snooty attitude indicated she took me for. So I peeked back through the hole and got a sucker stick shoved up my nose for my pains. And I do mean pains.

What happened after that remained open for debate until I departed the bus, several blocks early. As I tried to explain to the mother of this pre-reform-school tyke, my only reason for snapping the pages together was to cover the peek-a-boo hole. But somehow, unfortunately, her kid's sucker got slapped up against his forehead. (Just between us, it was beautiful!) I even volunteered to help her spit-bathe the beast so he wouldn't stick to everything. She was too occupied raising saliva to respond.

That night, after my wife had finished, I gave myself a good talking to. Surely, I said to myself, a man should be man enough, especially in this day and age, to keep his seat on the bus without any props or gimmicks. After all, I am on my way to a day of work. And what are 90 percent of the women on their way to? A casual morning of shopping? A matinee? A hair appointment? A judo lesson, to better enable them to get a seat on the bus? And did you ever notice, I asked myself, that women with their ubiquitous overloaded ruck sacks never find support on the seat where another woman is sitting? Oh, no. Somehow they manage to make it to a seat occupied by a man. Better yet, two men. If one looks like me, best of all.

The next morning, when one woman, supported by a walker, was lucky enough to catch the handhold on my seat before going down, my newly upholstered conscience was ready for her. "She's faking," Conscience said. "Kick that walker away and she'd be steady as a rock."

About that time her accomplice, lugging a bandaged poodle, came plunging along and caught a handhold on the seat directly across the aisle.

"What's wrong with the little feller?" asked the walker's owner.

"The poor thing ruptured himself bringing in a wet Sunday *New York Times*," answered the woman with the poodle as she draped herself over me when the driver skillfully swerved so as not to miss a chuckhole. "I walked the floor with him all night."

"I'd hold him," said walker, "but I'm not supposed to be on my feet."

"That's all right, dear," responded injured poodle. "It's only a mile to my bus stop, and then a six-block walk to the vet."

By the time the woman finally got up from my seat and I handed her back her lousy ruptured mutt, I had a six-block walk back to my office. My first piece of business: to dictate a few suggestions to the bus people. To wit:

- Acceptance of all major credit cards for payment of fare.
- A container beside the fare box for the deposit of all-day suckers. (Cigarettes and transistor radios might also be considered.)
- Sectioning of the bus into three designated areas: one area for men and healthy young women; one for women with walkers, bandaged poodles and oversize kids; one for newspaper readers.
- The reader section to be constructed with bay windows, so the reader can turn pages without dehatting or dewigging the passenger sitting in front of him.

P.S. Until then, gentlemen, I'll leave the driving to you-know-who.

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THE LADY WHO THOUGHT SHE WAS CRAZY

One doctor came close to an early diagnosis in the case of the attractive young stewardess, but he made the mistake of going entirely by the book.

by Berton Roueché

A little past five o'clock on the afternoon of October 11, 1978, a young black woman shuffled on the arm of a friend into the emergency room of Alvarado Community Hospital, in San Diego, California, and asked to be admitted for psychiatric help. Her name, she said, was Sheila Allen, her age was 24 and her complaint (as later interpreted and standardized and noted on her chart) was "bizarre behavior, with looseness of thought associations and severe depression associated with suicidal thoughts." She was admitted after a brief examination to the psychiatric wing, and was made comfortable there in a double room. The following day, and for several days thereafter, she was examined, tested and variously observed. The results of these evaluations were inconclusive, and on October 16 a member of the psychiatric staff named Robert Brewer was appointed attending physician.

No longer a self-confessed kook at the end of her rope, Sheila Allen today has returned to work, teaches aerobics, runs three to five miles three times a week and tries to forget the days when she couldn't even stand up.

"I went in to see her after rounds the next morning," Dr. Brewer says. "She was sitting on the edge of the bed—sitting there with the help of a nurse. She was tall, with a beautiful figure, a beautiful face and beautiful, wide-apart eyes. She was also pathetic. She didn't seem to have any strength at all. She couldn't walk. She could hardly sit up. She could hardly lift her arms. I introduced myself and made some getting-acquainted talk. I took her history and did a routine physical and checked her mental states. She was just as weak as she looked. She was well oriented and alert. There was some evidence of conversion hysteria. I finished up with a lot of history and a lot of problems, but no strong impressions in any direction. I was inclined to go functional, but not entirely. I did a residency in neurology, and I always try to keep the organic possibility in mind. I started thinking 'multiple sclerosis.' Her age, for one thing, was right. Multiple sclerosis is a young person's disease. But I'm a listener. I think that if you listen long enough your patient will usually tell you what the trouble is. So I asked her what *she* thought was her trouble. She said, 'I'm a kook.' I said, 'Maybe so, but before we go that road I'd like you to see a neurologist I know.' She almost blew up. I think she might have hit me if she'd had the strength. She said, 'I don't want to see a neurologist. I've seen a dozen neurologists. I'm a kook. I'm in the kook hospital. I want you to fix up my kookiness.' But I wasn't convinced. And that afternoon I called Fred Baughman, the neurologist I had in mind."

I met Sheila Allen in the spring of 1983, some five years after that pitiful outburst. We met, by prearrangement, in San Diego, in the office of Dr. Brewer's neurological colleague Dr. Fred Baughman, Jr. She looked good—the picture of health, and beautiful, and entirely free (if she had ever been otherwise) of kookiness.

"Oh, I was," she told me. "I *was* a kook. I had to be, after what I'd been through. If a person can be driven crazy, that was me. But, of course, I wasn't really crazy. I was simply in despair. I had been sick for so long—for almost four years. I was getting sicker and sicker. I was almost helpless. I went to Alvarado Hospital because I couldn't think of anything else to do. I had finally given up.

"I don't know when my trouble actually started. I mean, it came on so innocently. I guess it began in Dallas sometime in 1974. No, I'm not from Dallas. I was born in the Chicago area—in Maywood, Illinois. But when I was 14 my parents moved to Los Angeles, and I went to high school there. I ran track, and I was a cheerleader. I've always liked sports. I've always loved to run and dance and bike and that sort of thing. I went to Cal State, at Northridge, for a year, and I studied physical education. I went to Dallas because I wanted a change. There were no problems at home, or anything like that. I just wanted a change. I got a job at a Sears store, demonstrating cosmetics. Then a friend told me that Braniff

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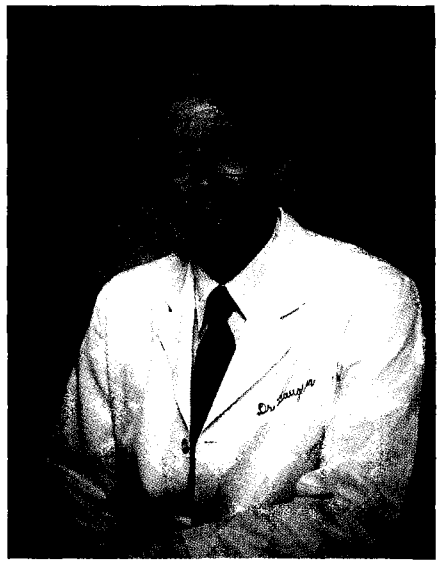
was hiring flight attendants. I had an interview, and they hired me and sent me to their school—six weeks of emergency procedures, first aid, posture, grammar, how to prepare the meals. I was based in Dallas, and I flew every stop between there and Chicago and sometimes New York—all over. I think March of 1974 was when the trouble first began. I was out dancing one night, and my legs gave out on me. I mean, I fell down. But I was able to get right up, and I said it was my high heels. That's what I thought. So I went to lower heels, and then one night it happened again. It was just like the first time. I was able to get right up and go on. Nobody seemed to think anything of it. So I wasn't really worried. But when I had my regular Braniff physical in August I mentioned it to the doctor. He gave me an extra-careful checkup and passed me. He said I was in great shape. He said I was probably just tired—too much standing. Well, flying is all standing. You hardly ever sit down on a flight. So that made sense. But then my legs began to hurt. I wasn't just tired, I also *hurt*—at the end of a flight, or walking through the airports. Like O'Hare. Or, especially, Dallas. You know how big it is. We were always having to walk from Gate 1 to Gate 22. My legs would cramp. It was a real tight pain. I would have to sit down and rest for a couple of minutes. Then I'd be all right. But all the girls were always complaining about being tired, so I still didn't think too much about it. Until it began to affect my arms. Just lifting two trays, and my arms would begin to tremble. It seemed like they didn't want to hold. Even a coffeepot was almost too much for my strength. I tried to get more sleep. But I just got tireder and tireder. And I began to almost miss flights because I had to sit down so often along the concourses and rest. So what I did was just get up earlier. If there's one thing I've got, it's will power. I drove myself as hard as I could. But I was getting worried now—real worried. I went to a doctor one of my friends knew. He said to take it easy. Stop driving myself so hard. He gave me a prescription for Valium.

"That would have been around the end of 1974. I thought maybe I wasn't eating right. It's hard to eat right when you're flying. All too often, after we had served the passengers their lunches or dinners there wouldn't be any food left. Most of the girls carried candy bars for those emergencies. I carried what I called my survival package—tuna fish and peanut butter and crackers and raw carrots and lots of vitamins. A lot of the girls recommended a shot of bourbon at bedtime. I tried that, and it was all right, but I couldn't see that it helped me any. I had to realize that my tiredness was different from the other girls'. So finally—I think it was in October, or maybe November, of 1975—I tried again. I went to an orthopedic specialist. I told him about my legs, how weak they were—and my arms. He looked me over; he was very thorough. But he couldn't find anything wrong. He said it was probably my job—the standing and the stress, and all that. His advice was to quit, to take a leave or something. But I *loved* flying. I loved my job. And I loved the money. I had a little Opel GT sports car. I had a nice apartment. I had a wonderful life. So I kept on working—getting to the airport early enough so I could make it to the gate, and getting back home late—and resting every chance I got. I stopped talking about my problems to the other girls. I didn't want them to say anything. I wanted to keep my job. But I was only fooling myself. It was just too much for me. In February of 1976, I asked for a vacation, and they gave me three weeks' leave.



Dr. Fred Baughman, Jr., who recognized the symptoms, says, "When you hear hoofbeats you look for horses, not zebras. In the case of Sheila Allen, however, the hoofbeats were definitely those of a zebra."

I went to my favorite place—to Hawaii. I relaxed and rested and tried to enjoy myself. The three weeks went by, and I was the same as always. I just didn't have any strength. I went back to Dallas and gave my two weeks' notice. I said I had personal problems. Which was true enough. My sister Enid flew in from L.A. and drove me home in my little Opel—back home to my parents.

"It's hard to explain just how I felt. I was worried about feeling so tired and weak. But I still really thought it would go away. I still really thought I'd get better. Anyway, I couldn't just sit around the house. That isn't my way. I went out and got a job—two jobs, as a matter of fact. I got a daytime job demonstrating cosmetics again. I worked in various stores doing make-up. And at night I worked as a cocktail waitress in a club. I suppose that was kind of foolish. Because I had the same old trouble—the same problem with trays, the same problem with all the standing and walking. I had to wear heels at the cocktail job, and, of course, that made things that much worse. Every now and then, I dropped a tray. I could tell when it was coming on—I'd think, There goes the tray. The other waitresses dropped things, too. But they only dropped a glass or something. I dropped the whole tray. But the boss was crazy about me. That made everything O.K. This was in the summer of 1976. But finally the boss got to be too much for me. I had to quit. I had already quit the cosmetics job. Two jobs were too big a load for me, and the cocktail job paid better. When I quit that, I got a daytime job as a hostess in a restaurant at the beach. I guess I knew by then that there was something really wrong, but I wanted to work. I missed that airline income. It's hard to change when you get used to a certain level of living.

"When I first came home to L.A., I had gone to the family doctor. He couldn't find anything wrong with me. Then I met a chiropractor at a party and told him my problem. He checked me out and couldn't find anything wrong, either. He referred me to a woman psychologist. She gave me an IQ test. That only told her that I was bright. So she gave me another test. And then another. She never seemed to try to think anything out—she just kept giving me tests. I

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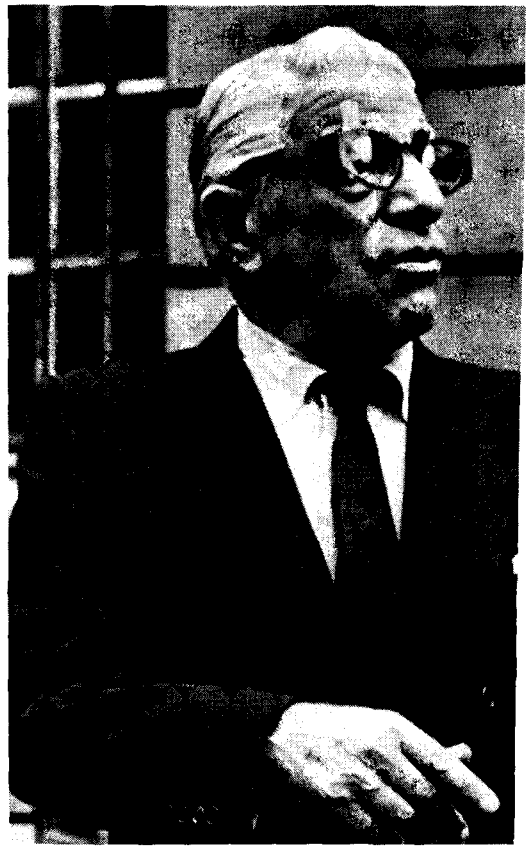
decided she was a waste of time, and quit. I also quit my hostess job. I had to—I was getting weaker every day. Everything I did hurt. It hurt to comb my hair. My arms were so heavy and weak. It was hard for me to drive my car. Once or twice, it was really frightening. I'd try to brake or something, and my foot wouldn't move. One Sunday afternoon, I took my little three-year-old niece to the park. When we were driving home, a traffic light up ahead turned red and I started to brake and I couldn't lift my foot. Oh, my God! I thought. I'm going to kill us both. I told my niece to get down on the floor. I hung on to the wheel and we sailed across the intersection. Thank God, there was nobody coming. I don't know how I ever made it home. That was the last time I drove. I was at home now all the time. But I had problems even there. I don't know how many times my legs gave out and I fell down the stairs. They were carpeted, thank God, so I wasn't hurt much. That was going down. Climbing the stairs, I practically had to crawl. My mom was a problem, too. She kept saying I was just trying to upset her. She didn't really mean that. The real reason was that she couldn't bear to think there was something wrong with me. And my sisters. We would be getting ready to go out somewhere, and it took me so long to get ready they'd go off without me. I got so I was crying a lot. I'd try to pick up a glass, and my arm would go limp. And I'd say, 'Oh, no!'—and fall into a chair and just cry.

"But I still hadn't given up. When I quit going to that woman psychologist, my chiropractor friend suggested I see a psychiatrist. I was going out with the chiropractor some, and he was really trying to help. He was convinced that my trouble was psychosomatic. I didn't know what to think. Some days I was better, and some days I was worse. Some days I could get dressed and go out and everything was almost like normal. Then the next morning I couldn't even fix breakfast. I had a drawer full of prescriptions—Valium, Elavil, Equanil, all those drugs. Every doctor I went to see prescribed something. I tried them all and I couldn't see any difference. I couldn't see that any of them helped. So I went to a psychiatrist. He was a white guy. Some of the doctors I'd seen were white. Some were black. Anyway, I went to this psychiatrist once a week. We talked. We went over everything I'd been told by all the others. He said I must face it—I had a psychosomatic problem. I liked him; he was a nice man. He made me feel better about myself, which helped. But I didn't really believe what he said. Then I had my family—my mother and my brother and my three sisters—on me. They made it perfectly plain. They said I was crazy. I said to myself that *they* were crazy.

"About that time, in December of 1976, I met a nice guy from San Diego. He was a big guy—6'6" and 270 pounds. His name was Ira Watley, and he had been playing offensive tackle for Miami. He'd just got cut. He was going back home to San Diego, and he suggested I come with him—get away from my family. He knew they were driving me nuts. I thought about it. Then one morning I woke up and I almost couldn't get out of bed. But I made it, and started down to breakfast, and fell. I fell all the way down the stairs. I didn't know whether I was hurt or not—I hurt all over anyway. I must have looked awful, because my mother helped me up and took me to the emergency room of a hospital a few blocks away. There was a young doctor on duty. He examined me, and everything—my arms and legs and all. He said to wait, and went away. He came back with a textbook and he stood there studying it. Then he said, 'I would think you might have myasthenia gravis, but the symptoms aren't right. Myasthenia gravis starts with the eyes and face, with drooping eyelids and trouble swallowing. You don't have that.' He said he thought I ought to see a psychiatrist. He gave me a prescription for Elavil.

"That made up my mind. I went to San Diego with Ira. He was really understanding. He wanted to get married. I didn't think so—not right then. But I was feeling a little better and getting a little restless. I wanted to do something. Ira suggested I go to school—to a business college he knew about. So I enrolled. That was in February 1977. But it was the same old story. I wasn't really any better. The school was on the second floor—a walkup—and those stairs were too much. I would go late, so people wouldn't see me struggling. It was one step and rest, another step and rest. Some days, I could go three steps without resting. I was taking typing. And finally I couldn't do it. I couldn't hold out my arms. It was a three-month course, but I never finished it. After that, I just stayed home. Except to go to the doctor. I had already seen a couple of doctors in San Diego. One was a regular internist. The other was a neurologist. They were like all the rest: psychosomatic, Valium. But Ira kept pushing me to keep trying to get some help. I even went to a doctor in La Jolla who tried to hypnotize me. I wouldn't hypnotize, and that frustrated him. He told me I didn't want to get well. Then I tried an orthopedic surgeon. He asked me to lift my arms. I couldn't do it. He stumped out of the room. He said he couldn't help me because I wouldn't cooperate. Then I tried another psychiatrist. I had four or five visits. The psychiatrists and the psychologists were all alike: What did your last doctor say? I see. Well, I agree. Psychosomatic. I'm going to give you a prescription for an antidepressant. Some of them started with my childhood. Some started now and worked back. I told



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them I had a normal childhood—a normal middle-class childhood. I told them I didn't hate my parents, and they didn't hate me. They were loving parents. The psychiatrist I went to four or five times, he saw Ira when Ira brought me to his office. I told you Ira is a very big man. So this doctor had a new idea. He asked me if Ira beat me.

"I started getting completely worse in June—June of 1978. Ira was away. The Winnipeg Blue Bombers had signed him on, and he was training up there in Canada. He had arranged everything before he left. He had his father come over and look after me. He sent me his check every week, and one of his friends—either Frank or Drake—would take me to the bank and to the supermarket, or wherever. Frank was very sympathetic. He had been in Vietnam and had had a hard time there, and he'd had some therapy. He persuaded me to try the state mental-health center. I joined their group-therapy class. I went for a while. But the classes were kindergarten stuff, and I wouldn't take the drugs they offered. Elavil was one of them, and it actually seemed to trigger more weakness. It seemed to actually loosen my muscles. I had some bad experiences even without drugs. I'd sit down in a chair, and when I wanted to get up I couldn't. I'd have to wait for Ira's dad or somebody to help me. It got so I was afraid to cook. I remember one afternoon I had some vegetables on the stove. I left the kitchen and fell, and I couldn't get up. I just lay there smelling them burn. The house was full of smoke when Ira's dad came in and turned off the stove. It was an awful feeling. I wasn't good for anything. I used to sit and meditate and pray. I'd fix my mind on, say, fishing or shopping, and try not to think of anything else. I did a lot of praying. I'd say the Lord's Prayer over and over and over. It helped me, I think. I prayed in bed in the morning, too. I kept a Bible by the bed. In the morning, when I woke up, I'd read or pray, and finally I'd have the strength to get up. One morning, I couldn't comb my hair. I didn't have the strength. I finally had to lay my head on the sink, and that way I could use my arms a little. There was another time. Drake and his brother Lee took me fishing with them out on the park dock. After a while, I went to the bathroom. I sat down on the toilet, and I couldn't get back up. Nobody came in. I yelled and yelled, and finally Lee came in and got me out.

Ari Onassis, the billionaire shipping baron, suffered from the same disease as Sheila. He had to use the Band-Aids to hold up his drooping eyelids.

"I think that was about the last time I went out anywhere. I knew I was reaching the end of the line. My muscles were getting weaker and weaker. I had to rest more and more. I knew that pretty soon I'd be helpless. I had to do something before it was too late. I decided my only hope was to get hospitalized. And I knew that the best way I could get hospitalized was to talk depression and suicide. That was one thing I'd learned from all those psychologists and psychiatrists. The hospital I picked was Alvarado Community Hospital. It was the nearest one to Ira's apartment. I got Frank to drive me there, and he had to practically carry me into the emergency room. I told my story, and they took me in. I remember that date. I remember it very well. It was Wednesday, October 11, 1978, late in the afternoon. But the date I really remember is the following Wednesday, October 18, around noon. That was the day I met Dr. Baughman. He came into my room and looked me over and told me what my trouble was. I had myasthenia gravis."

"Well, yes," Dr. Baughman said to me. "It *was* almost as quick and easy as that. I was pretty sure the minute I saw her that her trouble was myasthenia gravis. The only other possibility was amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, and she was much too young for that." Dr. Baughman is a slight, wiry man of 50, with a bang of sandy gray hair and a wide, warm, country-boy smile. He was smiling now. "But it wasn't magic. Myasthenia gravis is a special interest of mine. I trained at Mt. Sinai, in New York, and Mt. Sinai has a rather famous myasthenia-gravis research laboratory. Some important work has been done there. So I learned about myasthenia gravis early, and it is always on my mind. There is a saying about diagnosis—about why doctors often fail to recognize one of the less common diseases. It goes, 'When you hear hoofbeats, you don't necessarily think of a zebra.' I recognized the hoofbeats of a zebra. That was my only magic. I won't say myasthenia gravis is a common disease. But it isn't a rarity, either. The national occurrence rate is one in 20,000. I see my share, because I'm a neurologist and because I'm aware. I average three to five new cases a year. Women seem to be more susceptible than men —particularly young women. Myasthenia gravis is a good descriptive name. The 'my' refers to muscle, and 'asthenia' come from the Greek for weakness. It isn't as gravis—as serious—a disease as it once was. It was first described in the 17th century, and it was named around the end of

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THE TOY THAT BUILT A TOWN

Play's the thing that has turned the little Danish hamlet of Billund into a mecca for children from all over Europe.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

The Jutland moors town of Billund, Denmark, was once described as a "God-forsaken railway stopping point where nothing could possibly survive." Today Billund is the home of 4,850 people. All are surviving nicely. But the railroad no longer stops here. Instead, Billund's expanding airport is the "stopping point" for jets that bring in some 600,000 of the town's 850,000 yearly visitors.

So what's the big attraction? Basically it is a toy measuring exactly 1¼x⅝ inches, known the world over as the LEGO® building brick.

If you are not familiar with the unique stud-and-tube coupling system of a LEGO brick, ask almost any child. Researchers have found that 50 million children spend 4 billion hours every year exercising their creative genes with this educational and entertaining toy.

I saw the bricks being made in a factory the size of 14 football fields. In a park of the same size, I saw what LEGO's model artists have constructed with them. And I still can't believe it.

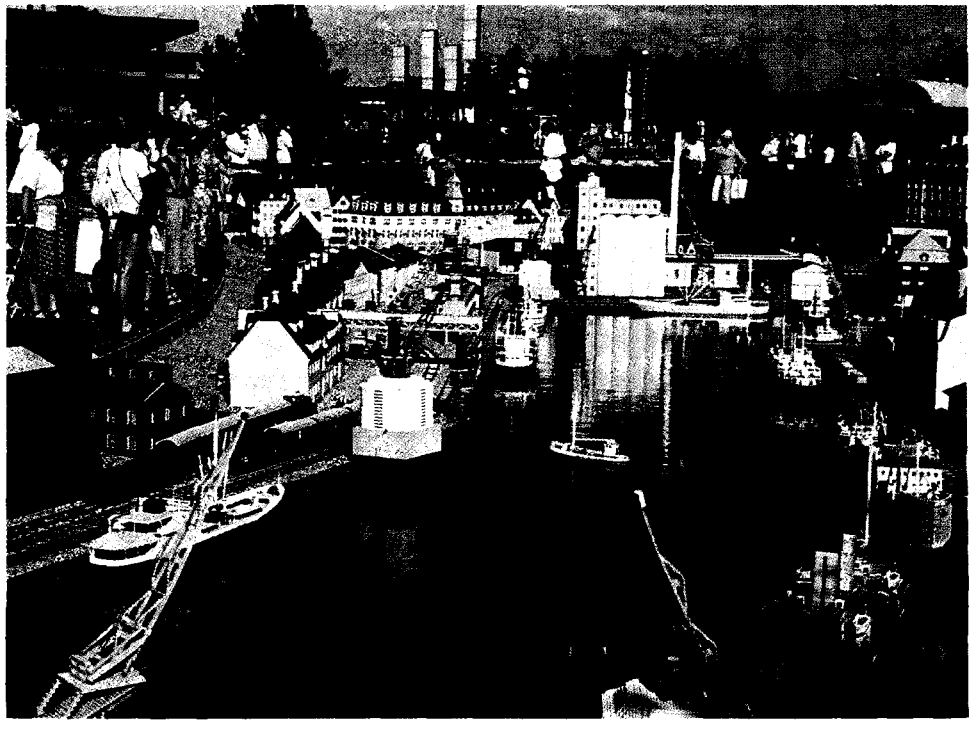
Neither, perhaps would Ole Kirk Christiansen, the man who made it all possible.

Born in poverty in Filshov, just northwest of Billund, in 1891, Ole devoted his life not only to proving that something could survive in Billund, but that it could grow and prosper. The future of Billund, however, was still far from his mind when, at the age of six, he was sent out on the moors to tend sheep. There he whiled away the long, lonesome hours carving sticks into recognizable shapes with his pocket knife. This urge to fashion things of wood continuing to grow as he grew; he was soon apprenticed to his older brother, from whom he learned carpentry and joinery.

Imaginative LEGO artists have shown almost anything in the world can be recreated using interlocking plastic blocks, including a parrot.

At age 25 Ole bought the Billund Woodworking and Carpentry Shop. He built houses in the summer season, wardrobes and chests of drawers during the winter months. The Great Depression of the '30s was only the first of many reversals. (His place of business burned to the ground on three occasions.) Houses and even wardrobes and chests were now luxury items that none could afford. Ole switched production to the necessities—ironing boards, milking stools, stepladders. Not one to waste scrap materials, he began making miniature versions of the products. And with four young sons in the family, this soon led to the production of wooden toys, for which he found a demand.

Small as his toy company was, Ole decided it deserved a name. He offered a bottle of his homemade wine to the one who could come up with a name that would be appropriate. Today, the results of that contest might



LEGOLAND's authentic scenes include everything from ships that sail and trains that run to drawbridges that rise and cranes that operate.

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be suspect. For Ole decided he had won, and so drank the wine himself.

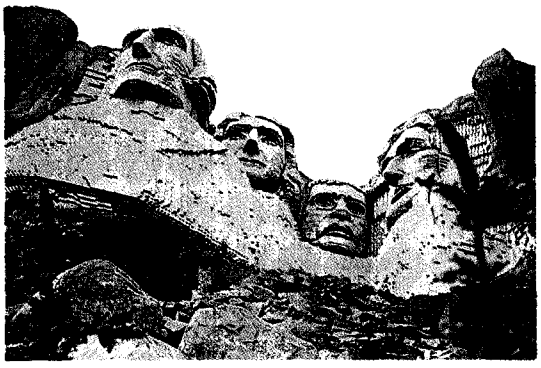
The name he choose, LEGO, was a combination of the Danish words *Leg Godt*, "play well." Only later was it discovered that in Latin the words mean "I put together; I assemble."

The assembling might have stopped, and the remarkable growth of the company as well, had not 12-year-old Godtfred Kirk Christiansen, one of the four sons, caught his father's enthusiasm for making "toys that wouldn't break" and joined the seven-man work force. It was Godtfred who patented this plastic brick in 1958 and who, amid much skepticism, established LEGOLAND in 1968. More than 12 million visitors have come to the town of Billund since then, making it anything but a Godforsaken railway stopping point.

Before entering the gates of the fabulous miniworld of LEGOLAND (its well-merited sobriquet is "The Disneyland of Europe"), I took a look at the LEGO factory. There are no rumbling overhead cranes, no thundering presses.

Plastic bits, bright yellow, red, blue and black and white, are dumped from bins into what look like giant pressure cookers, where they are converted into a warm plastic gruel, then conveyed to injection molding machines that spit out LEGO bricks or component parts at the rate of 1½ million per hour. Everything from animals, trees and road signs to swords, helmets, propellers, lovable little figures—and of course tires, lots of tires. In 1983, LEGO Systems turned out 175,905,700 of them, making it the world's largest tire manufacturer. Each year 76,680,000 mini figures have their faces painted on by the decoration department. Not surprisingly, all the faces are smiling. As for the bricks, I was told six eight-stud pieces can be combined in 102,981,500 different ways. Believe it or not!

Danish ladies deftly add parts to the cellophane packets that travel along the line. Each packet is weighed for exact count, and instructions in the correct language are inserted. Then each is labeled for the proper age group to be challenged by a castle, airplane, ship, bridge, house, desk with swivel chair (undoubtedly for 50-year-old executives), crane, train, animal or whatever.



Want to copy LEGOLAND's 100-foot-long replica of Mount Rushmore? All it takes is 1½ million LEGO bricks—instructions not included.

LEGO's strict safety standards make correct age identification a high priority. If a child's age is not below the minimum printed on the product pack, parents can rest assured that the contents are safe for play. All parts are subjected to brutal punishments at the factory—the drop test, the torsion test, the test for tensile strength, the bite test and tests for swallowability, sharp points, sharp edges and flammability.

Ninety-seven percent of the factory's output is exported. But no problem. Most visitors come to this thriving hamlet to see the 30 million LEGO building bricks that have never left home. These are the bricks assembled into model masterpieces of the world's most famous structures and recognizable scenes that comprise LEGOLAND.

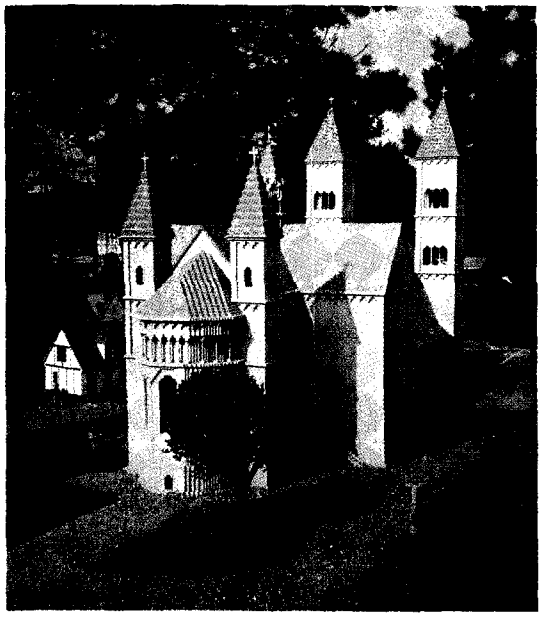
"When Godtfred came up with this idea of a wonderland 'where fantasy would have no limits,' everybody thought to build such a thing was crazy," says LEGO's Peter Ambeck-Madsen, as we are swept along in the flood of school children bursting through the gates. (Billund schools are closed today, the opening day of the park.) But because the thousands of guests going through the factory were so deeply impressed by the unique LEGO models, built for exhibit all over the world, he clung to his dream.

That dream, today, is the second-largest attraction in Denmark, after Copenhagen's famous Tivoli Gardens. Although it would cover 14 football fields, LEGO people think it's still too small. They would like to double its size.

The only problem here is which tiny "country" to visit first! Here, built to scale in colorful LEGO bricks, is a Swedish village. Tiny canal locks really operate, lowering or raising LEGO brick ships from one water level to another. Farther on is the old Danish town of Ribe, complete with cathedral.

"Listen!" someone whispers. And sure enough, sacred music is wafting out from this perfectly detailed knee-high model.

Denmark is well represented, of course. Nearly 900,000 bricks and 40,000 windows went into the model of the royal Danish residence, Amalienborg. And there is also an accurate copy of Grasten Castle, Queen Ingrid's summer residence. Nearby is "Lilleby" (the small town) and its typical Danish village church, creamery, co-operative store and half-timbered houses. I see the royal hunting lodge "Eremitagen," from Deer Park outside Copenhagen, surrounded by mounted huntsmen in bright red coats. Then the dune village of Klitby and its wee fishermen on the quay, the half-cigarette-sized lighthouses and the miniature fishing boats on the "sea" behind the white dunes.



Miniland brings together true copies of Europe's beautiful old cathedrals with organs that play and castles complete with parks and gardens.

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From the German town of Goslar, with its famous market church and the two different towers, it's only a few paces to the miniature buildings along the waterfront that comprise a scene from Reine. This village on Lofoten in the northern part of Norway serves as an example of the devotion LEGO model designers and craftsmen pay to accuracy. A Norwegian visitor looking at the village once exclaimed, "But I live there! And there is the school where I teach!"

A hop, skip and a jump, and I'm in Holland. The fans on the windmills are the only glued bricks in the entire complex. In Amsterdam, LEGO brick barges sail along the canals. A model train stops automatically on its tracks while a drawbridge is raised for a ship to pass.

In the Swedish area, Dalsland, the amazing aqueduct of Haverud actually carries a canal over a river. Farther along are the characteristic buildings of Switzerland, Germany, Austria and Italy rising up from a Tyrolean landscape.

The U.S. is represented here, as well. A scale model of the spacecraft *Columbia*, constructed of one million LEGO bricks, is only the beginning. From the streets of LEGOREDO, a full-scale town of the old American West, I get a full view of the sculptor Bjorn Richter's masterpiece, *The Big Bison-hunt,* that sweeps across the face of the man-made mountain. In this imaginative relief, 2½ million LEGO bricks have turned the mountain into a melee of racing buffalo with Indians in hot pursuit.

Before one has completely recovered from the effect of this amazing work, there is the miniature Mount Rushmore, towering over the entire scene. Using 1½ million building bricks, the same inspired sculptor has perfectly profiled, to scale, the four famous American presidents. Fittingly, it was Gutzon Borglum, a sculptor of Danish descent, who executed the original project.

The park is open from 10:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., long enough for visitors to sample many of the variety of sights and activities, as well as the educational opportunities. One of those opportunities is qualifying for a "driver's license."

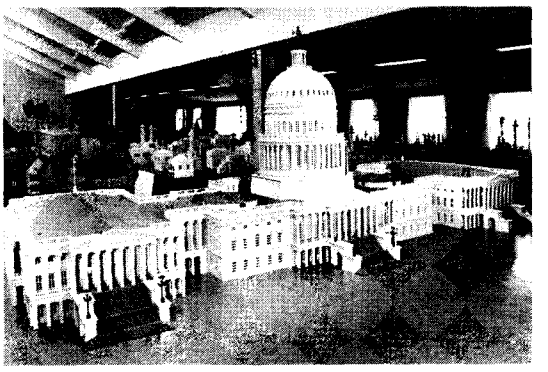
The popular Traffic School welcomes children between the ages of 8 and 14. Driving small electric cars, the youngsters encounter scaled-down real-life highway situations: one-way streets, railway crossings, pedestrian crossings, stoplights and traffic. Each car has an identifying flag so that from his tower the instructor can call out a mistake in the driver's own language. Young students from all over Europe come here to practice the theory of highway safety.

Unless one is on a junk-food diet, eating in the park is no problem. The LEGO prople proudly display their citations for limiting sweets to ice cream only. Nor are there pinball machines or games to relieve the young people of their allowances.

The only problem at LEGOLAND is what to see first: The antique doll and doll-house collection (approximately 400 dolls dating from 1580)? The antique *mechanical toys for boys*? The LEGO educational exhibits for adults as well as children? Or the incredible Titania's Palace? I chose the palace.

The world's largest and most expensive miniature structure of its kind, it was created ostensibly for Titania, the queen of fairies, her consort, Prince Oberon and their seven children, as their earthly residence. The English painter Sir Nevile Wilkinson and his staff of dedicated artists spent 15 years making the miniature models and collecting others from all over the world. It was finished in 1922. The mahogany palace was bought by the Christiansens for LEGOLAND in 1978 at a price of 1.6 million Danish kroner. Its 18 rooms and halls contain thousands of tiny copies of the finest furniture, paintings, sculpture and antiques, all on a scale of 1 to 12.

I won't try to describe the exquisite detail of Louis Philippe's writing table. Queen Titania's throne. The



Can a handful of Danes raise the roof of the United States Capitol? They've done it at LEGOLAND, complete with Senate and House wings.

Devotion to detail in Miniland structures caused one Norwegian visitor to exclaim, "That's where I live! And that's where I teach school!"

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wee chapel organ, upon which it is possible to play. The complete inch-long New Testament. The world's smallest rosary. The glass-fronted bookcase and its 54 minuscule windows and 91 tiny books, all legible. The miniature edition of the *New York Times* lying on a table. The mother-of-pearl floor of Titania's bedroom, its ceiling of carved wood. The playable cello in Oberon's study; the smokable match-size pipes. I *can* describe the smallest item in this amazing collection of miniature masterpieces. The queen's gold ring—it is no larger than the lower case "o" on my typewriter.

In another area of LEGOLAND children can let their imaginations run wild among tables filled with unlimited supplies of LEGO bricks. I try my skill at creating something recognizable within a ten-minute time limit, but these things are for kids, anyway. My creation might charitably be called a raft that had survived Niagara Falls.

Norman Mailer, the writer, did somewhat better 20 years ago when he coupled 15,000 LEGO building bricks into his conception of "the city of the future."

But model manager Kirsten Morkenborg Rasmussen and her staff of meticulous artists and designers have far outdone both Mailer and me.

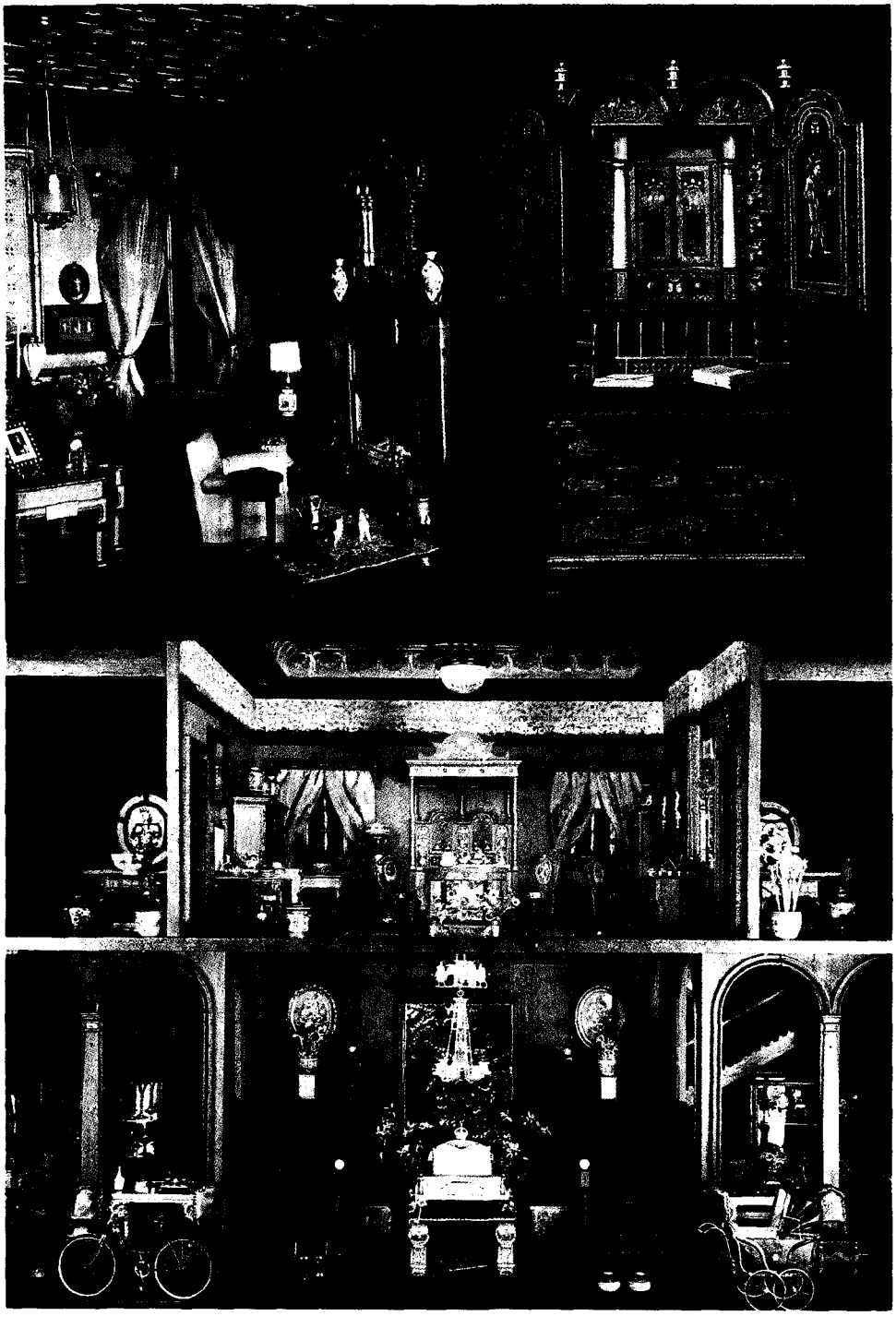
There is the United States Capitol in 900,000 LEGO bricks. The Statue of Liberty (no face-lift necessary on the old girl here). The Coast Guard ship U.S.S. *Gallatin*, bound for the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut. Science fiction characters (commissioned for a French exhibit). The official seal of the city of Enfield, Connecticut (U.S. LEGO headquarters). Historic landmarks, to be used in road shows, window displays and advertising. Garfield, the most famous of all fat cats. The fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, all brought colorfully to life in LEGO bricks. "Star Wars" projects are also in the making.

"We are continually developing," says Peter.

Ideally, LEGO planners would have all the world beat a path to LEGOLAND. But for those who can't make it, not to worry. LEGOLAND may be coming to you in road shows with attractions such as familiar scenes from the circus, all animated, all created, of course, from LEGO bricks and components. Although my camera was still hot from overuse, I couldn't resist snapping shots of the trapeze performers, the lion-tamer act, the Indian hatchet thrower and the "human" cannonball.

A LEGO road show won't be coming to your town? Still all is not lost. During a four-week period in October and November, many millions of bags of LEGO and Duplo bricks will be handed out by the 6,000 McDonald restaurants to children who buy a "Happy Meal."

The content of the bags, of course, won't be enough to create a futuristic city, a capitol building or a Taj Mahal, but it's a start.



Titania's Palace, one of LEGOLAND's outstanding attractions, is an amazing feat of miniaturization completed before the advent of plastic blocks, of course.

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WILL WOMEN ELECT THE PRESIDENT?

Two battalions of vocal business and professional women are both assaulting and supporting the two presidential tickets.

by Nick Thimmesch

Women for Mondale

Kathy Wilson, chairperson for the National Women's Political Caucus, calls herself a Republican but "she acts, talks and votes like a Democrat," say her opponents. She drew attention to herself when she shouted in front of the national media: "Mr. President, one term is enough!" and urged him to step down.

Sharon Rockefeller's husband, a Democrat, is governor of West Virginia. Her father, a Republican, is U.S. senator from Illinois. She says, "I'm supporting the Mondale-Ferraro ticket because it is more progressive and will provide more help for West Virginia. It recognizes equal rights for women."

One of the lions who roars the loudest in the anti-Reagan camp is former U.S. Congresswoman Bella Abzug. "I'm supporting the Mondale-Ferraro ticket, because it offers opportunity for a new future for a majority of Americans whose concerns are totally excluded by the present administration," she says.

"In choosing Geraldine Ferraro to be his running mate, Mondale has made the kind of bold move that will propel the Democratic ticket to victory in November," says Judy Goldsmith, president of the National Organization for Women. NOW was among the first to endorse Walter Mondale, in late 1983.

More women than men are going to vote in the November election. That's why women's organizations, polarized by their "pro" and "anti" Reagan stands, are campaigning as vigorously as the presidential candidates themselves. The women's vote may well decide who will be inaugurated as President on January 20. You can bet your favorite campaign button that a spirited war will be fought among women about which candidate, Mondale or Reagan, should get their vote in 1984.

Women account for 53 percent of the voting-age population. In 1980, 49.3 million women voted, considerably more than the 43.8 million men. The gap is expected to widen in 1984. Since 1976, the percentage of women registering to vote has been going up, while the percentage of men doing so decreased.

Women are pouring into universities and professional schools. Some 53 percent of college students are women, and the number of women seeking medical degrees has tripled in recent years. Women constitute nearly half the work force today, and many are entering management positions.

So much for the numbers. What about the people? Women are playing an increasingly larger role in life outside the home—at work and in government and public affairs. Once, most women worked out of necessity. Today, the majority of women say they prefer to work, even if money isn't an issue.

The roles of American women have shifted dramatically. Today, they are better educated, more active and account for a fast-growing share of business and professional positions.

Despite the demonstrable change and improvement in the lives of women, there is still plenty of hollering out there. Radical feminists cry

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doomsday and have zoomed in on an opportune target—the nation's leading political figure, President Reagan. The militants love to cite the "gender gap" as proof positive that Reagan must go—the "gender gap" being the marked difference between women and men in how they rate Reagan in approval surveys.

Reagan was savaged at the Democratic convention as the greatest living enemy of women on earth, just as he had been lacerated by spokespersons for radical feminist groups during the past few years.

Kathy Wilson, chairperson for the National Women's Political Caucus, repeatedly denounced Ronald Reagan as "the worst President in history for women." Wilson, who calls herself a Republican though her home state, Virginia, requires no registration by party, drew big attention to herself when she shouted in front of the national media: "Mr. President, one term is enough!" and urged him to step down.

To appreciate the full wrath of Ms. Wilson, one must listen to her words or listen to her. "Ronald Reagan is the only American President to be elected on the basis of an ideology that has been frozen in his head for a quarter of a century," she declared at her national convention. Though acknowledging Reagan's "unremitting congeniality," Wilson concluded that his ". . .superficial performing skills cannot conceal the hard fact that for American women Ronald Reagan is a dangerous man."

Under Ms. Wilson, the NWPC has become almost as strident as the National Organization for Women, a group that would dearly love to barbecue Reagan on a spit. NOW's leadership has denounced Reagan so many times and with such scathing language that superlatives seem flat. During their last convention in July, the NOW delegates routinely condemned Reagan as the "single greatest threat to women's rights." NOW was among the first to endorse Walter Mondale and gave him its approval in late 1983, before the exhausting primary-caucus season began.

In February 1984, Betty Heitman, cochairman of the Republican National Committee, decided she had had enough. She went to work and formed the National Women's Coalition, dedicated to the re-election of Ronald Reagan.

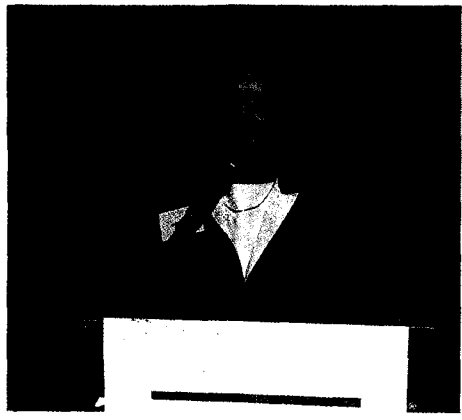
"I just did it," Heitman says. "I didn't need any approval. I have been active with women's groups for 20 years and knew there were many achieving women across the country who were concerned with women's issues, yes, but more concerned that there be a strong economy so that women would have expanding opportunities.

"The purpose was to get these achieving women to speak out. We want to remind people that the majority of women in this country do support President Reagan and are aware of what he has done for women.

"I was looking for successful leaders, not just political leaders. We had no trouble recruiting Republicans and Democrats, blacks, Hispanics and all minorities—but all women who had achieved.

"This organization is partisan to the idea of re-electing the President. But there is no narrow agenda to measure up to. Our women are not required to have a given view on ERA, abortion or federal programs.

Women for Reagan



"Our leadership women are not afraid to go into the lion's den against Bella Abzug, Gloria Steinem and Kathy Wilson," says National Women's Coalition founder Betty Heitman. "When they try to distort the President's record, our speakers will speak up and audiences will like it because they want fairness."

Coalition member Catherine Anderson, trial lawyer and mother of two says, "It's terribly important that we re-elect the President in order to continue on course with criminal-justice reform and immigration reform. These have been started but need more work. A Democratic administration would not bode well for the economy."

Jill Ruckelshaus, a feminist, belongs to both the National Women's Coalition and the National Women's Political Caucus. "I have no problem with that," she says. "I feel that the caucus, being nonpartisan, shouldn't endorse any ticket. As a member of the coalition, I endorse the Reagan-Bush ticket."

Ninfa Laurenzo, Hispanic operator of a multimillion-dollar chain of restaurants in Texas, says: "It is obvious that Reagan has done a good job. I'm not necessarily for the Republican party, but I know George Bush and the President and I like them both. The feminist issues aren't as important as they are."

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Our women have different views on those issues, and they are certainly tolerated. That isn't the case with NWPC or NOW.

"We took a show of hands at our first leadership meeting of 24 women on ERA. Twelve were for, and 12 against."

Among the first to sign on were Paula Hughes, vice president of a New York brokerage firm; Pam Shriver, the tennis pro; Barbara Rawls, a senior economist with Sun Oil Company; Elizabeth Bailey, the dean of the Graduate School of Industrial Administration, Carnegie-Mellon University; Mary Singletary, a Planned Parenthood official and immediate past president of the National Association of Negro Business and Professional Women's Clubs; Linda J. Wachner, the president of Max Factor and Company; Moya Lear, the chairman of Lear Avia Corporation; Susan G. Fisher, a senior vice president of Marine Midland Bank; Rose Elder, who heads her own consultant firm and is the wife of Lee Elder, the famous black professional golfer; and Ninfa Laurenzo, a Hispanic who rose after being widowed, went on to build Rio Grande Food Products in Houston and a string of 11 restaurants in Texas.

These 100 accomplished women don't all agree with Reagan on so-called "women's issues," but, says Betty Heitman, "They want to speak out to ensure that all Americans, especially women, understand the opportunities and maximize the benefits created by the Reagan administration."

"I completely disagree with President Reagan on abortion," says Susan Fisher, the banker. "Abortion and ERA are fundamental issues, but there is no more important issue than the economy."

Connie Austin owns a battery company in Orlando, Florida. She says: "The notion that all women care about is ERA and abortion is grossly unfair to women. We're in the work force, too. I'm a businesswoman and a single parent. It's easier to do business now than it was four years ago. I don't want to go back."

Karen Margulies, a housewife working for the National Women's Coalition in Hollywood, Florida, remarked: "I want to dispel the myth that all Jewish women in Broward County are liberal Democrats. I'm an American, Jewish, very active in national Jewish organizations, and I'm a Republican who is very upbeat about my President."

Many women who joined Betty Heitman's coalition worked their way up from poverty. Cochairman Paula Hughes is a case in point. She won the Horatio Alger award in 1984 and is one of only three women to have received the honor.

"There's no gender gap," she says. "It's a communications gap, a misperception fostered by the Democrats and liberal Democrat-led organizations such as NOW. I want to remind women that if they want a job, a car, a salary increase, food on the table or education for their children, their best friends in politics really are President Reagan and the Republicans."

The conventional wisdom is that there is not a black person left in the Republic who is for Reagan, but Heitman has a number as coalition leaders. She also has such nominal Democrats as Ellen Sills Levy, an executive vice president and partner of Englehard and Associates; Gloria Portela, a Cuban-American who became a successful lawyer in Houston, Texas; and Mabel H. "Muffy" Brandon, president of the Washington, D.C., office of Rogers and Cowan, the nation's fourth-largest privately owned public-relations firm.

"We got these outstanding women because they know the President has a good story to tell, and they want it out," Heitman says. "For the first time in American history, three women are in the cabinet (Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole, Health and Human Services Secretary Margaret Heckler and U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick). That's a Republican woman sitting on the Supreme Court, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, not a Democrat.

"Despite all the cries from the opposition, the facts are that the tax credit for child care was nearly doubled in 1981, and estate taxes were virtually eliminated so that widows don't have to sell the family farm or business," says Heitman.

Mrs. Heitman also cites these Reagan initiatives as helping women: reducing the "marriage penalty" tax; job-training programs for single heads of households; and new Small Business Administration job-training seminars geared to women's needs.

"Our leadership women are not afraid to go into the lion's den against Bella Abzug, Gloria Steinem and Kathy Wilson," says Heitman. "When they try to distort the President's record, our speakers will speak up and audiences will like it because they want fairness."

Heitman, 54, is soft-spoken but direct. Her voice is accented by her Arkansas birthplace and her married life at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Her early career was as a dietician, but she soon found herself busy rearing four children. Her husband, Dr. Henry Heitman, is a pediatrician.

By the late '60s, when her children were growing up, she had begun a political career that carried her to the top of the Republican party. She is a loyalist of the old school and believes people should show their true colors.

Much is made in the press about Kathy Wilson's being a Republican feminist who has launched a crusade against Ronald Reagan because of his alleged bias against women. Heitman says this about Wilson: "I question her Republicanism. Kathy Wilson says she voted for Jimmy Carter in 1980, though she had the option of voting for John Anderson if she didn't like Reagan. Kathy Wilson calls herself a Republican, but she acts, talks and votes like a Democrat."

Indeed, she does and personally offers enthusiastic support for Walter Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro. As her organization opened its annual convention in September, it appeared likely that for the first time, it would endorse a presidential ticket—Mondale-Ferraro. "We are telling our Republican women who have reservations that it's time to put sex ahead of party," says Wilson. "I voted against Reagan in 1980 because I knew then what all women know now—that he is the most antiwoman politician in American history.

"We wouldn't have endorsed Reagan under any circumstances, even if he chose a woman to run with him. His credibility gap is too big. We have no problem if some of our members who are elected Republicans are for him—people like congresswomen Claudine Schneider, Lynn Martin and Olympia Snowe. These women are excellent on *our* issues, and that's what counts.

"We are bipartisan, you know, 35 percent of our members being Republican. We are very aware that half

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the women running for the U.S. Senate this year are Republicans. As long as they are right on *our* issues, it's O.K.

"For years, we went along with Margaret Heckler when she was in Congress because of her strong stand for ERA. But when she ran against Barney Frank, we went with him because he was prochoice and Margaret wasn't.

"Abortion is a relentless issue and is nonnegotiable. You know that NOW passed a resolution designed to prevent Congresswoman Rose Mary Okar from bringing prolife speakers to their meetings. She has been a strong feminist, especially on economic issues like pay-equity.

"We wouldn't drum anybody out of the caucus just for holding an antichoice view. But if a member were active and visible in a prolife organization, we would have to take some action.

"We get involved some with issues other than women's rights—like the environment—but we can't fragment ourselves. For instance, some of our people believe in a nuclear freeze, but we voted down the idea of making this a major feminist issue.

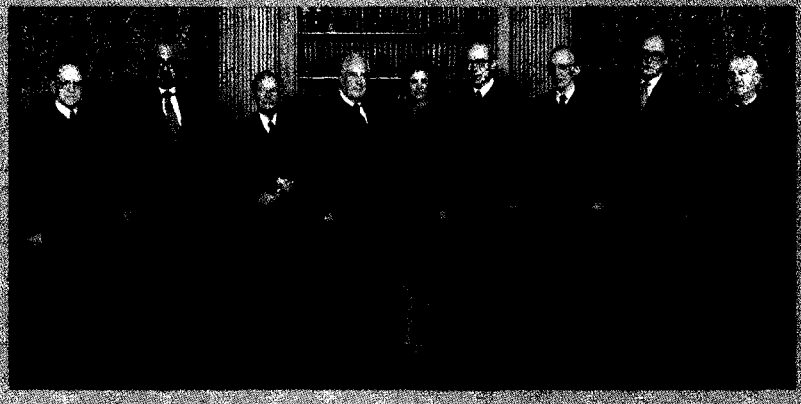
"Our issues really are ERA, reproductive rights and federal funding of child care. We've got the support of more than half of Congress on these, and have done very well on child care, economic equity, pensions, abortion and insurance-equity issues."

NWPC boasts 77,000 members, 300 local chapters and a $2 million annual budget. It spent $50,000 at the Democratic convention to boost Ferraro and $10,000 at the Republican gathering in Dallas to promote an alternative platform proposal.

Since Wilson has occupied the "chair" at NWPC, it has become much more visible in the media and increasingly militant. Though Bella Abzug was among the founders, NWPC has attracted many prominent Republicans, such as Jill Ruckelshaus, whose husband has been named to high positions in the Nixon and the Reagan administrations; Mary Louise Smith, former chairman of the Republican National Committee; seasoned party workers like Pat Hutar, Patricia Bailey and Mary Dent Crisp; and a half-dozen congresswomen.

There are also personalities: actor Edward Asner; actresses Ellen Burstyn and Marlo Thomas; Francis T.

Top Women in Government



Sandra Day O'Connor crashed "America's most exclusive men's club" to become the first woman Supreme Court justice. She's also the only justice to have served in elective office (as an Arizona state legislator). The judge is actually quite used to being the "lone" female, having raised three sons.

The next best thing to having your picture on a dollar bill may be to have your name in it, which Katherine Ortega does as treasurer of the United States. She is the first Hispanic woman to serve in such a capacity.

"Unabashed patriot," former political science professor and first woman U.N. ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick has fought to put an end to the period of retreat and defeatism" in American foreign affairs.

The big wheel in the U.S. department of transportation (102,000 employees, $27 billion budget) is Elizabeth Dole, first woman to head a military branch, the Coast Guard, that's under the department's jurisdiction.

Margaret Heckler was a lawyer, a two-term congresswoman and a mother of three, but never a secretary, until she was appointed to the prestigious post of secretary of Health and Human Services.

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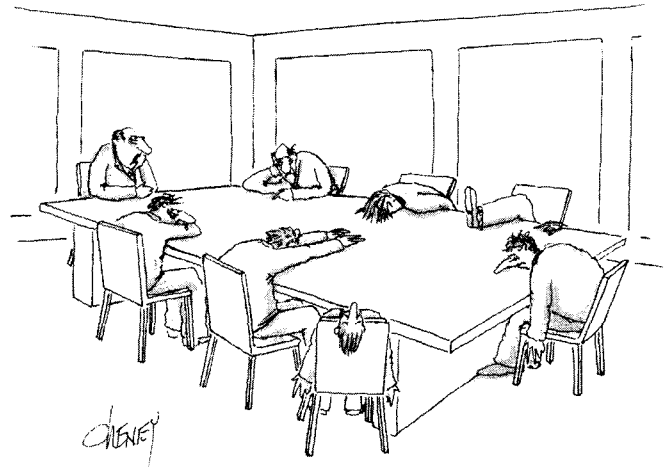
THE DESK SET

"Lou was unable to take an afternoon nap after he retired until we got him that desk."



"It has recently been brought to my attention, gentlemen, that our company never made plans for a coffee break."

"I hope this new look creates a team spirit amoung you board members."

"Sissy" Farenthold, first woman to be placed in nomination for vice president by the Democrats; Dorothy Height, a prominent black; TV producer Norman Lear; Gloria Steinem, the feminist; and William Winpisinger, the president of the International Union of Machinists.

Wilson, 32, was elected unanimously to the chair in 1981 and 1983. She is a tireless soul—she traveled 42 states on behalf of women candidates in 1982 and spent much time lobbying Reagan's key advisors. She has a B.A. in special education and an M.A. in counseling psychology—both from the University of Missouri. The *Ladies' Home Journal* named her one of America's "100 Most Important Women."

"I am a Republican," she says. "My father is a conservative Republican. I adore him, but we have argued for years. When I am on a national TV show, he calls afterwards and says, 'Sug [her nickname], what are you doing, talking like that?' My father is a Reagan man, is outspoken and funny. He just can't understand what I am doing with the caucus."

Kathy Wilson and Betty Heitman will face each other in discussion and debate this fall—no doubt about it. Mrs. Heitman will lament that the Democratic strategy is to divide people into groups—blacks, Hispanics and women—because "they love to hyphenate Americans."

Heitman is confident that once she and her legion of women's leaders crisscross the country with the message, Ronald Reagan will get the majority of women's votes this fall, as he did in 1980 against Jimmy Carter.

Kathy Wilson is completely sold on the idea that women must forget party and vote for Mondale-Ferraro—to vanquish the "antiwoman" President, Ronald Reagan, and to elect the first woman vice president.

It is clear these two views perceive vastly different agendas. Heitman's women agree that feminist issues are important, but less so than how the country will be run in the next four years. Wilson's followers believe that the feminist agenda is paramount and that only the Mondale-Ferraro team will address it. Both see a tough, tight race. Wilson, aware of Reagan's campaign skills, adds: "The idea that women will vote in droves against Reagan is naive. We've got a lot of work to do."

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New sexual horizons open for men and women over forty.

Contrary to popular belief, the most exciting and rewarding sex of all is often in the later years.

by Saul H. Rosenthal, M.D.

I'm a medical doctor and practicing sex therapist.

Every day, I see couples in their 40's, 50's and older. When these people experience problems or normal physical changes, they often conclude that their sexually active years are over.

If they visit their family doctor, he usually reinforces this belief, telling them "At your age, what do you expect?"

How unfortunate such mistaken ideas are. Because it doesn't have to be that way at all!

There's no need for anyone to give up on sex—regardless of age. Indeed, many people discover that the best, most rewarding sex of all is in later years—when there's more leisure time, fewer pressures and greater experience.

New source of advice generates enthusiastic response.

The absence of accurate, current information on this important subject convinced me that there was an urgent need for something totally new. A resource on sexuality that focuses on *the special needs and concerns of mature people.*

Now that resource exists. It's called *Sex Over Forty.*

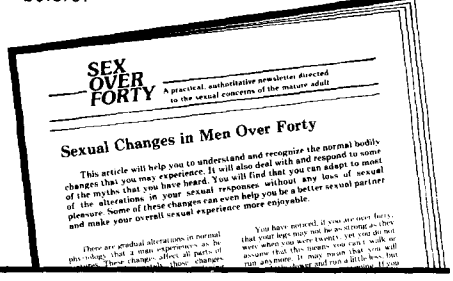
Sex Over Forty is the unique, monthly newsletter that gives you the vital information you need to enjoy satisfying sex literally for the rest of your life.

Every issue provides *authoritative, practical* guidance. Specific facts in plain English—never technical jargon. Frank, explicit answers to subscriber questions. Solutions to problems. And step-by-step "how-to-do-it" instructions.

A sampling of our practical, helpful articles.

How many of these articles could you benefit from?

- A comprehensive guide to the normal sexual changes experienced by men and women over forty.
- Difficulty getting an erection? This 11-point checklist can help you identify the cause.
- How the medications you take may affect your ability to function sexually— and what you can do about it.
- How a man can help his partner achieve orgasm—even if she's never climaxed before.


SEX OVER FORTY
A practical, authoritative newsletter directed to the sexual concerns of the mature adult

Sexual Changes in Men Over Forty

This article will help you to understand and recognize the normal bodily changes that you may experience. It will also deal with and respond to some of the myths that you have heard. You will find that you can adapt to most of the alterations in your sexual responses without any loss of sexual pleasure. Some of these changes can even help you be a better sexual partner and make your overall sexual experience more enjoyable.

Dr. Rosenthal counseling a couple in his San Antonio office.

- You *can* restore excitement to a relationship that's become monotonous.
- Outside stresses can seriously impair sexual desire and performance. How to deal with the problem.
- A man's most common sexual fears—and how to overcome them.
- Strengthening your "sexual muscles" can add to your enjoyment—and to your partner's. Try these easy exercises.
- How to stimulate a woman's "G spot" —the most overlooked sexually sensitive area.
- Breaking through the walls that divide us. How to talk to your partner about your sexual needs and concerns.
- A simple technnique you can try at home to cure premature ejaculation.
- How to use oral sex to satisfy your partner.
- The 9 factors that make relationships succeed—or fail.
- How safe is sex after a heart attack?

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Dr. Rosenthal, editor of Sex Over Forty, *is a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Medical School. He delivered the first presentation on Masters and Johnson type sex therapy to the American Psychiatric Association. He is a Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association and a Diplomate of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology.*

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Those [illegible] wrote for [illegible] told us that [illegible] corn waffles [illegible] when made with [illegible] When we offered [illegible] lysine corn to the [illegible] wrote, we had no idea [illegible] we would receive [illegible] 12,500 inquiries.

We wish we could mail [illegible] bags to all our [illegible] but we must now limit [illegible] those who send a contribution to support our cancer and heart-disease research.

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The Saturday Evening Post Society

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We can't think of a single gift which would do more for your good health than to start you using high-lysine corn meal and high-fiber unprocessed miller's bran.

We've been writing about the virtues of high-fiber wheat bran for years, and lately we've been telling you why we believe a high-lysine, low-arginine diet is so beneficial to ward off viruses. Now we're going to put our money where our mouths are. We've bought corn-grinding equipment and our volunteers are bagging the high-lysine corn meal as well as unprocessed miller's wheat bran, which has been donated to us by a generous miller. We're packaging both in lined, brown paper bags to get people started who haven't yet discovered the amazing benefits of adding back the bran, or going on a high-lysine, low-arginine diet.

Readers ask us repeatedly, "Exactly how much bran should I take?" So we called Dr. Denis Burkitt, the godfather of the high-fiber discoveries. From London, in his inimitable British accent, he said, "It varies enormously with different people. What we tell them now is, 'If you have enough fiber, your stools normally float.' And everybody can find out whether their stools float or sink. Take enough to make your stool float," he said. "Some people need more than others." Getting your stool to float will probably double the size of your stool, and this is what you want, says Dr. Burkitt. "Speeding up the transit time is important but it isn't nearly as important as increasing the amount of stool you pass," he said.

We asked him how much stool the average adult male should pass. He replied, "I think he should pass at least 225 grams (about 1/2 pound). The average American today is passing a little over 100 grams (less than 1/4 pound). Stool weights are even more closely related to cancer than the transit time of the food. If I were a doctor examining candidates for life insurance, the first question I'd ask would be, 'How much stool do you pass daily?' If the candidate says, 'About 250 to 300 grams,' well, I'd say, 'I'm not wasting time on blood chemistry tests, you're okay--you can get your policy,' and if he says, 'I don't even get out 100 grams a day,' well, I'd say, 'It's not worthwhile to test you because you're a pretty poor risk.' That's how important a high-volume stool is to your health."

If you care about wellness, I hope you will read the next page.

To your good health,

Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Cory SerVaas, M.D.
Research Director

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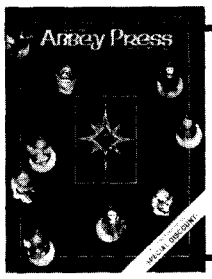

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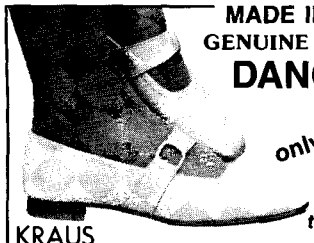

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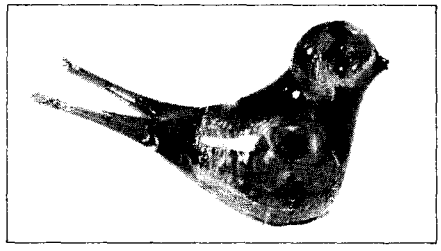

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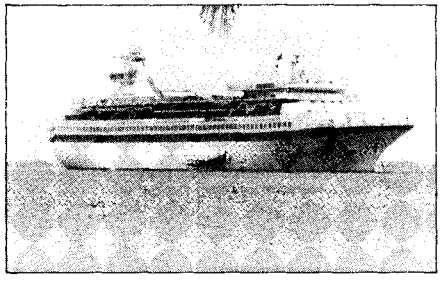

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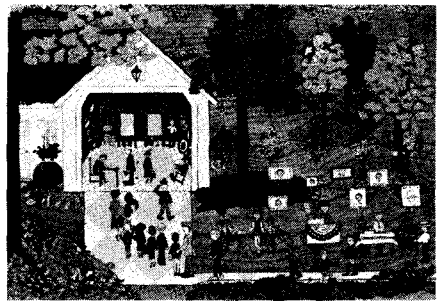

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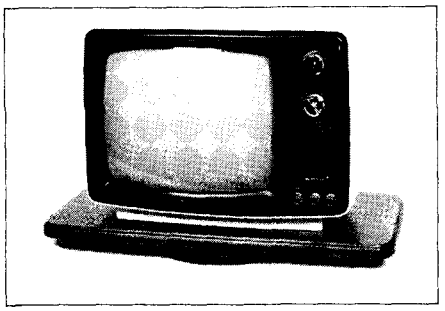

the room. Handsome walnut finish on native pine, 20″ x 10″ x 2″. Free moving turntable with ball-bearing action. $21.97 plus $3 shpg. Holst, Inc., Dept. SPT-1084, 1118 West Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

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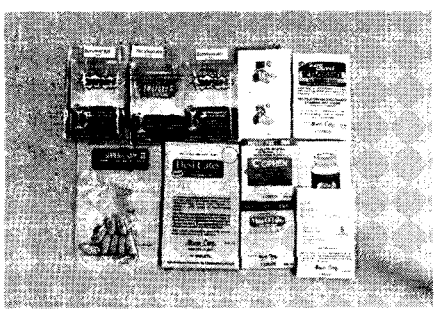

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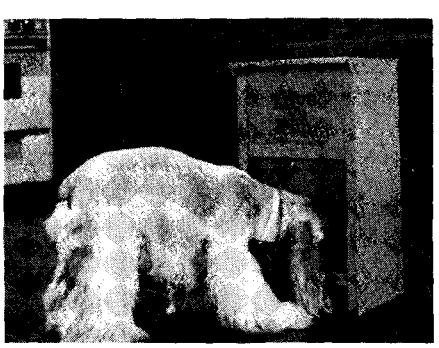

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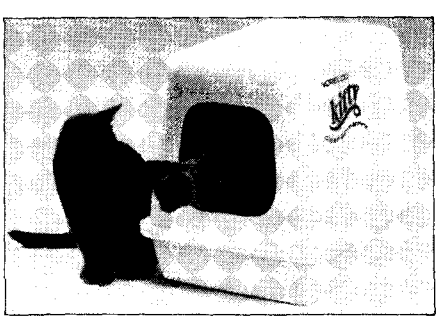

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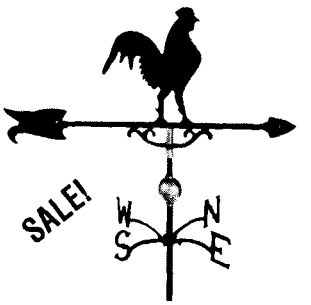

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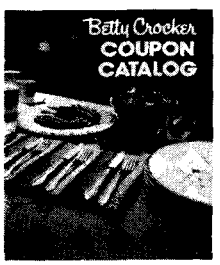

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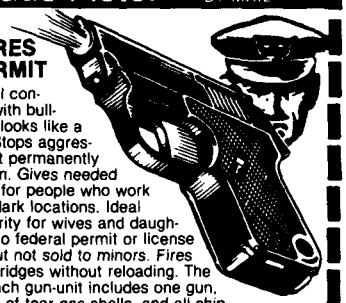

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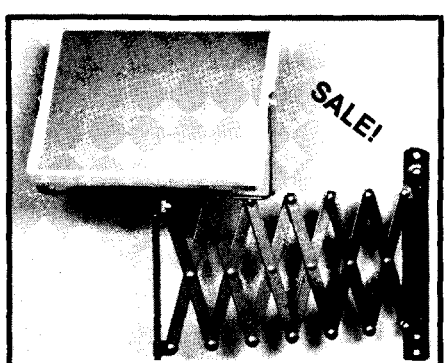

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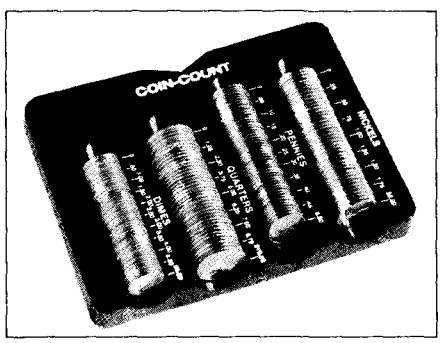

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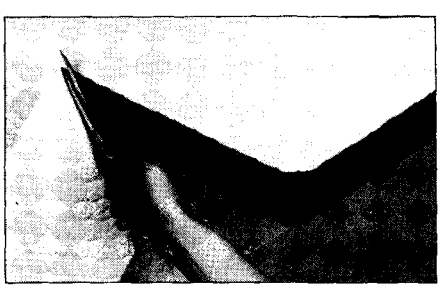

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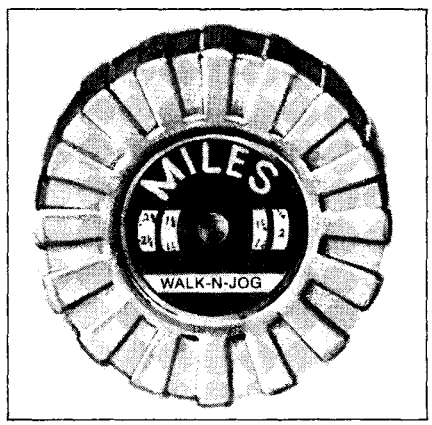

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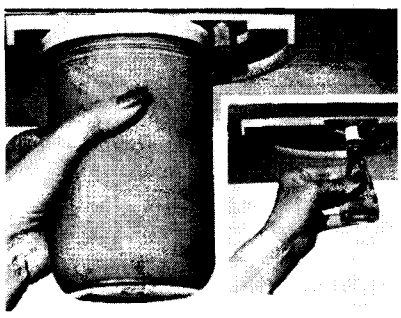

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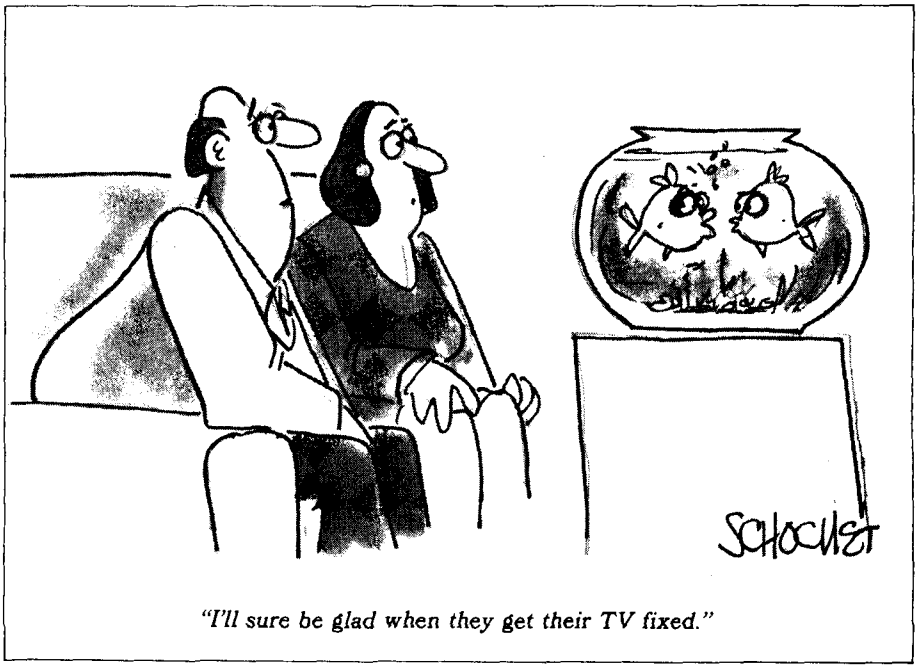

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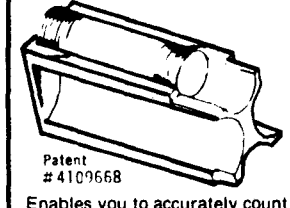

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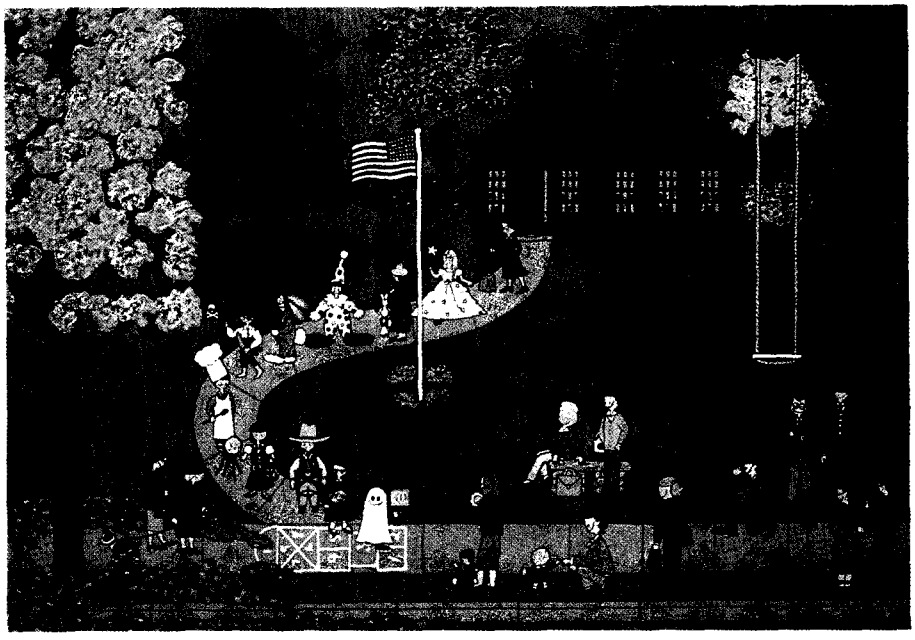

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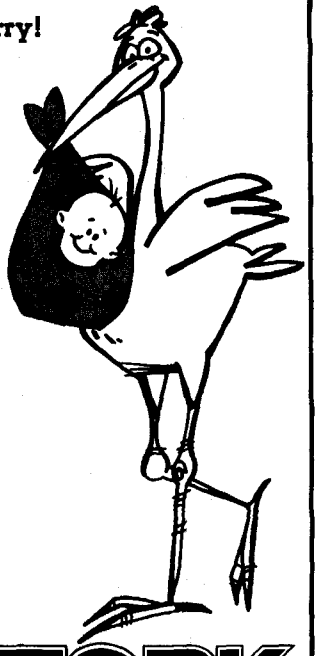

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Summer People

continued from page 33

Express."

I was nearby when Mrs. Chadbourn died one summer, alone. And I took breakfast to Miss Winslow on one of the last mornings of her life. That day she motioned for me to set the tray down on the bureau. Then she called me to the side of her bed. She looked longingly at me for a few minutes before, at last, she said: "Do you know, the world is for the young. Because you have time, and *time* is everything."

Gradually I came to learn that unhappy things did happen to the privileged summer people, and that in grief and despair and loneliness all people are the same.

I look back over the past summer just as I have always looked back over time. For as long as I can remember I have searched my past for the chronological hinges on which the stages of my life have swung. I have wanted to be able to say exactly when certain changes in my life took place: Was there an event that marked the last afternoon of my childhood? Did my adolescence begin with the inning of a baseball game, or the arrival of a letter in one day's mail?

I wonder about these things, and what it means that I have spent my first season as one of the summer people. Instead of working at the tennis club, I belonged. At the restaurants and inns I dirtied china and left it for someone else to wash. Always before, my access to this sort of summer place was gained by way of a job. This summer I paid my own way. But what does it mean?

I turned 33 in August, and on the night of my birthday I thought about the seasons at the hotel when the summer people seemed to me to be so unspeakably old and odd. If in certain ways I have started to become like them, then surely I am approaching that time in my life when I will no longer be called a young man, when the umbrella of youth's resilience is lifted, and when I will not be pardoned for squandering energy and time. This is surely one of the things I will be thinking about throughout the winter.

Indoor Garden

continued from page 49

hales the scent of violets—at night the flowers smell like ripe peaches. Give this oriental shrub bright filtered sunlight and cool breezes at night, and its tiny, celestially fragrant blossoms will lend a breath of spring to every season of the year.

• *J. Arabian sambac* has a velvety fragrance not found in all jasmine. You may want to sniff-test plants in bloom before you buy one. Jasmine is said not to live long indoors, nor will it in hot, stuffy rooms. Success in keeping it healthy and blooming depends on bright sunlight or fluorescents, a moderate daytime temperature and cool nights in an open window. Keep the soil on the dry side, fertilize lightly and shear back the stems to stimulate bloom.

"I'll tell you one thing. . .I've worked for companies with better *dental plans."*

• *Mitriostigma axillare,* related to gardenia, is native to Africa, where it is known as "wild coffee." This beau ideal of impatient gardeners has popcorn eruptions of blush-white bloom that can cover a sprig in a two-inch pot. The flowers, which resemble honeysuckle, have a curious though pleasing aroma.

• Chinese gardenia spiced with a hint of pepper and cloves is most everyone's all-time favorite. Try growing it on your window sill, though, and it may live up to its reputation for being temperamental! For ease of care, put it in your Wardian case, where it will bloom without coaxing and coddling. If you like the large corsage gardenia and have some extra space to spare, don't hesitate to add it to your collection. This plant can be purchased through well-stocked nurseries or mail-order greenhouses. Gardenia Belmont and Miami Supreme are two magnificent varieties that bloom when young and can be pruned when they crowd their neighbors. Unlike their small cousins you see for sale in all the nurseries, mature plants have flowers as big as white camellias. Gardenia adjusts well to fluorescents in the absence of adequate sun. Give the plant a daily misting, and 60°-62° nights. Liquid iron and acid plant food are vital for glossy green leaves.

If you think two months of dazzlingly beautiful flowers atone for ten months of donkey-ear leaves, you may want to try orchids in your Wardian case. You may wish to acquire several plants that bloom at different seasons of the year. Choose orchids that have bloomed before and leave the seedlings and youngsters allegedly "old enough to bloom" to skilled horticulturists who can grow them in the controlled climate of a greenhouse. Avoid "bargains" when shopping for hybrid or species orchids, and buy the best you can afford. A prize-winning clone may cost as much as your Wardian case but, given good care, it can bring you a lifetime of pleasure.

Space permitting, you might like to round out your collection with one or two scented begonias. A fragrant Passiflora vine can steal the show in your window garden, and Natal plum, with its sweet-smelling flowers, edible fruit and dapper foliage, lends itself well to bonsai.

All of these plants, and countless others, are yours for the having—so why not indulge your sense of smell? A pot of jasmine crowned with a perfumed snowdrift of bloom will give you a surge of pride you'll never derive from a pot of ivy.

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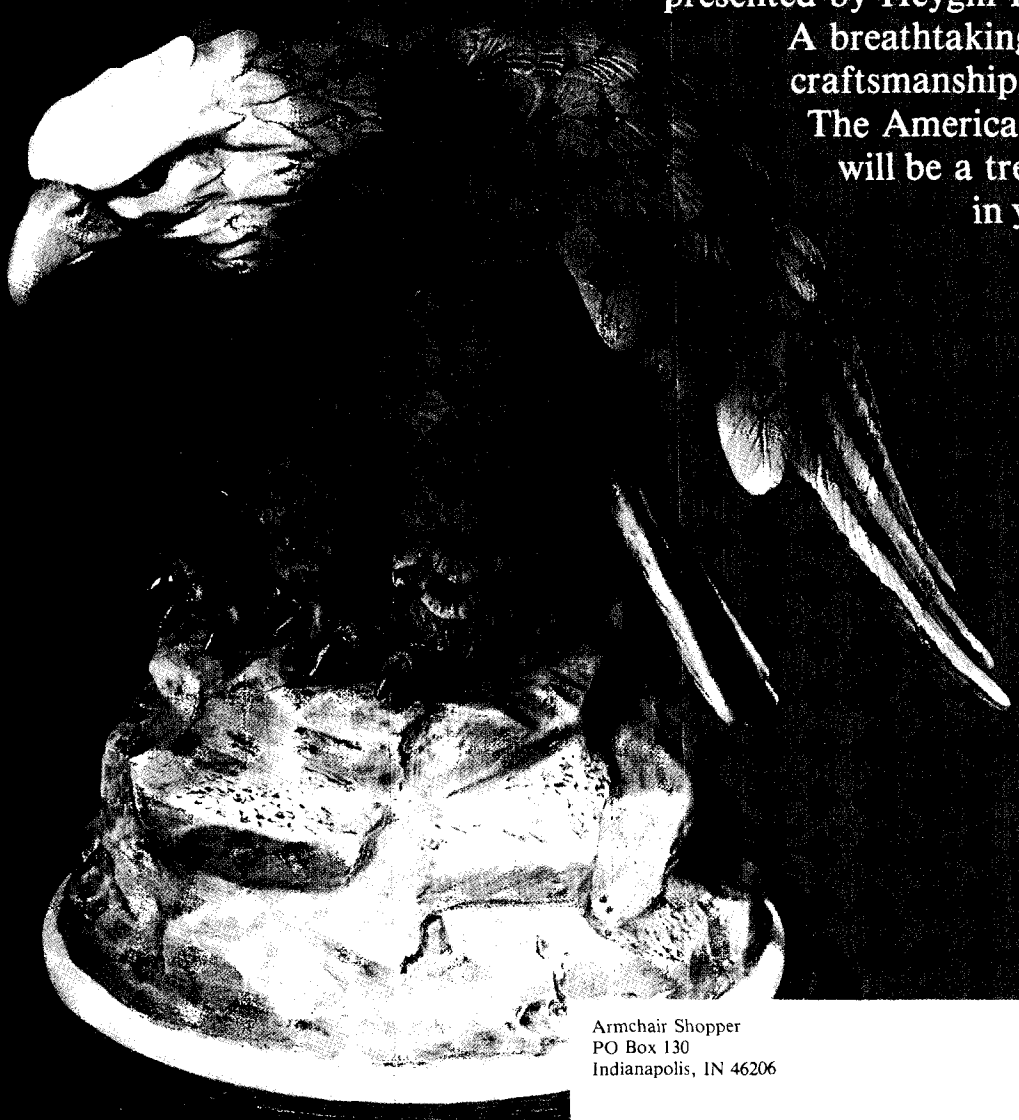

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Miracle

continued from page 45

want that to happen to me. I've been too active. I would always do something. I enjoy my work, especially now that we're over the hump at Chrysler, and I intend to stay until I'm 65, and then after that we'll see. I'll be active doing something. I don't know quite yet what I'll do.

SerVaas: You'll probably start making 20-year plans in a new business.

Iacocca: Five at a time, five at a time.

SerVaas: What's the name of your book?

Iacocca: *Iacocca, an Autobiography.*

SerVaas: That "auto" will be separated from "biography"?

Iacocca: I told them they should make it in the shape of a car, but they didn't take me up on it.

SerVaas: What if someone just asked you, What person in history do you most admire—is there one person?

Iacocca: You know I was a young boy during World War II, and I was always impressed with Winston Churchill because of his ability to communicate—not to speak well but to use the English language and motivate and communicate. Of our own people, I always think I'm closer to someone like a Harry Truman. Pragmatic as h——. Ideology is fine, and we should have some ideals, but sometimes you have to get on with it and do the job. So I'd say people like Truman. A lot of people don't agree with me, but I admire Franklin Roosevelt, too.

SerVaas: How about Teddy Roosevelt?

Iacocca: Yes, I've read about him, but I identify more with people with whom I was a contemporary or at least lived through the same era, so FDR and Truman impressed me during a very difficult period in the world ending up with the nuclear devastation of Japan. So the two of them and Churchill, those type of people—I read all of the books about them. I know a lot about them and I admire them.

SerVaas: My husband is a macho man like you, and Winston Churchill is a man he greatly admired too. Incidentally, one of his companies makes automobile forgings for Chrysler. I don't know if you knew, and when you were down, we would have gone under too, so we were

When the chips were down, Frank Sinatra donated his talent for $1 to help sell Chryslers because friend Lee Iacocca asked him to.

praying for you.

Iacocca: Glad to hear that, because when we were pleading for some government assistance, we talked about 600,000 jobs. We showed them by state the employees we had. But we said, of course, the dealers and the suppliers—11,000 of them—would be more adversely affected than we would be.

I think that's what got us the help, because there were so many legions of people, like yourself, who were dependent on it and through no fault of your own, you could have gone under because of . . .

SerVaas: We were carrying you . . .

Iacocca: Right. You probably were. I will say that. I said that in my book. The suppliers—boy, the group really carried us when it got dark because they gave us extended terms and they were patient, even though they knew we might go under.

SerVaas: Does religion play a part in your life?

Iacocca: Oh sure, it always has. I grew up in a Catholic family, you know. Roman Catholic, Italian family that was very close. We had to go to church every Sunday and I wanted to, and we went to confession and took Holy Communion. We have strong faith, I would rather say, than just religion. You don't wear things like that on your sleeve—you grow up a certain way and I feel strongly about it and I just hope I instill that in my kids. They are pretty good with it too.

SerVaas: Your children are daughters?

Iacocca: Two daughters.

SerVaas: And do you have strong ideas about what you want for your children for the future of America?

Iacocca: Well, first I want them to have good health, of course. And they're more careful than I am. They don't smoke, and they wear their seat belts all the time—things I should probably do.

But what I want for them—I worry about the future of all the kids. Our country has got to be strong, that's why I get involved in issues that go beyond just the company itself. So, sure, I want them to apply themselves and work hard and I try to teach them the basics, most of which were instilled in me by my mother and father—and that is that there are no free lunches, and you've got to really work at it. You've got to persevere and you've got to decide in your life what you want to make of it. We live in the great land of opportunity.

I am an unabashed patriot. I always have been. I believe you can go as far as you want to go. Write it down on paper and then go after it. It usually works because we're blessed to have been born here.

SerVaas: We are blessed in this country and a lot of people were probably praying for you when you went to Washington to get that money.

Iacocca: Yes, I hope so. I had many people come to me. In Detroit, we had a big black population. A lot of Baptist ministers would write me and tell me their Sunday sermon was being given for Chrysler in hopes that we would make it. So I got a lot of prayers from a lot of people when things were tough. Maybe that's what helped more than anything.

SerVaas: Well, somebody listened. We're glad your prayers were an-

Americans won't let some of their favorite institutions die. Lee Iacocca got a little help from another survivor, the SatEvePost, whose executives drove K-cars to help keep Chrysler afloat.

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swered. Do you have, besides your church obviously, do you have other charities or philanthropies that you particularly think someday you'd work for?

Iacocca: Well, I have one major charity, of course. My wife died of the ugly disease, diabetes. I am committed in a *big* way to try before I die to stamp it out in this country. Diabetes, because it affects children and it's hereditary and is passed on. It's a debilitating disease and causes blindness. The disease is just one of the most insidious diseases in the world and that's my most important charity. I work on the Statue of Liberty because that's a labor of love for my parents and freedom and liberty and it's a fascinating and interesting project.

But when it comes to outright charity, I've decided, instead of spending my time with five or six different ones, I really want to put a lot of . . . even before my wife died, we had set up a fellowship in Boston at the Joslin Diabetes Center for basic diabetes research on how to find out what it is and try to stamp it out.

I intend to pour a lot of resources into that, to get the finest young minds in the world to try to work to eradicate it. So that's the most important charity by far.

SerVaas: That's marvelous. Dr. Jim Anderson at the University of Kentucky at Lexington does a lot with fiber to help diabetics require less insulin. Some maturity-onset diabetics can even go off their insulin altogether on a high-fiber and high-carbohydrate diet.

Iacocca: Yes, I know.

SerVaas: But what about your daughters—don't they get after you? You sound just a little bit hoarse. Do you get your vocal cords visualized because you do smoke a cigar?

Iacocca: I only smoke two a day.

SerVaas: Doesn't your doctor look at your vocal cords? Does he put a fiberoptic laryngoscope down your throat?

Iacocca: Oh, sure, I get annual physicals.

SerVaas: And he does look to see if you have a polyp forming there? Are you hoarse now?

Iacocca: I'm a little hoarse today. I just came back from Europe after days and I'm jet lagged. I had a tough day when I first got back. So I'm a little run-down and tired because of the ten-day trip. But usually I'm not. I watch it.

SerVaas: I know executives probably get better health care than most people. Is your lung function checked?

Iacocca: Oh yes, every year. I do the lung-function test to see whether I'm getting better or worse. That's why I run on the treadmill to try to get my lungs going as much as my heart. I get a rather thorough physical annually. I've done that for 30 years. I don't think I've missed one in several years. I think it helps.

SerVaas: Obviously, you are doing something right.

Iacocca: Well, you've got to have stamina to be in the auto business, but especially during the last five years, and especially with Chrysler.

The one thing that you need to do is get rest. You have to have good rest habits and good eating habits. When I overeat—I don't overeat very often—I pay the price because then I've got to go charging the next day. It's tough on your body. So I'm conscious of that.

SerVaas: And sleep is never a problem?

Iacocca: I sleep very well. Thank God for that.

SerVaas: You are crediting your good health to your good genes, because your parents had longevity?

Iacocca: Well, my father died at 83 and my mother . . . we just had a surprise birthday party for her 80th.

SerVaas: For her 80th.

Iacocca: Yes, she looks younger than I do. She's terrific.

SerVaas: And no high blood pressure?

Iacocca: No, very low in fact. Good diet, good Mediterranean diet—pasta for many years in our lives, no fatty meats. Olive oil, sometimes, obviously, but no butter and the like. So . . .

SerVaas: As a child, you probably ate a lot of those good things.

Iacocca: More so than I do now. As you go off into the world, you began traveling a lot and having the best steak in the world, well marbled. And you ate that for 10 or 15 years and you ate desserts and so forth. But I must say that during my wife's very difficult period—for many years she was ill with diabetes—we never had sugar in the house or sweets, so the kids have grown up with a different kind of a diet and I've benefited from it, just automatically. We eat well.

SerVaas: That's marvelous for your future. You probably won't be having a coronary bypass ever. Since you're so health conscious, we'll certainly want to read your book when it's out. Who is publishing it?

Iacocca: Bantam.

SerVaas: It's going to be paperback?

Iacocca: No, hard cover.

SerVaas: Next subject: You know everyone says why doesn't Lee Iacocca can run for President and why *doesn't* he run for President?

Iacocca: Why don't I? For the obvious reason that, first of all, I wouldn't want to run for an elected

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office, ever. I'm not cut out for it. I don't have the temperament for it. I've spent so many years in Washington. They don't need people like me. I've spent all my life in management, making decisions daily. Down there, it's almost a fantasy world to me. I could never fit in. I've often said I could never hack it there.

SerVaas: But the press loves you.

Iacocca: Oh, the press does, and because of the Chrysler story, I've probably had literally thousands of letters suggesting that I run for President in '84. I said early on, "No way," and I still feel strongly about it. I don't mind serving my country in one way or another, but I sure don't feel that I could handle an elective office. We'll see in the future what I might do as the years go on. But that is not one of my dying ambitions.

SerVaas: You'd be a Harry Truman or a Teddy Roosevelt kind of president?

Iacocca: Oh, I know one thing. I'd cut the deficit in half in a night. And I would recommend that to this President. But that's the first thing I'd do if I was President, just cut the deficit in half and then I'd probably change the tax code, which is a scandal, and start over again. It might be difficult. That's why I wouldn't make a good politician, because they say you couldn't make changes. It would take 20 years to do that. It is the inertia, the system itself—our political system doesn't allow you to be practical and get things done, and that's why things don't get done. They go with that attitude. I've been close enough to the last few Presidents to know that I wouldn't want the job. I do not envy them, believe me.

SerVaas: There's also a great danger you might get shot.

Iacocca: Well, I never think along those lines. I could get shot in this job too, by the way.

SerVaas: You probably get a lot of threats where you are?

Iacocca: Well, I don't talk about them, but you know in any job where you are highly visible you are bound to get a lot of people wanting not to just write to you but talk to you and sometimes meet up with you and you have to be careful. You have to be cautious.

SerVaas: Do you know Bob Hope very well?

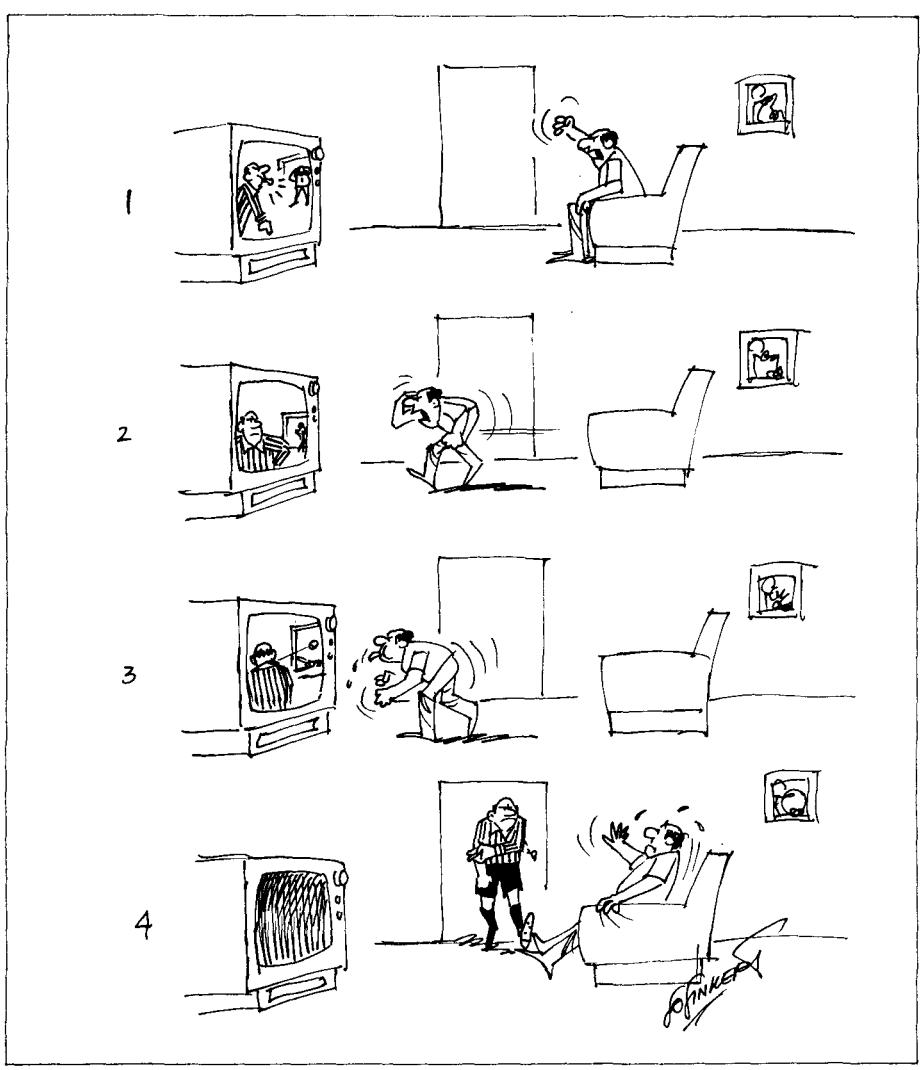
Iacocca: Very well.

SerVaas: Do you know when I interviewed him, he had the marvelous story about how they all wanted his wife Dolores to quit smoking. And she just wouldn't quit, but she was really smoking so much that she needed to. The five or six of her best friends each bet her $100 that she couldn't quit till Christmas. She wanted to collect, so she quit from August until Christmas and never smoked again. I was so impressed with the way he told that to me that I would like to ask you something. Would you think Chrysler might enter a Quitters Sweepstakes with the SatEvePost Society and some other organizations which would all pitch in to give some motivational prizes? If everyone who came into your dealerships could drop his name in the sweepstakes drawing for every month he quit . . . we could probably persuade a lot of smokers to quit.

Iacocca: Yes, we are pretty active in this. As I said, we have Joe Califano on our board, who probably is the No. 1 man in the nation on the anti-smoking crusade for the last 15 years. In fact, he's a convert of the first order and he does it with zeal, so we get plenty of prodding with him, and we have some pretty good programs here. We'd always be interested. We have a group here that's pretty good and active in this whole program. If you have suggestions for programs like that, you send it in to me, and I'll get it in the right hands. There's something we could do together.

SerVaas: I'll surely do that. Well, I think that at Chrysler, you know, you have the image of a winner. People watch what Lee Iacocca does.

Iacocca: I must say that anytime the doctor who saved my life as a kid saw me with a cigar at a press conference, he'd write me and tell me that, since I'm a role model these days to a lot of these kids watching, I should never smoke. In the last few years, I have been very conscious of never being seen with a cigar in my hand in photography for that reason.



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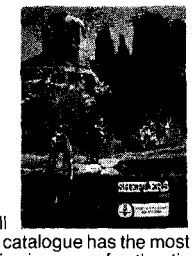

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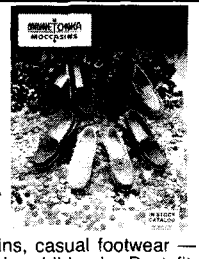

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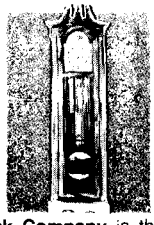

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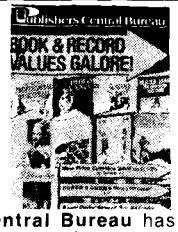

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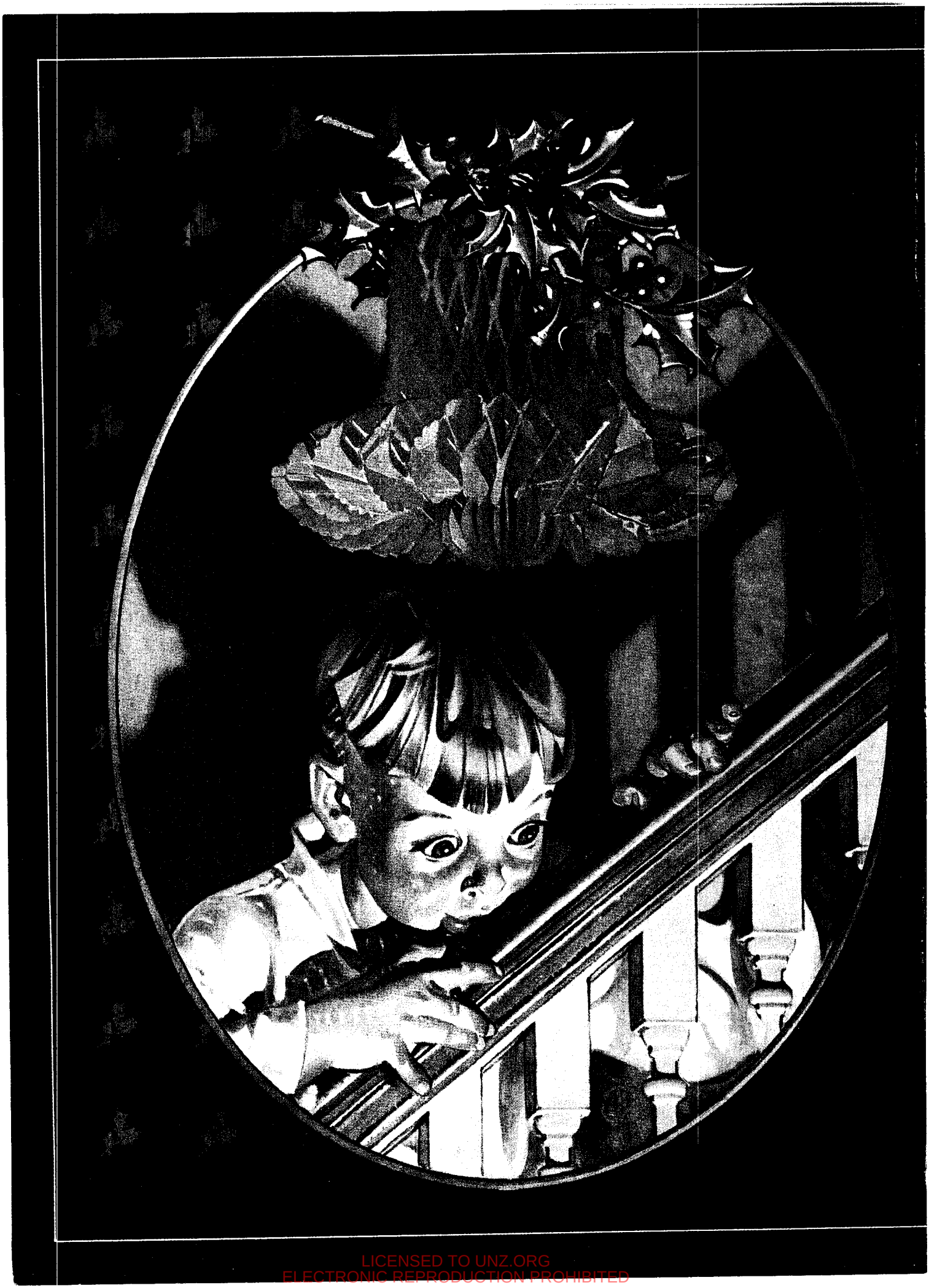

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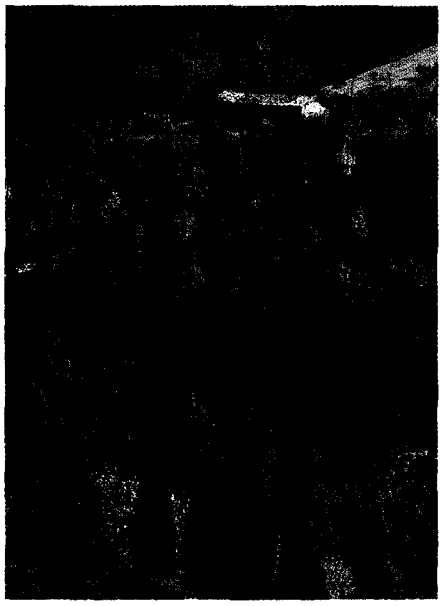


The scenic area that surrounds the city of Bologna is so fertile, Italians have given it the nickname "Adam's Table."

ITALY'S GENEROUS HEART

Home of pasta, Parmesan and Pavarotti, the northern Italian region of Emilia-Romagna treats visitors to the good life, Italian style.

by Robert H. Bradford

The northern Italian region of Emilia-Romagna has a problem. All its roads seem to lead to important cities situated elsewhere, and travelers routinely flit by on their way to Milan or Venice or Florence. But those with taste are advised to stop and explore this little-advertised area between the Adriatic and the Apennines, for here they will enjoy the most abundant helping of the good life available anywhere in Italy.

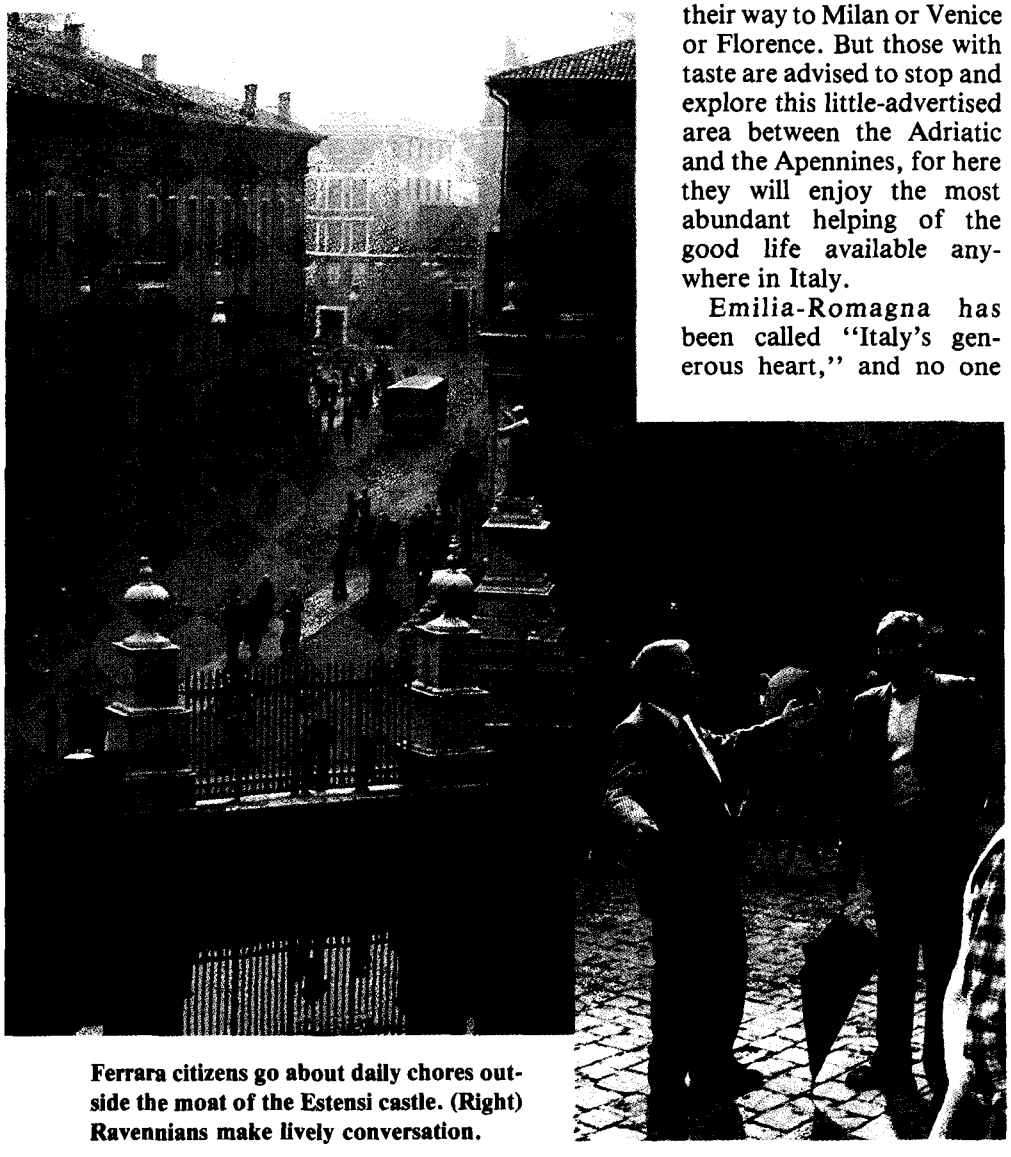
Emilia-Romagna has been called "Italy's generous heart," and no one will argue the point that it is the country's gastronomic capital. Its cities—Parma, Piacenza, Modena, Ferrara, Ravenna, Forli, Bologna—may offer less striking images than Venice or Rome, but their residents enjoy Italy's highest standard of living, and to visitors they provide a cultural feast generously peppered with works of genius from all areas of Italian art.

Such contemporary Italian film makers as Fellini, Antonioni, Pasolini, Zavattini and Bertolucci grew up here under the magical atmosphere of the region's misty, picturesque landscapes, its medieval settings and the intense real-life drama of its people.

From Emilia-Romagna's sophisticated musical environment have emerged legendary performers, composers and conductors: Frescobaldi, Toscanini, Verdi, Tebaldi, Pavarotti and Anna Moffo. Operatic audiences here are the world's most demanding and so intolerant of bad form that even the native son Pavarotti was booed off a Parma stage following his unbecoming role in the cornball film *Yes, Giorgio* and Anna Moffo was forbidden to perform in several leading Emilia-Romagnan opera houses after "indiscretions" in another silver-screen disaster.

Other arts and letters are represented by the likes of Correggio, Dante, Parmigianino, Bellocchio, Cavani and Savonarola. Industry and science have been represented too by the inventive talents of Galvani and Marconi. Maserati, Fiat and Ferrari's own streamlined works of art snarl and roar along the Emilian Way, an *autostrada* that has always been this region's central east-west spine. The ancient Romans designed it as the *Via Aemilia* for their rumbling chariots almost 200 years before Christ.

Tangible history begins in Emilia-Romagna with the earliest Etruscans and con-



Ferrara citizens go about daily chores outside the moat of the Estensi castle. (Right) Ravennians make lively conversation.

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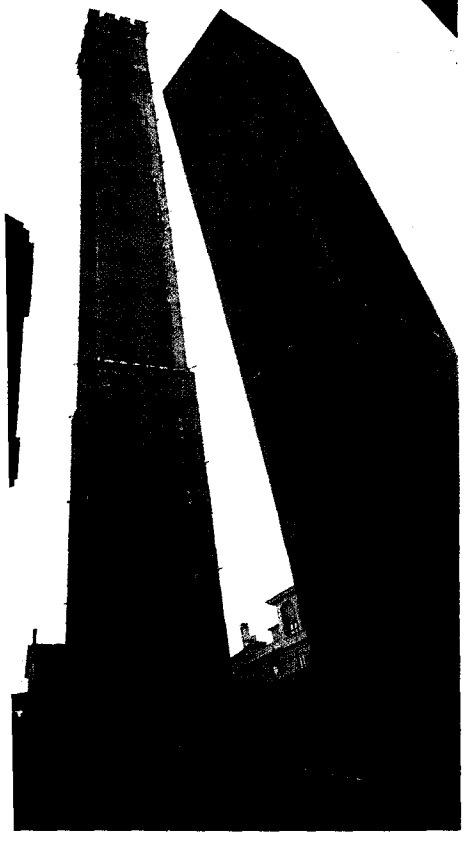

The 700-year-old Asinelli and Garisenda leaning towers impart an interesting slant to the skyline of downtown Bologna.

tinues through a patchwork of Roman domination, barbarian takeovers, Byzantine conquests, independent city-state dynasties, papal control in the 1500s and, more recently, Austrian-Hapsburg, then French, occupation.

One historic stopping point along the resort-studded Adriatic coast is Ravenna. Its "mosaic-city blend" of Hellenistic-Roman and Byzantine architecture includes the aisles and soaring arches of remarkably well-preserved sixth- and seventh-century churches. From the luminescent interiors and elegant belltowers of the San Vitale and Sant'Apollinare in Class, "a sweet and solemn rhythm still seems to flow," Dante once observed. And so it does to this day. Dante's bones themselves rest in a stately tomb nearby. Outside this bustling little town and its Venetian-style square stand whispering pine forests described by Byron and Dante.

An hour's drive north from Ravenna is Ferrara, holdover from the Middle Ages, when individual city-state dynasties—Pallavinci, Bentivoglio, Estensi—were the law of the land. Ferrara is Europe's first example of true wide-scale city planning, accomplished in the 14th century, when the channel of a mercurial Po Delta tributary altered course dramatically. Among the most arresting structures here are the stunning Romanesque-Gothic style cathedral, San Giorgio (which has graced the cover of more than one classical Italian music album), the Estensi family's diamond-shaped palace and the brooding 13th-century Estensi castle—a classic medieval military fortress. At least

Passersby get more than just the time of day from the clock tower of the governor's palace in Parma's Garibaldi square.

one of the dukes must have been a voyeur, it seems, since many of the interior high ceilings are frescoed with sporting naked figures.

But most notable about Ferrara are the seemingly perpetual mists that hang upon the community like a shroud, a reminder of the sorrowful events that have occurred here over the centuries. The movie maker Vittorio De Sica used this moist light effectively in his Nazi-persecution masterpiece, *The Garden of the*

Wines of the Tamassia family will go to Bolognese tables, as will the fresh produce above.

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Finzi-Continis. In the 15th century the religious zealot Girolamo Savonarola, a Dominican monk, was burned at the stake in the shadow of Ferrara's cathedral, and five centuries later, during the World War II Nazi occupation, numerous leading Ferrarese were martyred by machine gun. The grisly time has been documented in the local author Giorgio Bassani's book, *Five Stories of Ferrara*, now being made into a film.

But fascinating as these and so many other Emilia-Romagnan locations are, the region's capital city, Bologna, deserves the most attention for its culture, its history and especially its food. Food is so important to the Bolognese that people don't ask you how you feel as quickly as where you have just eaten.

"Bologna is probably the only city in Italy whose name is instantly associated. . .not with monuments, not with artists, not with heroes, but with food," says the Emilia-Romagnan author and culinary teacher, Marcella Hazan. "Eating [here] is one more manifestation of the Italians' age-old gift of making art out of life."

Bologna's food art actually begins in the surrounding "Adam's Garden," blessed with some of the most productive soil on earth. This area places some of the world's most spectacular fruits, vegetables and finest-quality wheat on Bologna's doorstep. The city's medieval marketplace and covered shopping pavilions are loaded with produce stalls that overflow with everything from magenta *radicchio* (wild chicory) to Italy's most-prized (and costly) fresh black-and-white truffles, *tartufi freschi.* There's seafood, too—oceans of it—fresh with that distinctive, rare succulence provided by Adriatic waters, less salty than normal sea water.

There's more: shops with breathtaking arrays of hanging meats including that local, noble pork sausage, *mortadella* (an 800-year-old forebear of American baloney, only vastly more refined). Here, too, are the renowned, delicate and dry Parma hams and the even more famous *Parmigiano-Reggiano* cheese that has been the midwife to all Italian cuisine for more than 700 years.

Most of the many imaginatively shaped, delicious breads of the region are on hand here—and of course vast varieties of paper-thin pasta creations stuffed with sausages, nuts, vegetables, seasoned meats or plain cheese. *Tagliatelle* is one thin, light pasta variety that Bolognese say was first inspired by the fine flaxen locks of Lucrezia Borgia, a frequent visitor here. (She left her vials of arsenic at home, we assume.) Legend has it also that the famous *tortellini* that customarily begins a Bolognese Christmas feast was invented by a lovelorn local chef obsessed by a particular lady friend's navel. But whatever the origins, so popular are these plump little hand-fashioned rings of dough today that one Bologna establishment, E.F. Tamburini, sells three tons of its own basement-produced version in the two days before Christmas alone.

One of Bologna's time-honored sobriquets is *La Grassa,* meaning The Fat. The term is more a recognition of the community's prosperity in general than a comment on adiposity, for one of the surprises here is how few Bolognese are overweight—possibly a testament to the continual surge of energy you see about this place. Pedestrians stroll constantly along the 35 kilometers of sheltered sidewalks for which Bologna is famous. These walks provide a unique street life and make it perhaps the only city in the world where one can stroll in the rain and never get wet.

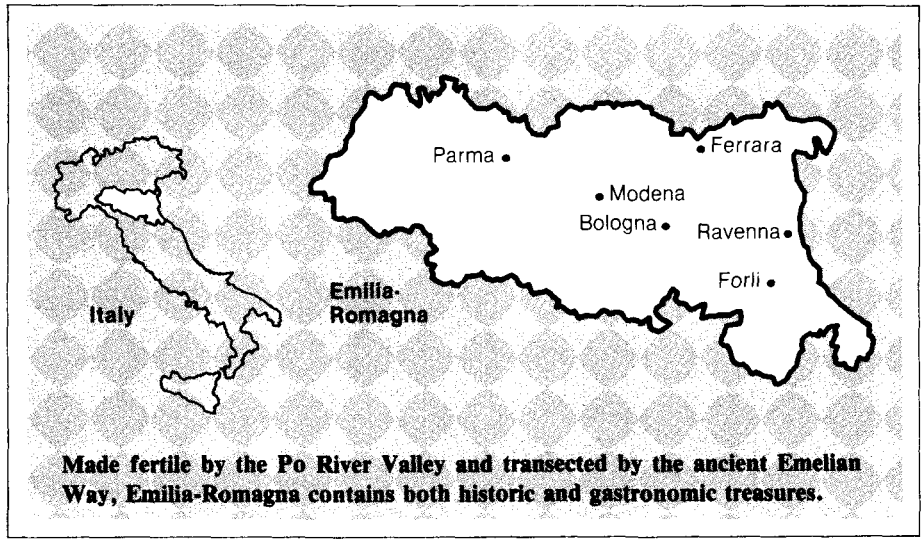
Historians have called Bologna "the most beautiful Italian city for the beauty of its streets alone," and other than Venice it is the most livable and perfectly preserved historic center in Italy. Not one but two dramatic leaning towers have been tilting over this ancient city's *Piazza Maggiori* for some 700 years. Uncowed, citizens gather daily beneath their precarious walls to sip from thimblelike cups of cappuccino.

Bologna has always been a "people city" representing a crossroads of cultures, a study in the science of compromise ever since the Romans colonized it as *Culta Bononia* in 189 B.C. The oldest university in Europe was founded here in 1076—an institute run by students, *not* professors—and it quickly developed into the Western world's leading center for the sciences, law and history. Bolognese medical students became the world's first "body snatchers," and sneaked in cadavers to practice hands-on human-anatomy studies unfazed by the numerous and strict church decrees to the contrary.

In 1228, Bologna created one of the world's first models of commune city government, ruled by craftsmen guilds rather than the usual oligarchic dictate of the times. And while architectural style was still Romanesque everywhere else, Bolognese architects were defiantly moving ahead into Gothic.

Considering all this, it comes as no surprise to learn that Bologna's oldest nickname is *La Dotta,* The Learned. And to this day it remains one of Italy's great fountainheads of intellectual independence.

Most other Italian communities have been compared to "alfresco museums"—places with spectacular structures and monuments. There's plenty of that in Bologna, too. But what is really compelling here—and throughout Emilia-Romagna—is the living society of people who reside in "Italy's generous heart." ✖



Made fertile by the Po River Valley and transected by the ancient Emelian Way, Emilia-Romagna contains both historic and gastronomic treasures.

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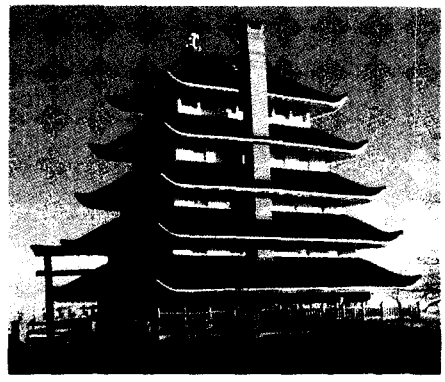
Where in the World?

Around the world in four, small pictures—but one is much closer to home than you might think.

A

- ☐ *Alaska*
- ☐ *Vermont*
- ☐ *California*

These columnar rock formations were set aside as a national monument in 1911 and are found near one of our most famous national parks. They are basaltic, blue gray and hexagonal, about 60 feet high; they resulted from the cracking of the basalt (lava) mass while it cooled.



B

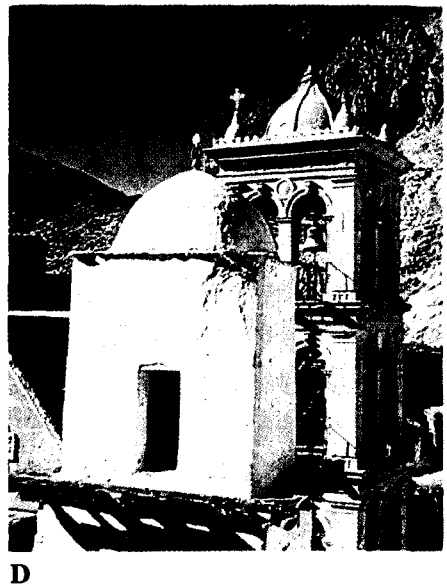
- ☐ *Manchuria*
- ☐ *Honshu*
- ☐ *Pennsylvania*

Visitors to this mountainous land often espy a pagodalike structure from afar. What exotic Kublai Khan must have ordered its erection? The structure has been carefully preserved and maintained by the locals so that posterity too might revel in its splendor.

C

- ☐ *Arizona*
- ☐ *Texas*
- ☐ *Puerto Rico*

If these walls could talk, they'd tell about how John Wayne fought off the . . . whoops! Guess our Hollywood is getting the better of our history. In fact, when they say "Lone Star" around here, it has nothing to do with the Duke's marquee position, but it has a lot to do with one of history's most famous fights.



D

- ☐ *Israel*
- ☐ *Egypt*
- ☐ *Greece*

Another historic site made famous by a big movie star. (Hint: He was featured in last month's *SEP*.) The movie was a hit, but we recommend the Book. The church is a 1,400-year-old Johnny-come-lately to this spot, holy to three religions.

Answers on page 101

The Lady

continued from page 61

the 19th century, and in those days and up until the middle 1950s it was very often fatal. There is a treatment now. But, of course, it can't be treated if it isn't diagnosed. That's the problem. In that respect, Sheila was a classic case.

"I remember my first look at Sheila. Bob Brewer had called me and said he had some doubts about a psychiatric patient at Alvarado, and would I take a look. So the next day I went up to Four South when I finished my regular rounds. The first order of business is the visual impression. And oh, Lord! She was pathetic—truly pathetic. She was lying in bed and not exactly crying—sort of whimpering. There was a feeling of just hopelessness. Her beauty made it all the worse. I knew the moment I saw her that there was a profound, generalized muscle weakness. I called a nurse, and we got her sitting up. She tried to help, but it was a genuine, real weakness. Nothing functional about it. Her face was normal, and so was her speech. There was a slight nasal character, but not much. I had the nurse get her to her feet and walk. It was a definitely abnormal gait—it was a waddle. That indicated a hip-girdle weakness. We have a scale of evaluation. It begins at zero, then trace, then poor, then fair, then good. Sheila's hip and shoulder girdles were poor to fair. Her body and feet were in the good range. The weakness was symmetrical, and there was just no question about it. I knew her history, and I didn't believe a word of all those psychiatric evaluations. This was a serious muscle disease.

"It's sad to think how close she came to an early diagnosis. I'm talking about that young doctor up in Los Angeles. He suspected myasthenia gravis, but he made the common mistake of going entirely by the book. The books all emphasize that the presenting symptoms are drooping eyelids, facial weakness and palatal weakness—difficulty in speaking. The classic teaching requires the presence of one or more of those symptoms for a diagnosis of myasthenia. I had one patient who was referred to me by an ophthalmologist. A man had come to him complaining that he was losing his eyesight. The ophthal-

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mologist recognized that the cause of his failing sight was the drooping eyelids of myasthenia gravis. I wish the textbooks were a little less rigid. But the fact is that a mere suspicion of myasthenia is enough, because there's a quick and easy diagnostic test that is almost entirely reliable.

"Myasthenia gravis is a fundamentally mysterious disease. I mean the basic cause is unknown. It is generally thought to be one of the several autoimmune diseases—the consequence of some disturbance in the body's immune system. Antibodies appear in the blood that interfere with the supply of a substance called acetylcholine, which mediates neuromuscular function. I'm putting a highly complicated process in very simple terms. The result of this inhibition is a weakness much like the weakness induced by the poison curare, and the treatment of myasthenia gravis has derived from an understanding of curare intoxication. The site of the physiological defect in both curare poisoning and myasthenia gravis is the neuromuscular junction. In the absence of acetylcholine, the muscular reponse very rapidly decreases. A period of rest will, at least for a time, restore sufficient acetylcholine to allow for normal function, but only for a limited time. Then the weakness returns. Drugs have been developed that are antagonistic, in varying degrees, to the substance that inhibits acetylcholine. One of these anticholinesterase agents is involved in the diagnostic test for myasthenia gravis. Tensilon—or, generically, edrophonium chloride—has the power to restore almost normal muscular function almost instantly, in a matter of moments. Its effect lasts only moments, but a positive response to Tensilon is diagnostic of myasthenia gravis.

"Tensilon was developed at Mt. Sinai in 1952, and I've used it many times. The effect is always startling. I gave Sheila the usual dose—ten milligrams, injected intravenously. I waited a moment, and then checked her arm strength. There was resistance to pressure—maybe 80 to 85 per cent of normal. So I asked her to get up and walk. She said, 'You know I can't walk.' I told her to try. She gave me a doubtful look—and sat up. Then she stood up. Then she walked across the room. It was a miracle. It's always a miracle, but this was one of

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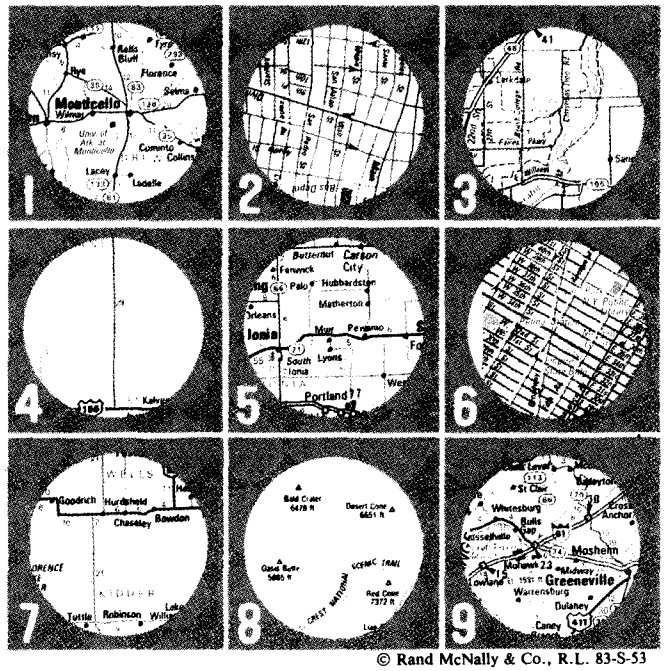
the most miraculous. I'll never forget the look on her face. She was dazed. She was stunned. The tears were running down her cheeks. I felt the way I always do when I see that miracle happen. I felt—I don't know—almost godlike. Then she began to give out. I helped her back to bed. She collapsed. It was all over."

Sheila Allen was discharged from Alvarado Community Hospital on the morning of Thursday, October 26, 1978. That was 15 days after the day of her admittance and 8 days after her dramatic noonday meeting with Dr. Baughman. In the course of those 8 days, she was introduced to another, and more durable, anticholinesterase agent, called Mestinon, and an effective dosage (one 60-milligram tablet every four hours) was determined. Tensilon is of only diagnostic value. The discharge summary noted, "Discharged to outpatient treatment, to be followed by Dr. Patricia Marrow for supportive psychotherapy (in adjusting to the presence of a chronic debilitating illness) and by Dr. Fred Baughman for control of myasthenia gravis." Her condition, the summary added, was "markedly improved." It was indeed. The friend who had helped her into the hospital was there to meet her on her departure. She was pleased by his thoughtfulness, she was glad to have his company, but she didn't need his help. She walked out of the hospital with the easy gait of any normal 24-year-old woman. She was, for all practical purposes, a normal young woman, and two weeks later, in early November, she was leading a normal life. She had a job demonstrating cosmetics at a San Diego department store, and she was attending evening classes at a school for real-estate brokers.

Dr. Baughman saw Miss Allen at his office soon after her hospital discharge, and once a month thereafter. At their December meeting, on December 5, he noted that her response to Mestinon was entirely satisfactory. It was better than that of many other patients in his experience, and inferior to none. Nevertheless, he watched her closely and questioned her closely at their monthly meetings. There is always a chance that Mestinon, or any other anticholinesterase agent, may in time weaken in its mastery. There is a surgical procedure that can provide a vigorous supplement to Mestinon therapy. This involves the removal of the thymus gland. The thymus is one of the endocrine glands and is situated in the windpipe, just below the thyroid gland. Its function has to do with the development and maintenance of the immunological system. The thymus develops rapidly in infancy, grows more slowly until around puberty and then, in most people, begins to wither away. It has been established that in victims of myasthenia gravis the thymus is abnormally intact, and its functions seem to have been perverted into the phenomenon of autoimmunity. In the course of the summer of 1979, Dr. Baughman decided that Miss Allen would benefit from the removal of her thymus, and he arranged with a thoracic surgeon named David M. Long to perform the operation. Miss Allen was admitted to El Cajon Valley Hospital on September 25 and underwent a transcervical thymectomy the following morning. The operation was a complete success, and its good results were immediately apparent. Dr. Baughman noted that within less than two hours Miss Allen's muscular powers were stronger than at any time since he had diagnosed her illness. On September 29, she was discharged.

"Oh, sure," Miss Allen told me toward the end of our talk in Dr. Baughman's office. "I knew that a thymectomy was a serious operation. Dr. Baughman told me all about it. But of course I agreed. Whatever he suggested was gospel to me. He was the messiah. He *is* the messiah. I moved back to Los Angeles in January of 1980, but we keep in touch— I'm still on Mestinon; I always will be—and I see him here once a year. It seems to me that I feel better every day. When I moved back to L.A., I had finished my real-estate course, and I went in with my mother and father in their real-estate business. I also did volunteer work for a while in a hospital in the neighborhood. I did physical counseling. Then, in 1982, I heard about a new airline opening up with flights between L.A. and Hawaii, and I applied, and they took me on. I'm a senior flight attendant, and I do seven turnabout flights a month. Between trips, I still work in real estate. The only trouble I have now is trying to hold myself back. I don't want to walk—I want to run. I'm *so* full of strength and energy. I guess I'm making up for lost time. I told my new boyfriend about my myasthenia. He said, 'So what?' We dance all night."



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East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 101)

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Hearing

continued from page 40

follow such instructions. With this new approach, a lightweight headphone transmits tones to the infant while a computer hooked up to electrodes placed on her head records and analyzes the brain waves she emits.

Increasingly sensitive hearing aids are now so miniaturized that the microphone, amplifier, battery, receiver and controls can be housed in a one-ounce packet and be easily worn in or behind the ear or affixed to eyeglasses. An "all-in-the-ear-canal" hearing aid such as President Reagan's has increasing cosmetic appeal, because it fits nearly invisibly into the ear canal and weighs only a few grams. And a new, nonelectronic hearing aid, called an "Earesonator," is also in the works. "This may be the answer for mild hearing loss affecting more than a million Americans," says Richard L. Goode, M.D., professor of surgery at Stanford University School of Medicine.

Some people with conductive hearing loss can benefit from surgery. For those who might, one operation removes from the middle ear the defective stapes, or stirrup bone, crucial to hearing, and replaces it with an artificial device. And in a procedure called tympanoplasty, surgeons can reconstruct a shattered eardrum.

The most encouraging innovation in the treatment of congenital nerve deafness is the cochlear implant, an electronic device that restores some hearing to the totally deaf. "The patient hears sound that's like listening to a radio with static," says Janet Doak, vice president of planning and development at the House Ear Institute in Los Angeles, which has performed more than 300 implants on adults and 90 on children. "Deaf people have a sense of sound, but they can't really make out speech itself—the implant enhances their ability to lip-read."

How to detect hearing loss

The early stages of hearing loss may be hard to detect or easy to push aside. But you should see an audiologist or other medical ear specialist if you:

- routinely turn up the volume on the television or the stereo;
- miss dialogue in the movies unless you are near the loudspeaker;
- notice a ringing or buzzing in your ears;
- constantly ask people to repeat themselves;
- answer questions incorrectly because you misunderstand them;
- suffer frequent ear infections;
- are often told that you speak too loudly;
- can't distinguish between certain words, such as "cat," "sat," "fat";
- have trouble hearing on the telephone.

If you are taking any prescription drugs, such as streptomycin or neomycin, check to see if hearing loss can be a side effect. It's also a good idea to get your hearing checked with an audiometer at least once every two years, especially if you work in a noisy environment or regularly take any drugs that could damage your hearing.

If you use a radio-cassette player with earphones, keep the volume down. Continuous exposure to noise levels approaching one hundred decibels (a volume setting of four or above) can cause permanent hearing loss. And according to one hearing expert, listening at a volume setting of six or higher for only five minutes a day can result in hearing loss within a few years. In a disco or at a rock concert, if you have to shout to be heard or if the noise leaves a ringing in your ears, the sound level is high enough to inflict damage.

Rubella (German measles) can affect your unborn child's hearing. Ask your doctor if you should get a rubella vaccine. Some specialists warn that the vaccine, usually given to school-age children, may last only eight years in some cases. This can leave women of childbearing age susceptible to the disease, which impairs hearing in 60 percent of infants whose mothers have rubella during the first trimester of pregnancy.

To find a hearing specialist, check with your family doctor or county medical society. Or you can contact the National Association for Hearing and Speech Action, 10801 Rockville Pike, Rockville, Maryland 20852, or call toll-free (800) 638-8255 for a list of certified audiologists.

For further information on hearing loss or deafness, contact the National Association of the Deaf, 814 Thayer Ave., Silver Spring, Maryland 20910 (distributes literature, videotapes); the National Center for Law and the Deaf, 800 Florida Ave. N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002 (publishes a newsletter); Gallaudet College (the liberal-arts college for the deaf), Kendall Green, Washington, D.C. 20002 (home of the National Information Center on Deafness); or call your state's society for the deaf.

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Casey Jones

continued from page 53

painted sands of their desert bright as day.

A Columbia University psychologist said that such mass delusions are perfectly understandable in the light of Freud and Pavlov. A minister in Boston said that the beasts of the Apocalypse were abroad on the face of the earth. The *Saturday Review of Literature* said that the psychosis was a remarkable demonstration of the power of Thomas Wolfe's descriptions of trains. All the studios in Hollywood wired offers to Wolfe, and were much disappointed to find that he was dead.

President Dan noticed, not without a certain grim satisfaction, what was happening to motor-truck lines. Without apparent reason, the number of smashed fenders on trucks, the number of trucks forced into ditches, had increased 300 percent. The accidents strangely enough occurred almost entirely at night, and doctors suggested that truck drivers be fed carrots for night blindness. The *New York Times*, tracing the epidemic of smashed fenders, pointed out the extreme vagueness with which the accidents were explained. The first driver to come in without a left front fender had reported, it is true, that a railroad train had crowded him off the highway, the engineer chuckling wickedly in the cab. The driver had been a notorious road hog, and nobody felt bad when he was discharged on suspicion of drunkenness. But thereafter drivers were loath to say how their accidents had come about. Motorists reported that trucks, instead of taking two thirds of the road, were now riding with one wheel off the concrete. The editor of the *Epworth Messenger*, himself a motorist, said that the source of all good works is hidden only to those who will not see.

Persons close to President Dan in those days say that he sat in his big office in Baltimore gritted his teeth like a tobacco worm, and that the B. & O. tracks between Washington and Philadelphia trembled with a constant ague.

"It's just a question whether we or the newspapers find him first," he told the traffic manager. "You know, I sort of admire the cuss," he admitted. "If I met him I wouldn't know

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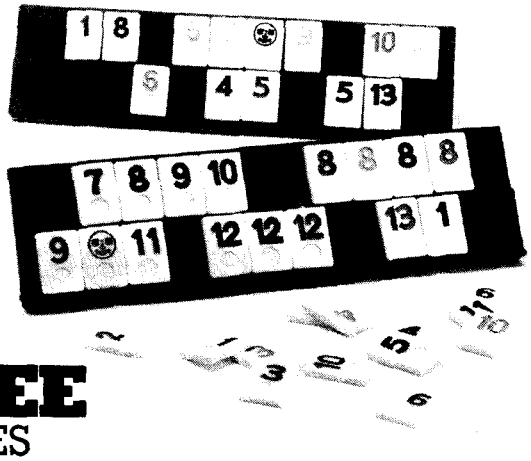

KAY BEE TOY STORES

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whether to fire him or make him a vice president."

But when the president got a post card from Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, he closed himself in his office, and spectators saw the windows bulging and contracting like a horse's sides after a long race. The post card was signed by the executive vice president and the consulting professor. "Have found the train," said the vice president. "Have found the v.p.," said the professor. Then they joined in a final message. "Having fine time," they wrote. "Wish you were here."

President Dan packed his bag. "If I don't come back in ten days," he said, "send the police after the train."

How the newspapers got the story, President Dan never knew. Yet when the story came out, everyone wondered why the newspapers had been so long breaking it. Frank Luther Mott gave a whole chapter to the problem in his *American Journalism* (pages 773-778)—how could the fact that four men were missing in such unusual circumstances be kept so long from reporters? He decided finally it was partly skillful management, partly chance. The railroad had put a new gasoline train on the spur line, and it was implied that Dan Peters and Big Bill, both bachelors and solitary men, had been transferred elsewhere. The executive vice president was habitually away from his office much of the time. As for the professor, his family and the university and the Baltimore Kiwanis Club had simply decided to leave well enough alone. And thus it is that if you are looking today for contemporary accounts of the famous lost train, you must leaf through the papers of that year until July 29 before you find a story that mentions Dan Peters.

It was apparently the conductor's trial on a charge of insanity that uncovered the story. The jury was ten to two for insanity, but the testimony was such a humorous angle on the current locomotive hysteria that a few reporters decided to look farther. They smelled something. A traffic policeman in Weirton, West Virginia, finally uncovered the hot trail.

This copper, sane and sensible, reported to headquarters that about 3 a.m. he had tried to give a ticket to a vehicle passing through the outskirts of town and showing only one headlight. The vehicle was coming toward him. When he signaled it to stop, he was no little startled to find that he had halted a train. There were no tracks; it was on the highway. Under the circumstances, it seemed rather silly to say, as he usually did, "What do you think you are? The Twentieth Century Limited?"

The engineer, a lively little gray-haired fellow, politely returned the ticket, challenging him to produce a law saying that a locomotive must carry more than one headlight. Then one of the passengers had got off the train and given him a long lecture on the laws of optics, proving with diagrams and formulas that the train was better lighted than a fleet of 36½ automobiles; the man had long hair and talked like a professor. When the policeman was thoroughly flabbergasted anyway, he heard the professor fellow call the engineer "Dan," and the thought occurred to him that perhaps he was trying to arrest Dan Scratch, Old Nick himself. The engineer did look red in the glow from the firebox; like a demon from hell in the midst of the red light.

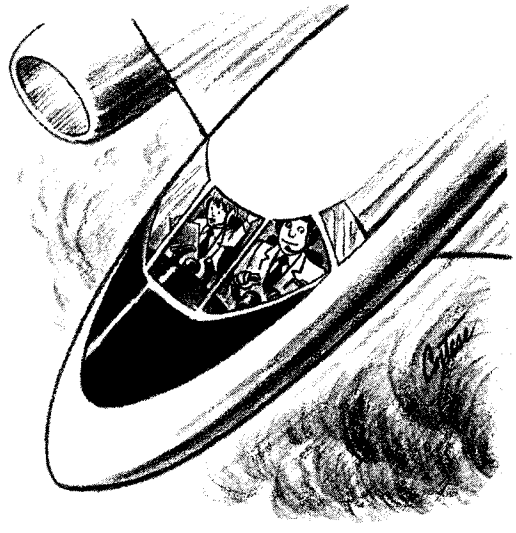
So the officer waved the train on and sat down on the curb to recover his self-possession. When he had nearly decided that the incident had been a moment's madness or a nasty dream, he was reminded by the first light of morning that he was still holding a piece of paper on which the passenger lecturer had been diagramming optics. The paper was not asbestos. In fact, it bore the letterhead of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

"What," everyone asked, "does Dan Peters look like?" For it was discovered that there was nowhere a picture of him. "And is he a genius or a madman? And will he give himself up, or run his train over the Grand Canyon or into the Gulf of Mexico? And what will President Dan Willard do about him?"

"Let us hope," said most of the little people who do not own railroad stocks, "that he will not be fired or put into jail."

The night after Dan Peters' story finally became public property, hardly an eye was closed in the United States. Packs of cars wandered like coyotes over the roads. Seats on high buildings or hills were sold at scalpers' prices, although there was no proo

continued on page 10.



You be the Judge

By John A. Ritter

Rosemary, a lady pilot, longed to fly for an airline, so she applied to Little Ozark Airlines.

"Sorry," said the personnel manager, "but we can't even take your application, because you're too short. Company rules require pilots to be at least 5′7″ tall and you're only 5′5″."

The tearful Rosemary retained an attorney, who sued the company for sex discrimination. "The minimum-height rule is really sex discrimination in disguise," charged the lawyer, "because the average height of women is shorter than men."

If you were the judge would you order the airline to hire Rosemary?

Rosemary loses because the minimum height-rule is job related. "The evidence shows that a pilot's ability to operate all the instruments in the cockpit depends on height, and this is essential to the safe and efficient operation of a plane," said the judge. (Based on a 1978 federal appeals court decision.)

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Shape Up

continued from page 54

position directly under the center of the participant's chest. Participant returns to starting position with arms completely extended.

Procedure: (Women) Participant assumes front-leaning rest position, knees bent, hands placed directly under the shoulders. Shoulders, back and buttocks must be straight from head to knee. Participant begins by bending her elbows and lowering the entire body until her chest touches the floor. Participant returns to starting position with arms completely extended.

The test is terminated when: 1) 1.0 minute has elapsed; 2) the participant stops or pauses.

Curl-Ups

Equipment: Stopwatch. ***Procedure:*** Participant lies flat on the back, knees bent, shoulders touching floor with arms extended completely by the sides, palms down. The tips of the fingers should line up with the front edge of the designated mark on the floor. Feet flat, heels 12 inches from the buttocks secured and held to the floor by partner or tester. In executing the curl-up, the hands stay on the floor sliding forward to reach the next designated mark (positioned three inches forward of the first mark). The movement is accomplished by lifting the head and shoulders off the floor as far as necessary to extend the fingers the required distance.

The test if terminated when: 1) 1.0 minute has elapsed; 2) the participant stops or pauses due to fatigue; 3) improper form is used.

Arm Hang

Equipment: 8-foot high horizontal bar, stool, stopwatch, cloth tape. ***Procedure:*** Participant grasps bar with both hands, palms facing out; holds the bar until fatigue or the maximal level for age group is reached. The examiner starts the watch as soon as the participant is in position and stops the watch when participant releases the bar.

Sit & Reach

Equipment: Yardstick, adhesive tape. ***Procedure:*** The participant may warm up with a few practice stretches before testing. Participant sits on the floor, legs extended, heels about five inches apart. Heels must touch inside edge of tape marker on the floor. The yardstick is placed between the legs, so that the 15-inch mark touches the near edge of the tape-heel line marker. The participant slowly reaches forward with both hands as far as possible touching fingertips to the yardstick and holds this position momentarily. The yardstick indicates the distance reached. The examiner holds the participant's knees to the floor during testing.

Three-Minute Step Test

Equipment: Bench 12 inches high, stopwatch, metronome set at 96 beats per minute (24 steps per minute; four clicks equals one step—"up, up, down, down"). ***Procedure:*** The participant faces the bench and in cadence with the metronome steps one foot up on the bench (first beat), steps up with the second foot (second beat), steps down with one foot (third beat) and steps down with other foot (fourth beat).

Upon completion of three minutes, the participant sits down quickly. The examiner locates the pulse and begins counting within five seconds after the completion of the exercise, and counts for 1.0 full minute.

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WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 96)

1. Arkansas
2. Los Angeles, CA
3. Decatur, IL
4. Kansas
5. Michigan
6. New York City
7. North Dakota
8. Oregon
9. Tennessee

Where in the World

(Answers from page 94)

A. Devils Postpile National Monument is found in eastern California south of Yosemite National Park. **B.** The Pagoda is found on Mount Penn, outside of Reading, Pennsylvania. Built in 1904, it was planned as a luxury hotel, but soon became a tourist attraction. **C.** The Alamo, in San Antonio, Texas, saw Mexican dictator Santa Anna's 12-day siege that resulted in the deaths of Cols. William Travis and James Bowie as well as Davy Crockett and some 200 other men. Crockett was played by John Wayne in *The Alamo*. **D.** The Greek Orthodox monastery of St. Catherine, founded by Justinian in A.D. 530, stands on the location of the Burning Bush on the slopes of Mt. Sinai in Egypt. Charlton Heston, of course, is famed for his portrayal of Moses in *The Ten Commandments*.

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that Dan Peters was within a thousand miles. In later years that night was remembered as Peters-night and celebrated in some parts of the country as *Walpurgisnacht* is in Europe. When, shortly after midnight, a comet blazed out in the southern skies, correspondents reported that the train's headlight had been seen over Alabama, and many disappointed Northerners and Westerners relaxed their own vigilance and listened to reports from the South. Only a few thousand people saw the little train chugging north through a fog that blew off the eastern shoulder of Lake Erie.

It was from Niagara Falls early the next morning that President Dan Willard got the telegram: *Urgent suggest come here stop your train trying cross international bridge.*

When President Dan saw the train puffing quietly there, he was surprised to find it so small. While he had kept the secret locked up in his Baltimore office, the train had grown in his mind to gigantic size. Now he saw a stubby locomotive, a small coal car, one combination coach and baggage car.

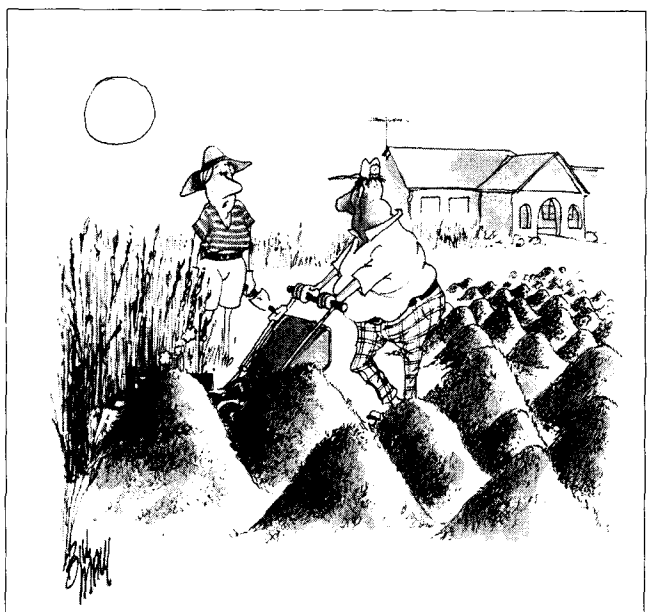
The coach was splattered with mud. Through the half-open doors of the baggage compartment he could see milk cans. The engine's boiler sagged like an old horse's back, and steam sizzled out the joints. Every wheel was worn down below the flange.

It was an old, disreputable, run-down train, and he was a little ashamed of the "B. & O." that shone bright yellow in the morning sun.

The train, said the morning extras, had appeared last night at the entrance to the International Bridge. The engineer had offered the guards 40¢ toll for a motor vehicle with driver and three passengers.

The guards refused the money, and said that they had no instructions for charging trains. As a matter of fact, there was no precedent. And in any case, no vehicle whatsoever could cross the International Bridge, because it wasn't dedicated yet. It was to be a memorial to international peace and friendship, and therefore it was to be dedicated by the secretary of war. So Dan Peters pulled his little train up next to the red-white-and-blue ribbon that the secretary was to cut and said he'd wait. He warmed some cans of beans on the boiler, and he and Big Bill and the guards and the two passengers sat down to breakfast.

Ontario, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio had declared legal holidays, the papers said. In Ottawa, the dominion parliament was meeting to decide whether the train should be allowed to enter Canada. In Washington, the cabinet had been summoned to consider what to do in case Canada decided wrong. And into Niagara Falls people were streaming at the rate of a million an hour, draining the surrounding country dry as a pomegranate.



"If you hadn't let it go so long, you wouldn't have to empty the grass-catcher so often.

As President Dan Willard pushed through the great crowd toward the train, he heard the loudspeakers booming from the stand by the new bridge. The governor of New York was talking. "In the absence of the secretary of war——" he was explaining. He was talking a very long time. But Dan Willard, shouldering his neighbors, soon observed that nobody was listening to the speaker; they were all looking at the train. The loudspeakers droned over a buzz of conversation.

Then one spectator shouted a sentence that the crowd caught up as though a cheerleader were directing them. "We want Dan Peters!" commanded the crowd. The loudspeakers bellowed again. The echo came back: "We want Dan Peters!"

The governor hesitated, smiled brightly, stepped down from the stand and whispered in Dan Peters' ear. Those close by could see Dan shake his head in protest. The governor whispered again, and listened. Then he stepped jauntily back to the stand.

"We are fortunate in having with us today," the loudspeakers crackled, "Mr. Dan Peters, of the B. & O. Railroad, and—ah—other points, who will dedicate the bridge."

The roar that went up from the crowd, they said, could be heard in New York City.

Dan climbed slowly up the steps and put his hand on one of the microphones.

"They tell me this is a peace bridge," he said. Then he put a hand over his bushy eyebrows in an attitude of thought. He paused so long that the people shuffled their feet impatiently and cupped their ears.

"Peace is when you don't have to be afraid," he said slowly. "When all the tough guys keep on their side of the road. That's what we call law and order, I reckon. And when you've got that, you've got freedom. For the little guys who aren't going to hurt anybody. Freedom to keep their own timetables without somebody busting in on 'em. Freedom to make some of the timetables too. Not to have them all come from the main office. Freedom to look at the Tetons and get to know somebody in What Cheer, Iowa. When you get to know somebody, pretty soon you find who you can trust. Like the U.S. and Canada. And because the U.S. trusts Canada, we've got this bridge, and a mighty pretty one it is. And I thank you."

Dan Peters turned away from the applause to go back to the train, but flash bulbs burst around him like an artillery barrage.

"Mr. Peters," a reporter asked, "is there anything left that you want

continued on following page

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to see, after your long trip?"

The microphones picked up his answer, and the crowd held their stomachs and shook with laughter.

"More than anything else," he said, "I'd like to see a zebra, and President Dan Willard, of the B. & O., who is a greater man than Napoleon," he added.

"I'm Dan Willard," said a big man, pushing his way up to the stand.

"It is! It is Dan Willard!" cried the governor.

President Dan hauled himself up on the stand and strode over and took Dan Peters' hand. "I've wanted to meet you," he said. "Bad."

They stood looking at each other while the crowd gave cheer on cheer—big burly Dan Willard and short wiry Dan Peters. He looked tired, the president thought. And old. It had probably been hard work, that trip. But Dan's eyes were a fiery gray when he spoke.

"I thought you would be bigger," Dan said frankly.

"I thought you would be bigger too," said the president. "I thought you would be 20 feet tall."

Dan Peters lowered his eyes. "I'm sorry, Mr. President," he said. "I'm sorry I didn't keep the schedule."

"Dan," rumbled the president, "I can't forgive you for not keeping the schedule. But what I can't forgive I can sometimes forget. I'm going to forget what you didn't do and remember what you did."

"Mr. Peters," said the governor, "if you can move your train enough so we can get the official automobile past it, we want you to cut the ribbon and ride over the bridge with us in the first car."

The two trainmen blanched.

"Did you say 'automobile'?" Dan Willard asked.

"We'll ride over in Casey," said Dan Peters firmly. That was why the governors, the ambassadors, the generals piled into the green, plush coach, the mayors and captains sat on the milk cans in the baggage car, President Dan Willard crawled into the cab with Dan Peters and the cocky little train burst the red-white-and-blue ribbon and moved into the great arch of the new bridge.

"You've done a great thing for the railroads," said President Dan as soon as he could make himself heard above the crowd. "You've been worth thousands of dollars in advertising. The question is, what do you want to do now? Would you like to be a vice president? I want officers with imagination around me. I've been willing to take a chance or two myself, you know."

"I'm not a fancy man," said Dan Peters. "I'm an engineer."

"Then we'll give you a new 16-coach Diesel streamliner," said Dan Willard. "We can get 20,000 applications for your first trip. We'll pass an act of Congress; you can go where you want to."

"You are now insured against fire, flood, theft, liability, sickness, accident, death and any attempts on my part to sell you more insurance."

"No," said Dan Peters. "I don't guess I could drive any train except Casey this way."

"Why not?" asked the president.

"It's a matter of souls," explained Dan Peters. "Casey has a soul. You can talk to him. You can't talk to these shiny new engines. All you can do is feed 'em oil and grease. I don't know whether souls grow or you build 'em in," he said. "I suspect they grow."

"But you can't drive this train any more," said President Dan. "It's worn out."

"Casey's old and tired, and so am I," said Dan Peters. "I'm at pension age and I'm going to retire."

That was why no other train has ever done what Dan Peters' train did, although they say the railroads spent a million dollars trying to build souls into streamliners. They gave Casey the best room in the Smithsonian for his old age, and Dan Willard gave him a pension to keep his metal shining and his whistle whetted. Dan Peters just dropped out of sight. Some people say he went to live in What Cheer, Iowa, and others that he went to Africa to see zebras. They say they have known lots of engineers who feel near enough the way Dan Peters felt to be Dan Peters. Lots of men who aren't engineers, too, for that matter. And Dan Peters didn't tell President Dan he wouldn't ever drive a train again. "I'm going to make my own timetables now," was all he said.

Of course, most of the crowd at Niagara that morning didn't hear what Dan Peters said to the president. The part they remember is the rainbow over the Horseshoe Falls, and the two great railroad Dans— Dan Willard so tall he could hardly stand in the cab, and Dan Peters tipping his cap forward off his gray hair and talking low and lovingly to his engine. And they remember how, in the middle of the bridge, President Dan winked at Dan Peters and pulled on the whistle cord, and Casey's hoarse old voice yelled up and down Niagara gorge. ★

Lee Iacocca

continued from page 47

outside the United States, was what counted.

Symbols are indeed crucial to the rise in national spirit, psychological fulcrums that help swing general trends into focus. And there exist today many symbols of the American resurgence, from the high technology and daring of the space shuttle to the magnificent battleship *New Jersey*, resurrected, again patrolling the seas and calling to mind America's role in the world 40 years ago. And we still haven't fallen from our Olympic high, a fitting summer celebration for

continued on following page

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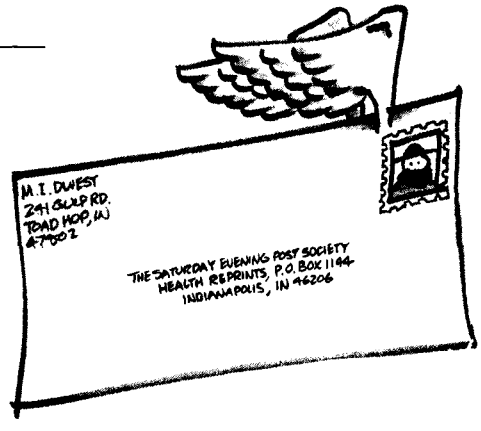
* *Original articles from The Saturday Evening Post*



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the nation's mood.

And then there was Lee Iacocca, who had his back to the wall, painted into a corner and hanging by his fingernails, among other metaphoric travails—a regular industrial Indiana Jones. But he led Chrysler from the Temple of Doom, and his struggle demonstrated what can be achieved with talent and tenacity. Chrysler's battle for survival, moreover, was a microcosm of what was happening all across the country, and Iacocca became a figure admired by citizens across the social and economic spectrum.

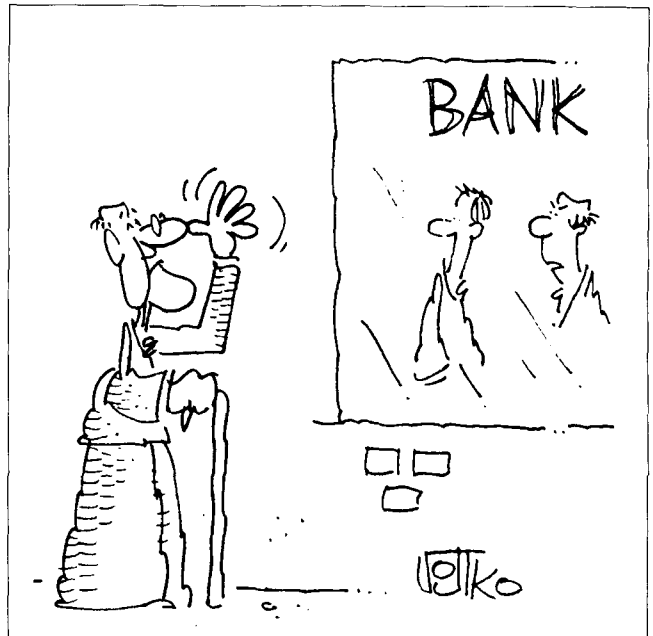
Iacocca, to be sure, had plenty of help in reviving Chrysler—from the autoworkers' union to suppliers and dealers. But it's doubtful that anyone else could have led the company out of harm's way. "There might be some other hotshot somewhere in the country who could have done as well," said a former Iacocca colleague at Ford. "But I don't think anybody in the auto industry could have."

It was Iacocca's guts and self-confidence plus help from a number of talented Ford executives that carried Chrysler back. But in the public mind Lee Iacocca *is* Chrysler, a celebrity who actually has done more than, well, be a celebrity.

As Iacocca stood outside a Denver hotel a couple years ago, a group of tourists recognized Iacocca and began to applaud. On visits to Chrysler factories he's been cheered wildly by workers whose wages he has frozen. "Have you ever heard of a chief executive walking into an American factory in the 1980s and being cheered?" marveled Roger Altman, a former assistant treasury secretary, after going on a plant tour with Iacocca.

Management likes him, too. In a Gallup poll of heads of small and medium-sized businesses, Iacocca was considered the U.S. executive they admired most. Indeed, he got 27 times the number of votes for the runner-up, former IBM chairman Frank Cary. More than a few otherwise sage individuals have openly talked of running Iacocca for the U.S. Presidency, a notion he considers preposterous. For one thing, Iacocca doesn't have the patience or the give-and-take tolerance demanded by politics. For another, in these times no one can be a politician *and* a true American folk hero.

"Heroes are created by popular demand, sometimes out of the scantiest materials," wrote Gerald White Johnson in his 1943 book, *American Heroes and Hero Worship,* ". . .such as the apple that William Tell never shot, the ride that Paul Revere never finished, the flag that Barbara Frietchie never waved." Oh, America had had its genuine heroes. There were early statesman and Presidents—Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln—who certainly deserved the label. We've had military heroes, from Sergeant York to General Patton. And the nation has had heroes who with a single act have inspired millions—the flight of Charles Lindbergh or the icy Potomac rescue swim of Lenny Skutnik.



"The old rip has a 7 percent mortgage with us!"

However, the currency of most heroes in the 1980s has been severely devalued. Our society worships all too many celluloid figures. Though fine actors and actresses who portray great deeds, in reality they do little for society other than to entertain. The same is true for athletic heroes. Sportsmen certainly inspire others, but again the primary role of the home-run hitter or the swift running back is to entertain—a hero created by popular demand.

It is unprecedented that a businessman should engender such attention from average Americans. John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, the railroad barons and other larger-than-life business figures of the past were sometimes respected or feared. Rarely, if ever, did the public perceive them with anything resembling affection. The nation was fascinated with Howard Hughes, but it had little to do with his business activities—his aviation exploits, romances and eccentricities generated interest.

One can speculate on the role the media has played in the heroic coronation of Lee Iacocca. Although he was known as the man behind the popular Mustang while at Ford and his early activities at Chrysler were frequently reported in the business pages, TV commercials made his mug familiar throughout America. And the power that TV commercials carry these days is frightening.

The late William Miller, a forgotten vice-presidential candidate, achieved star status through American Express ads. A couple of dozen retired athletes, only memories to fans, have become cult figures through beer commercials. Iacocca is a natural-born salesman. (In fact, at Ford he once left engineering to sell the cars and spent ten years in face-to-face sales.) As he hustles through his Chrysler commercials, he does have the look of a man too busy to go to a studio. But as Russell Baker pointed out, it is possible that this dynamic look is exactly what an advertising man ordered—and set up.

Still, the edgy, impatient, cocky and demanding persona that comes across may well be pure Iacocca. When he first pitched Chrysler cars, people rooted for him. "I saw him on TV and I like the guy," said a New York cab driver. "He's turning around a company that was down the drain." And plenty of people in the United States admit that they bought Chryslers because they wanted Iacocca to make it, to see the underdog

continued on page 11(

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FINANCIAL PROSPERITY
IS IT GOD'S WILL?

Jack Hartman

If a Christian brother asked you for one minute of your time, would you give it to him? I'd like to ask you to read the following for one minute. You then can decide if you want to read further.

I'm very concerned about much of what I see being taught regarding what the Bible teaches about financial prosperity. There seem to be three major areas of teaching on this subject.

The first area emphasizes using super faith to claim God's promises for Mercedes, swimming pools, beautiful homes and other personal desires. The second area of teaching emphasizes that materialism is wrong and that God does not want Christians to prosper financially. The third area advocates that Christians should use the world's systems to develop wealth and then to store up this wealth.

I believe that the Bible is very clear concerning God's will for our finances. Before I share my beliefs in this area, let me tell you why I am qualified to give advice on this subject.

I am a self-employed businessman. In 1974 I found myself with almost $250,000 of personally secured business debts calling for a $40,000 annual debt repayment schedule. This was more than my net income at that time. Bankruptcy seemed imminent. I worried constantly. I was extremely close to a nervous breakdown.

In July of 1974, a friend led me to Jesus Christ. The next day I bought a Bible and started long hours of daily study and meditation seeking the answers to my problems. I didn't belong to a church. I had no idea how to study the Bible. I simply prayed and asked God to guide me.

I wrote hundreds of pages of notes from the Bible. I did everything that the scriptures told me to do. Amazingly, it worked! All debts have been paid off on schedule. Our business has grown ahead of forecast each and every year. Seventeen of our sales representatives are now born-again Christians.

Shortly after I became a Christian, I met with three other men and our wives in the conference room of our office to study the Bible. I taught this Bible study and it grew... . and grew... and grew. This Bible study now has developed into a dynamic church with average Sunday morning attendance of 1,000 people. I am an elder in this church and I still teach the Bible study. I recently appeared on "The 700 Club" television program to give my testimony.

God's Word definitely teaches that our Father *does* want us to prosper financially as long as we follow *His* laws of prosperity. Every one of the scriptural warnings against financial prosperity are warnings against following the *world's* system of prosperity. Our Bible studies on prosperity have been sent all over the world and many people have commented about how their lives have been changed as a result of this teaching.

This material now has been put in a book titled *Trust God For Your Finances*. Every point in this book is thoroughly documented by scripture. The book is written in straightforward, easy-to-understand language. These principles are very practical. You can start applying them *immediately* after finishing the book.

Many people are concerned with the traumatic economic upheavals in many parts of the world. Will the economy of the United States change drastically in the near future? Many economists believe that it will. Do you have a specific knowledge of God's laws of prosperity or just a general idea of what they are? Most Christians are very weak in this area. Christians who know and apply these laws will *not* be overcome by financial problems regardless of the state of our economy. God's laws are *not* in any way contingent upon the condition of a man-made economy.

We would like to place a copy of *Trust God For Your Finances* in the hands of every Christian who seriously wants to know God's will for our finances. We guarantee this book completely. If you are dissatisfied for any reason, don't even bother to return the book. Simply write and tell us that you are dissatisfied and your $4.95 plus the postage and handling charge will be returned to you promptly.

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"If, after exercise, we feed sparingly, the digestion will be easy and good, the body lightsome, the temper cheerful, and all the animal functions performed agreeably."—Benjamin Franklin

Kidney Stone Formers Club Meeting

Enthusiasm prevailed at the annual meeting of the Kidney Stone Formers Club. Members were escorted in groups to see the lithotripter at Methodist Hospital, where urologist Dr. Phillip Mosbaugh answered the questions for the assembled stone formers. The group was told that Methodist has treated more than 530 patients and has a two-month waiting list at the present time.

At a dinner party at the home of club president Beurt SerVaas, this activist group of stone formers elected officers and appointed committees to help in various aspects of stone prevention and treatment.

Committees included education, insurance and research. Ed and Betty Mahaffey were appointed co-chairpersons for the education committee. They hope someday for the club to thrive to the extent that the organization can fly sufferers to centers with lithotripters and provide financial help to those stone victims whose insurance will not pay for this procedure because it has not received FDA approval as yet. They offered to use their own plane for members with such a need.

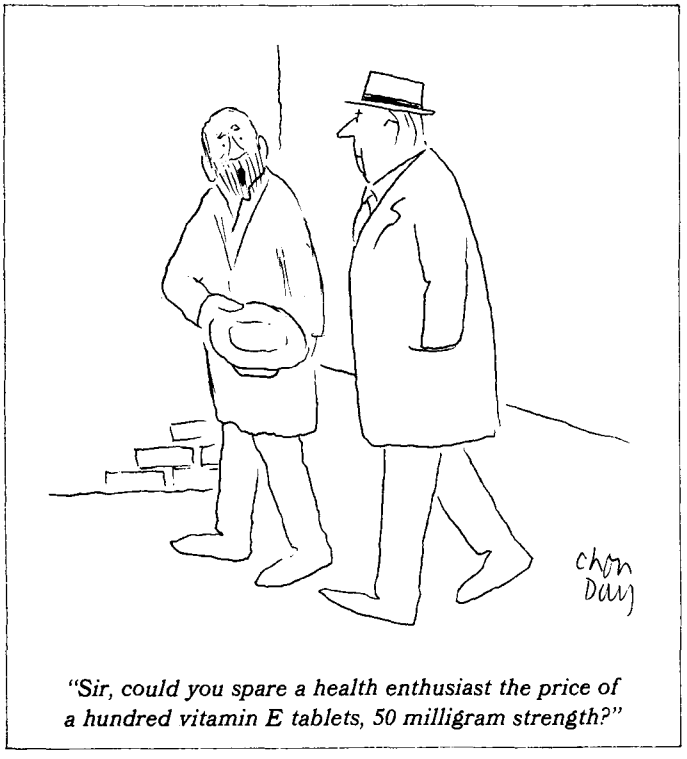
On a tour to Indiana University, the group learned that anyone who passes a kidney stone can have it analyzed for a nominal fee by sending it to Beck Analytical Services, P.O. Box 1057, Bloomington, Indiana 47402. This laboratory has analyzed 250,000 stones from all over the world. The club learned the importance of finding out the composition of kidney stones.

Dr. Robert K. Rhamy, urologist at the University of Miami, told the group in a luncheon speech that we really don't know how long it takes for a kidney stone to form in urine. Of crucial interest is the chemical composition of the very inner core, or nidus, of the stone. In many instances, gout will start a uric-acid crystal to form on which other

Officers and committee members of the Kidney Stone Formers Club who were elected and appointed at their annual meeting in Indianapolis. Robert Bullock, an assistant attorney general from Frankfort, Kentucky, vice president (center), chaired the meetings.

Betty and Ed Mahaffey were appointed co-chairpersons for the education committee. Ed told the assembled members, "Right now I want to volunteer my time, Betty's time and our airplane on a 24-hour basis to members who have need of transportation to a location where they can be treated with the lithotripter. Give us a call."

Welcoming the stone formers, Linda Rasor (center) was appointed chairman of the public-relations committee for the Kidney Stone Formers Club. Scars circling her waist on both sides are proof of her eligibility. Rita Cole (right) mails the group's newsletter to some 1,374 members.



"Sir, could you spare a health enthusiast the price of a hundred vitamin E tablets, 50 milligram strength?"

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minerals will build to make a stone. A kidney stone may be reported as being composed primarily of calcium oxalate, but the stone may have been started by gout, not by excessive calcium excretion.

Anyone wishing to become a member of this group should write to the club's secretary, Mrs. Charles Price (Marlene), 463 Hinsdale Court, Worthington, Ohio 43085. Her telephone number is:
(614) 888-2252.

Report on Lysine Study

In our last issue, we reported the exciting results of our leukemic-mouse research project. Again, we would like to share with our readers the progress of the experiment. Since our last report, approximately a month ago, the improved survival seen in the high-lysine/low-arginine diet group is now even more impressive. The mice in the highest-lysine/lowest-arginine diet continue to have 50 percent survival while those on the lowest-lysine/highest-arginine diet have only 15.3 percent survival. Here is our chart as of the press deadline for this magazine, August 7, 1984.

Study of High-Lysine/Low-Arginine Diets on Death Rate of AKR Mice

Group	Percent lysine by weight	Percent arginine by weight	Number of mice in test group	Number surviving	Percent survival
IV	5.6%	none	14	7	50.0%
III	4.2%	.165%	15	4	26.7%
II	2.8%	.33%	15	3	20.0%
I	2.1%	.495%	13	2	15.4%
Control Group	Standard mouse food pellets		37	7	18.9%

The surviving mice in the highest lysine group continue to look surprisingly healthy and active. All of these mice have been congenitally infected with mouse leukemia virus. They have an expected life span of only 267 days compared to a life expectancy of 3 years for ordinary mice. Our survivors have just passed their first birthday.

We are very pleased about the results of this experiment, and we are repeating it. Our new mice are now three months old. In this new experiment, we are adding a new test in which we give one group of the mice standard mouse pellets with 2 percent arginine added. One mouse from this group has already succumbed.

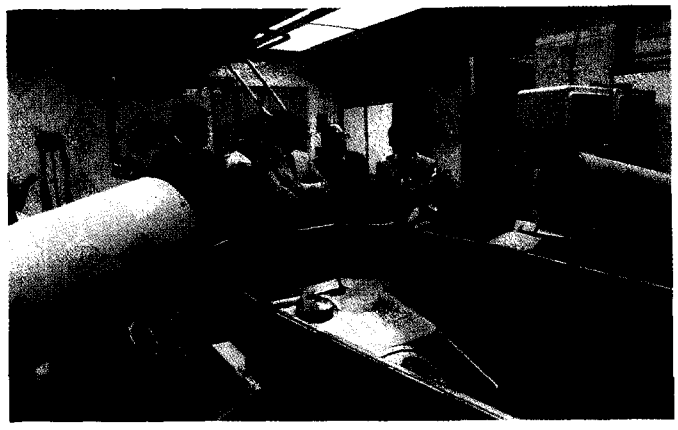
Burkitt's Lymphoma

We are hoping to generate interest in finding factors which might be involved in causing Burkitt's lymphoma. Persons who have had this disease and families of victims are requested to write to the *SatEvePost* for questionnaires.

When these questionnaires are returned to us, we will feed them into our computer. Then we will ask the computer for factors that our Burkitt's lymphoma victims had in common. Doing this, we hope to turn up some new clues regarding the cause of this malignancy. Send your request for questionnaires to: 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indpls., IN 46202.

Gallstone Formers Club

The Gallstone Formers Club held an organizational meeting July 27 and elected the following officers:



Jim Randall (second from left) was elected treasurer of the Gallstone Formers Club. He took time off from operating a billion-dollar company to investigate the possibilities of using the German-made lithotripter to destroy gallstones as well as kidney stones. In the foreground is the empty bath into which patients are placed for surgery-free kidney-stone removal. The tubular structures at sides of bath focus on stone during the procedure.

Laura Boyce, president; Charmi Smith, secretary; and Jim Randall, treasurer. A survey for gallstone formers has been prepared and will appear in a future issue of the *Post*. Anyone wishing to join the Gallstone Formers Club should write to its president, Laura Boyce, Drive WS 15, WS 387, Nineveh, Indiana 46164. Jim Randall, treasurer of the club, is president of ADM Corporation in Decatur, Illinois. He is particularly interested in getting research started to use the lithotripter for crushing gallstones as well as kidney stones.

Welcome to Laura Boyce (left) and Charmi Smith (center), newly elected president and secretary of the Gallstone Formers Club. With treasurer Jim Randall, they'll play key roles launching the club. Prevention and alternatives to surgery are their goals.

"Ready for seconds?"

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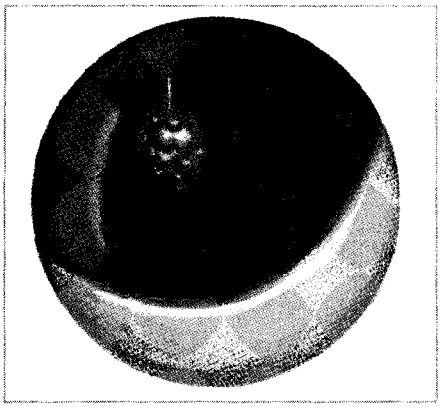

A polyp as viewed through a sigmoidoscope. Cancer of the colon often has its beginning in the tips of these growths.

Polyp Peril

Polyps are mole-like growths that often look like toadstools growing from the lining of the bowel. They are important because cancer of the colon sometimes develops from them. Polyps of the colon and rectum are common. Approximately 5 percent of those having barium enemas are found to have them. There is a consensus among medical doctors that those patients having these growths are at a special risk for cancer of the colon.

Since polyps are not healthy tissue, they tend to tear and bleed. Polyps with cancerous areas are far more likely to bleed than noncancerous ones. The bleeding is often imperceptible. Although you may not see the blood, it can be found with the tests available for detection of stool occult blood. These tests, if used properly, are marvelously sensitive for detecting even minute amounts of blood. Previous *Post* articles have stressed the importance of all adults, particularly those over age 40, having this test annually. The tests are simple and can be purchased from the corner drug store. The test provides for three specimens. Bowel tumors and polyps tend to bleed intermittently rather than constantly, so checking three specimens triples your chances of detecting any problem.

When you check your stool for occult blood, refrain from taking vitamin C for three days prior to the test. *Vitamin C interferes with the test and may cause you to miss the bleeding*. Missing the bleeding is dangerous: you may miss a curable lesion and allow it to spread. Remember, some multiple vitamins contain large amounts of vitamin C.

Lee Iacocca

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turn into the Comeback Kid.

The second child and only son of Italian-immigrant parents, Lido Iacocca was born in Allentown, Pennsylvania. His father ran a hot-dog restaurant and then opened one of the first car-rental firms in the country, sporting 33 cars, mostly Fords (one of the reasons young Iacocca yearned to work for the auto maker). His father also went into the real estate business, built a small fortune and lost everything in 1929, when Lido was five.

Nicola Iacocca started over with a restaurant, got back into real estate and prospered. But his son grew up understanding the meaning of perseverance in the face of adversity. He also learned patience when at age 15 he was confined to his bed for six months, the result of rheumatic fever.

Pushed by a demanding father, Iacocca was an honor student at Allentown High. He attended Lehigh University, received a degree in industrial engineering and earned a master's degree at Princeton. He was hired by Ford in 1946. By 1970 only Henry Ford II, grandson of the company's founder, outranked him.

It's said that when Ford fired Iacocca he told his CEO, "Let's just say I don't like you." The two haven't spoken since. And even now the mention of Ford can spark Iacocca. "I should have punched him in the mouth and quit," he once said. And perhaps it's the betrayal by Ford that in part drives Iacocca. "I can look Henry Ford right in the eye and say I put together a better car company with better products than his," he now boasts.

The company does have some exceptional automobiles, in particular its Dodge Caravan and Plymouth Voyager minivans, vehicles that may be the hottest new-car sellers since the Mustang. It is offering a five-year, 50,000-mile warranty on its cars, a measure of its confidence in quality control. At this point, Chrysler no longer can be considered the underdog of the American auto industry.

Curiously enough, Iacocca now rarely appears in commercials—his identity is so strong it's not required. When the voice of the actor James Earl Jones simply intones, "Lee Iacocca asked his engineers to come up with. . ." in an ad for the new Laser, the image of the man is as clear as if it had really appeared on the tube.

Lee Iacocca turns 60 this month. His wife of 27 years, Mary, died a year and a half ago. And though he has considered retirement, it appears as if he will stay with Chrysler a few more years. (He's getting paid once more, slightly less than $500,000, but stock options can take that figure much higher. In terms of the earnings he has generated, Chrysler stockholders are probably getting the best bang for the executive-compensation buck in America.) Along with selling cars, Iacocca is going to use his prominence to do some lecturing.

First, when it's pointed out that Japanese cars are cheaper than comparable American models, Iacocca tells anyone who will listen about how the Japanese have held down the value of the yen in comparison to the dollar. He explains that Japan's value-added tax is rebated to auto manufacturers on exported cars. "The advantage is about $2,000 per car," he explains. And he thinks it only fair that the United States should continue to pressure the Japanese to hold down levels of exports to America.

Iacocca sees the nation's economic recovery threated by federal budget deficits and has laid his personal plan for reducing it on President Reagan. He suggests Reagan should go on television and announce a 5 percent cut in the defense budget. "That would save $15 billion a year on a $300 billion budget," explains Iacocca. "That's chicken feed. Any chief executive can get 5 percent out of anything."

He says the President should then challenge the Democrats to match the $15 billion dollar for dollar with cuts in entitlement programs. Iacocca also says an imported oil surtax and a gasoline tax can generate $30 billion in revenues. Together, that $60 billion will go a long way toward reducing the deficits.

Articulating a plan is one thing; pulling it off politically is another. It's a chore for which Lee Iacocca is probably not suited. "In politics," he says, "everyone tells me you just can't get people in a room like you do at Chrysler and knock heads."

Ah, the essential Iacocca; flippant, brash, a bit arrogant, confident even when the walls are crashing down. And so essentially American.

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OCTOBER ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFECARE DIGEST

October 18
Swollen Ankles and Heart Trouble

Why does grandmother sleep sitting up? Or why does grandfather prop up three pillows under his head? What should you do when their ankles become swollen? You'll learn why this is an indication for the doctor to re-evaluate their medication. The stand-by drug digitalis is lifesaving for those with weakened hearts.

October 25
Myasthenia Gravis

Remember the pictures of Aristotle Onassis holding his eyes open with Band-Aids? Profound muscular weakness in myasthenia gravis is due to the failure of the nerve endings to stimulate muscular contractions. A drug called Tensilon can make an immediate and dramatic diagnosis. Then longer-acting drugs and surgery are a blessing.

The 700 Club

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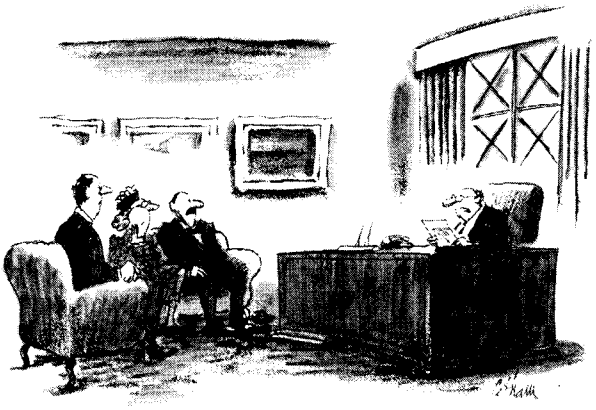
MONEY TALK

by Michael Allen

The famous line of the late Jack Benny, "If I can't take it with me I'm not going," was always good for a big laugh. Not so funny, however, is that three out of four Americans die intestate (without a will). And if you think that your assets don't total enough to make a will necessary, you may be wrong. Even though your family is in the lower-middle income bracket, when you figure the value of your home, your life insurance, perhaps a small business or a farm and other assets, your estate could easily amount to six figures.



"The late Mr. Borgoynne would like for you to rest assured that if he had had a million dollars, it would have been evenly divided among you."

What happens to this estate if you haven't taken the time or spent the $50 to $100 to have a simple will drawn up? Depending upon the laws of your state, what happens may not be at all what you had in mind. (Complicated wills, of course, will cost more and should be handled by an attorney who specializes in estate planning.)

Some states divide an inheritance equally between the spouse and children, for example. Other states may ignore needy relatives and turn over your money to those already well off. Even those you might least want to have it could come in for a substantial share.

Holding your property—house, stocks, bonds, bank account, etc.—in joint ownership is not a substitute for a will. Joint ownership with right of survivorship may serve to avoid probate, but there are certain to be assets not jointly owned. What happens to them? And what happens if both joint owners die simultaneously? The law then distributes the property in a manner the co-owners might not have wanted. How much property should be held in joint ownership is better left to the advice of someone skilled in estate planning.

Before seeing a lawyer about drawing up a will, you should make a list of your assets and liabilities. Begin with the checking and savings accounts (although a joint bank account and, in some states, real estate owned jointly or by tenancy by the entireties are two major items that pass outside a will); certificates of deposit; stocks and bonds; money market and mutual funds; the face value of group and personal life-insurance policies; IRA and Keogh plans; interests in thrift accounts at work.

Then list the current value of your personal belongings: jewelry, clothing, furniture, car, etc. Now deduct your liabilities, including mortgages and other loans, and you'll have the net value of your estate to take to your lawyer.

If that net value in 1984 is less than $325,000 (next year—$400,000; in 1986—$500,000; or $600,000 in 1987 and beyond), you can forget about paying federal estate taxes. In fact, regardless of the amount of your estate, you can now leave an unlimited sum of money to your spouse without the feds taking a dime of it in estate taxes.

Yes, there is a way to bypass the cost of a store-bought will—buying a form and preparing your own. But it isn't recommended. Whatever you may have read about wills being legally drawn up on an old flour sack or the blade of a scoop shovel, too many trivial formalities are lurking in legalese that will invalidate such an instrument, namely: typewritten, printed or stamped material appearing on a handwritten will or a missing, replaced or out-of-place page. A change made before or after signing the will may void the item changed if not the entire will; for example, you cannot dispose of property simply by adding a provision after your signature. The addition will have no effect. And you cannot void a will by writing a sentence such as "This will is void" and your signature at the end. A will must be canceled with the same formality with which it was drawn up. Although you may sneer at these seemingly unnecessary formalities, they can be extremely important.

Now about the executor, or personal representative. If your estate is relatively simple, you may prefer a trusted friend or a younger member of the family who has shown good judgment and is reasonably competent in handling ordinary business transactions. This person will see to it that your assets are collected and inventoried, your debts paid and your assets distributed according to your wishes. If you feel that your estate necessitates the experience of a lawyer, or a bank or a trust company (which often must be bonded), a substantial fee, plus the bonding premium, will be paid with funds from the estate. Before choosing a friend or relative, who will likely waive this fee, you first must get his approval.

One final note. Neither your safe-deposit box nor one held jointly is recommended for storing a will. If the box is sealed upon death, some states require your executor to get a court order to open it and to get the will. No such problem exists when the will lies in the safe of your attorney or executor (provided your executor is a bank or trust company). Keeping a copy of your will in a safe place at home, known to your main beneficiaries, is a good idea.

(Besides a will allocating your estate, you might also consider a "living will," which instructs doctors and survivors about the extent of medical treatment you wish if you become terminally ill, and consider a letter of instruction, expressing your funeral preferences and containing a complete list of your assets.)

Dying's a complicated business. You can make it simpler with a will.

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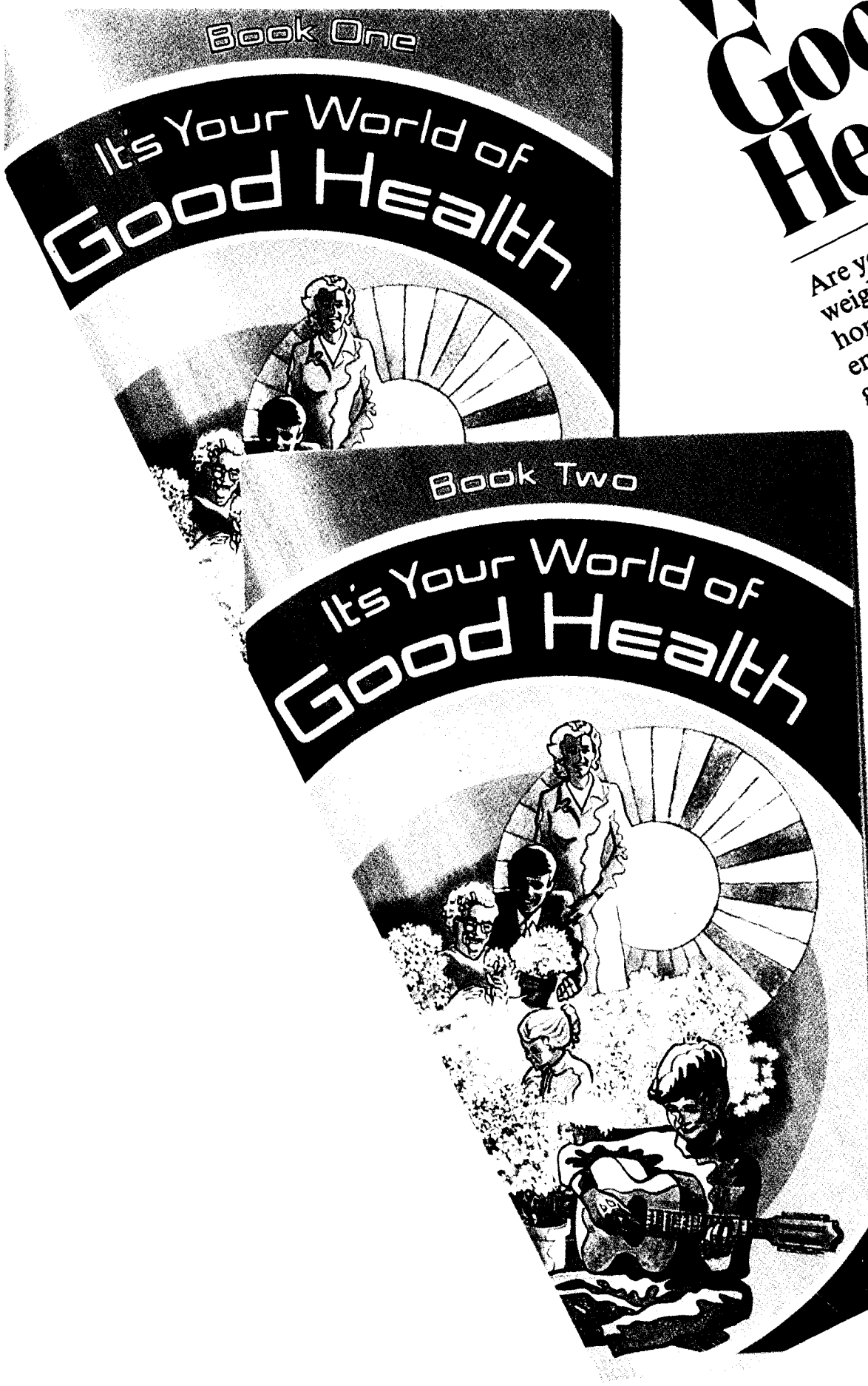

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